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REMAINS OF THE  
**Early Popular Poetry of  
England ;**

COLLECTED AND EDITED,

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

*William*  
BY W. CAREW HAZLITT,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.



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## NOTICE.



SLIGHT delay has occurred in the appearance of these volumes. It was originally intended to have limited the work to three; but a discovery was made that the matter would be amply sufficient to admit the addition of a fourth volume.

The Editor is responsible for all the typographical arrangements.


It was the publisher's original plan to have merely reissued in a single volume Mr. Utterson's *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*, 1817, precisely as they stood. The present Editor has to answer for the extension of the book to its actual proportions.

*Kensington, April, 1866.*






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## John Bon and Mast Person.

**T**HIS is another of the tracts which were written in favour and furtherance of the Reformation. Not more than two or three copies of the original edition have been seen. It was reprinted in facsimile many years ago, and in 1852, Mr. W. H. Black edited it for the Percy Society. The present editor has been unwillingly obliged to take for granted the accuracy of the latter text, as he has not been able to obtain access to a copy of Daye and Seres's edition; according to Mr. Black, the so-called facsimile is incorrect in several places.

A production of this character would necessarily enjoy great popularity and be eagerly bought up; and the scarcity of copies of the black-letter impression may be as plausibly attributed to the demand for them at the time of publication and the subsequent neglect with which they met, as to the suppression of the piece by authority, which has been conjecturally advanced as the reason.

It is to be observed that many pamphlets, both prose and poetical, of the middle of the 16th century, remain to us only in a single exemplar, and in most cases a plea of authoritative interference with their circulation would fall to the ground. If *John Bon and Mast person* was suppressed, it is as likely as not to have been in a different sense—*manu et pedibus vulgi*.

## 2 JOHN BON AND MAST PERSON.

See Herbert's Ames, fol. 619, where the tract, consisting of four leaves, is described from a copy in Herbert's own possession. A second was sold among Mr. Richard Forster's books in 1807, and was the exemplar from which the facsimile edition was derived.

See *Additional Notes*.





# John Bun and Alast person



☞ ALASSE, poore fooles ! so sore ye be lade,  
No marvel it is, thoughe your shoulders ake :  
For ye beare a great God, which ye yourselves made.  
Make of it what ye wyl, it is a wafar cake,  
And betwen two irons printed it is and bake.  
And loke, where idolatrye is, Christe wyl not be there ;  
Wherfore, ley downe your burden, an idole ye do beare.

☞ Alasse, poore fooles !





☞ The Parson.

**W**HAT, John Bon! good morowe to the!

John Bon.

Nowe good morowe, mast Parson, sø mut I thee.

Parson.

What meanest thou, John, to be at worke so sone?

John.

The zoner I begyne, the zoner shall I have done ;  
For I tende to warke no longer then none.

Parson.

Mary, John, for that God's blessinge on thy herte ;  
For surely some therbe wyl go to ploughe an carte,  
And set not by thys holy Corpus Christi even.

John.

They aer the more to blame, I swere by saynt Steven.  
But tell me, mast Parson, one thinge, and you can ; 10  
What saynt is Copsi Cursty, a man or a woman ?

## Parson.

Why, John, knoweste not that? I tell the it was a man.  
It is Christe his own selfe, and to morowe is hys daye;  
We beare hym in prosession, and thereby knowe it ye  
maye.

## John.

I knowe, mast Parson? and na, by my faye:  
But me thinke it is a mad thinge that ye saye,  
That it should be a man; howe can it come to passe?  
Because ye maye hym beare with in so smal a glasse.

## Parson.

Why, neybor John, and art thou nowe there?  
Nowe I maye perceyve ye love thys newe geare. 20

## John.

God's forbod, master, I should be of that facion;  
I question wy your mashippe in waye of cumlication.  
A playne man, ye may se, wil speake as cometh to  
mind;  
Ye muste hold us ascused, for plowemen be but blynd.  
I am an elde felowe of fifty wynter and more,  
And yet, in all my lyfe, I knewe not this before.

## Parson.

No dyd? why sayest thou so? upon thy selfe thou  
lyest:

Thou haste ever knowen the sacramente to be the body  
of Christ.

**John.**

Ye syr, ye say true ; all that I know in dede ;  
And yet. as I remember, it is not in my crede. 30  
But as for Cropsy Cursty to be a man or no,  
I knewe not tyll thys day, by the waye my soule  
shal to.

**Parson.**

Why, folishe felowe, I tel the it is so ;  
For it was so determined by the churche longe ago :  
It is both the sacramente and very Christ him selfe.

**John.**

No spleaser, mast Parson ; then make ye Christe an  
elfe,  
And the maddest made man that ever body sawe.

**Parson.**

What? peace, mad man ! thou speakeste lyke a dawe.  
It is not possible hys manhode for to se—

**John.**

Why, sir, ye tell me it is even verye he ; 40  
And if it be not his manhode, his godhed it must be.

Parson.

I tell the, none of both; what meaneste thou, art thou  
mad?

John.

No, nother mad nor drunke; but to learne I am glade:  
But to displease your mashippe I woulde be very loth.  
Ye graunt me here playnly, that it is none of boeth;  
Then it is but a cake, but I pray ye be not wroth.

Parson.

Wroth, quod ha! by the masse, (thou makest me  
swere an othe,)  
I hade lever wyth a docter of divinitie to reason,  
Then with a stubble cur that eateth beanes and peason.

John.

I erie ye mercye, mast Person; pacience for a season!  
In all thys cumlicacion is nother felony nor treason. 51

Parson.

No, by the masse, but herest thou? it is playne heresy.

John.

I am glade it chaunced so, theyr was no witnes by;  
And if ther had I cared not, for ye spake as yl as I.

I speake but as I harde you saye, I wot not what ye  
 thought;  
 Ye sayd it was not God, nor man, and made it worsse  
 then nought.

Parson.

I ment not so; thou tokeste me wronge.

John.

A, sir! ye singe another songe;  
 I dare not reason wyth you longe.  
 I se well nowe, ye have a knacke  
 To saye a thyng and then go backe.

60

Parson.

No, John; I was but a littyll over sene.  
 But thou mentest not good fayeth, I wene,  
 In all thys talke that was us betwene.

John.

I? no, trowe, it shannot so beene  
 That John Bon shall an heretike be calde:  
 Then myght he laye him so fowle befalde.

Parson.

But nowe, if thou wylt marke me welle,  
 From begynnynge to endynge I wyl the tell  
 Of the godly service that shalbe to morowe;  
 That, or I have done, no doubt thou wylt sorowe

70

To here that suche thynges shulde be fordone.  
 And yet, in many places, they have begun  
 To take a waye the olde, and set up newe.  
 Beleve me, John, thys tale is true.

**John.**

Go to, mast Parson, saye on, and well to thryve ;  
 Ye be the jolest gemman<sup>1</sup> that ever sawe in my lyve.

**Parson.**

We shal firste have matins : is it not a godly hereynge?

**John.**

Fie! yes; me thinke 'tis a shamefull gay chearynge ;  
 For often times on my prayers when I take no greate  
     kepe, 80  
 Ye sing so arantly well, ye make me fal a slepe.

**Parson.**

Then have we prosession, and Christe aboute we beare.

**John.**

That is a poysone holy thinge, for God himselfe is ther.

**Parson.**

Than comme we in, and redy us dresse,  
 Full solempnely to goo to messe.

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<sup>1</sup> The abbreviation of *gentleman*, which is still in use as a vulgarism. In Udall's *Ralph Royster Doyster* we find *gemman*, and also in *Doctour Double Ale*, line 197.



John.

Is not here a mischevous thyng?  
The messe is vengauce holye, for all ther sayeing?

Parson.

Then saye we *Confiteor* and *Miseriatur*.

John.

Jeze Lorde! 'tis abominable matter.

Parson.

And then we stande up to the auter.

90

John.

Thys geere is as good as our Ladies Sawter.

Parson.

And so gose fourth wyth the other dele,  
Tyll we have rede the Pistell and Gospell.

John.

That is good, mast Person, I knowe ryght well.

Parson.

Is that good? why, what sayste thou to the other?

John.

Mary, horrible good, I saye none other.

Parson.

So is all the messe, I dare avow this,  
As good in every poynte as Pistell or Gospel is.

John.

The fowle evyll it is; whoe woulde thynke so muche?  
In fayeth I ever thought that it had bene no suche. 100

Parson.

Then have we the Canon, that is holiest.

John.

A spightfull gay thyng, of all that ever I wyst.

Parson.

Then have we the *Memento*, even before the sacringe.

John.

Ye are morenly well learned, I se by your recknyng,  
That ye wyll not forget such an elvyshe thyng.

Parson.

And after that we consecrate very God and man;  
And turne the breade to fleshe wyth fyve wordes we  
can.

John.

The devell ye do! I trowe. Ther is pestilence busines!  
 Ye are much bounde to God for suche a spittell holines.  
 A galows gay gifte! wyth fyve wordes alone 110  
 To make boeth God and man, and yet wese none!  
 Ye talke so unreasonably well, it maketh my herte  
     yerne.  
 As elde a felow as yche am, I se well I may learne.

Parson.

Yea, John; and then wyth wordes holy and good,  
 Even by and by, we tourne the wyne to bloude.

John.

Lo! wyll ye see? Lo! who would have thought it,  
 That ye could so sone from wine to bloud ha brought it?  
 And yet, except your mouth be better tasted than myne,  
 I can not fele it other but that it should be wyne.  
 And yet I wote nere a cause ther maye be whye, 120  
 Perchaunce, ye ha dronke bloude ofter then ever dyd I.

Parson.

Truely, John, it is bloud, though it be wine in taste;  
 As soone as the word is spoke, the wyne is gone and  
     past.

John.

A sessions on it, for me, wy wyttes are me benumme;  
 For I can not study where the wyne shoulde become.

**Parson.**

Study, quod ha! beware, and let suche matter go;  
To meddle muche wyth thys, may brynge ye sone to wo.

**John.**

Yea; but, mast Parson, thynke ye it were ryght,  
That, if I desired you to make my blake oxwaight,  
And you saye it is done, and styl is blacke in syght,  
Ye myght me deme a foole for to beleve so lyght? 131

**Parson.**

I marvell muche ye wyll reason so farre:  
I feare if ye use it, it wyll ye mar.

**John.**

No, no, sir! I truste of that I wylbe ware.  
I pray you wyth your matter agayne fourth to fare.

**Parson.**

And then we go forth, and Christes body receyve;  
Evyn the very same that Mary dyd conceyve.

**John.**

The devill it is! ye have a greate grace  
To eate God and man in so short a space.

**Parson.**

And so we make an ende, as it lieth in an order. 140

But now the blisshed messe is hated in every border,  
 And railed on, and reviled, with wordes most blasphemous;  
 But I trust it wylbe better with the help of *Catechismus*;  
 For, thoughe it came forth but even that other day,  
 Yet hath it tourned many to ther olde waye;  
 And where they hated messe, and had it in disdayne,  
 There have they messe and matins in Latyne tongue  
 agayne.

Ye, even in London selfe, (John) I tel the troeth,  
 They be ful glade and mery to here of thys, God knoweth.

### John.

By my trueth, mast Parson, I lyke ful wel your talke:  
 But masse me no more messinges. The right way wil  
 I walke. 151

For thoughe I have no learning, yet I know chese from  
 chalke,

And yche can perceive your juggling, as crafty as ye  
 walke.

But leve your devilish masse, and the communion to  
 you take,

And then will Christ be with you, even for his promisse  
 sake.

### Parson.

Why, art thou suche a one, and kept it so crosse?  
 Wel, al is not golde that hath a fayre glosse.  
 But farewell, John Bon, God bringe the in better mind.

### John.

I thanke you, sir, for that you seme verie kynde;

But praye not so for me, for I am well inoughe. 160

Whistill, boy! drive furth! God spede us and the  
plough!

Ha! browne done! forth, that horson crabbe!

Reecomomyne, garlde, wyth, haight, blake hab!

Have a gayne, bald before, hayght, ree who!

Cherly, boy, cum of, that whomwarde we may goo.

*Finis.*

Imprinted at London, by John Dape, and  
Wylliam Seres, dwellinge in Sepulchres  
Parishe, at the signe of the Resur=  
rection, a littel abobe Holbourne  
Conduite.

Cum gratia et pribilegio ad imprimendum solum.



## The Hye Way to the Spyttel Hous.

THE Hye Way to the Spyttel Hous.  
[Woodcut of Copland, the Porter, and a beggar.]

¶ COPLAND AND THE PORTER.

¶ Who so hath lust, or wyll leane his thryft,  
And wyll fynd no better way nor shyft,  
Come this hye way, here to seke some rest,  
For it is ordeyned for eche vnthriftly gest.

[Colophon] Enprynted at London in the Fletestrete at the rose garland by Robert Copland. n. d. 4to. black letter, 20 leaves.<sup>1</sup>

The following production, which has been reprinted by Mr. Utterson in his *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*, 1817, can only lay claim to the title of a poem from being in the metrical form. But it is valuable and curious, nevertheless, as a contribution to our knowledge of the state of the hospitals and of the

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<sup>1</sup> In the library of James West, Esq. sold in 1773, there were two copies of this tract.

poor in the time of Henry VIII,<sup>1</sup> and as a link in the history of mendicity. Many of its pages might be read side by side with Mayhew's "London Labour and the London Poor;" but it is to be remarked that the "Hye Way to the Spyttel Hous" has in view rather the exposure of the frauds of beggars and alms-people than the illustration of their pursuits and struggles in search of a livelihood. As a picture, presumed to be faithfully drawn, of the lower forms of human life three hundred years ago, the "Hye Way to the Spyttel Hous" possesses unquestionable interest and importance, though its literary merit may be of an infinitesimal kind, and Ritson may be thought to have gone quite far enough in characterizing it as "a dialogue of some humour and merit."<sup>2</sup>

Robert Copland, the "compiler and printer of this boke," as he styles himself in the Prologue, was an apprentice of Wynkyn de Worde, and probably the father or brother of William Copland,<sup>3</sup> a printer of considerable note. Like his contemporary Crowley, who enjoys the meritorious distinction of having been the first to commit to the press the *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, Robert Copland probably wrote many pieces of a satirical character without putting his name to them which, like the *Hye Way to the Spyttel Hous*, he also printed.

We may perhaps be allowed to doubt, whether *Robert Copland*

<sup>1</sup> The statute 22 Henry VIII, was renewed and confirmed, with some additions, &c. by 14 and 18 Eliz. But practically, the law in this respect was of very slight force, and the evil against which it sought to provide a remedy remained as serious as ever. In his "Treatise against Dicing," &c. 1577, Northbrooke bitterly complains of the inoperative character of the acts 14 and 18 Eliz.

<sup>2</sup> *Bibliographia Poetica*, art. *Copland*. Ritson, however, appears, in this case, merely to have followed Herbert who, in his edition of Ames, has given an account of the tract from a copy in his own possession.

<sup>3</sup> Weever, in his *Ancient Funerall Monuments*, 1631, quoting Stow, mentions that "one *William Copeland*, Churchwarden [of St. Mary Bow] gaue the great Bell which is rung nightly at nine of the clocke [An. 1515]."



had an independent press, and whether he was not, in fact, a sort of amateur in the art, employing his brother's press whenever he required it. That this practice was occasionally followed, is shown by the "Esclaircissement de la Langue Françoise," by John Palsgrave, 1530, folio, which was printed by *John Hawkins* at the press of *Richard Pynson*. It is to be presumed that the latter permitted Hawkins to use his types on this particular occasion, or it may be that Hawkins simply superintended the passage of the book through the press. At the same time, several publications with Robert Copland's name as the printer are known: yet in most cases he describes himself as practising the profession at the sign of the *Rose Garland*, which was also William's place of business. Prefixed to Chaucer's *Assemblé of foules*, 1530, is an address in verse by "Roberte Coplande, boke-prynter to *new-fanglers*," in four eight-line stanzas; and, at the end, his *Enemy*, in three more. And annexed to Wynkyn de Worde's edition of *The Castell of Pleasure*, a poem, by Nevil, Lord Latimer, is the *Envoy de Robert Coplande l'ymprimeur*, seeming to show that he was accustomed to use De Worde's press, somewhat in the same manner as he subsequently did that of William Copland, with this difference, that whereas he put his own name in the colophon, when he had removed to the *Rose Garland*, his typographical labours at W. de Worde's office bore the name and device of the latter, Copland merely attaching his name to the *Envoy* or to the Prologue.

It is evident that this treatise was written after the 22nd Hen. VIII (1530-1), which is referred to by Copland, the writer, in the course of his dialogue, real or fictitious, with the Porter. St. Bartholomew's Hospital<sup>1</sup> and Priory were founded, according to the well-known tradition, by the famous jester Rahere. Deloney, in his *Pleasant History of Thomas of Reading*, circa 1597 (ed. Thoms, p. 16) says of him:—"This Reior was the most skilfullest Musicion that liued at that time [reign of

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<sup>1</sup> Hence the surrounding fields acquired the name of Spital [i. e. Hospital] fields; according to Weever (*Funerall Monuments*, 1631, p. 515), they were previously known as *Lolesworth Fields*.

Hen. VIII], whose wealth was very great, so that all the Instruments whereon his seruants plaid, were richly garnished with studdes of siluer, and some gold; the bowes belonging to their Violines were all likewise of pure siluer. He was also for his wisdom called to great Office in the City, who also builded (at his owne cost) the Priory and Hospital of S. Bartholomew in Smithfield."

A certain light is thrown on the state of the poor in the time of Henry VIII, by a curious tract entitled "A Supplicacyon for the Beggars [i. e. the Begging or Mendicant Friars]," which appeared either in 1524 or 1525, and the authorship of which there is ground for ascribing to Simon Fish, a zealot of the period.

Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621, draws a sorry picture of the state of England in his day. "Amongst our towns," he says, "there is only London that bears the face of a city—*epitome Britannia*, a famous *emporium*, second to none beyond seas, a noble mart: but *sola crescit, decrescentibus aliis*; and yet, in my slender judgment, defective in many things. The rest (some few excepted) are in mean estate, ruinous most part, poor and *full of beggars*, by reason of their decayed trades, neglected or bad policy, idleness of their inhabitants and riot, which had rather beg or loyter, and be ready to starve, than work."

Besides the present piece, he is known to have written or translated:—

Jyl of Breyntfords testament newly compiled. [Col.] Imprinted at London by me William Copland. Black letter, 8 leaves, 4to.

Jyl of Braintfords Testament. Newly compiled. [Col.] Imprinted at London in Lothbury ouer agaynst Saint Margarytes church by me Wyllyam Copland. Black letter, 8 leaves, 4to.

. . . A different edition of the preceding.

Kynge Appolyue of Thyre. A romance. [Translated from the French by R. C., who added an original prologue.] W. de Worde, 1510, 4to. See Herbert, fol. 149.

The Knight of the Swanne. Here Beginneth the History of

the noble Helyas &c. [Col.] Imprinted at London by me Wyllyam Copland. N. d. 4to. black letter.

. . . A translation from the French, made prior to 1521.

The Complaynte of them that ben to late maryed. W. de Worde, n. d. 4to. 8 leaves, black letter.

. . . He was probably the author or rather translator of a second tract of a similar character: "A complaynt of them that be to soone maryed." W. de Worde, 1535, 4to, 13 leaves, black letter, and of the "Payne and Sorowe of Euyll Mary-age," W. de Worde, n. d. 4to. 4 leaves, black letter.

The Passion of Christe, with many deuout contemplacions, examples, and exosicyons of the same. W. de Worde, 1521, 4to; and W. de Worde, 1532, 4to. In verse and prose. With woodcuts. This is said to be a translation from the French by Andrew Chertsey in Lowndes's Manual, but the last leaf contains the "Inuocation of Roberte Coplande," in three octave stanzas. Perhaps Copland composed the metrical descriptions which precede each of the twenty-four parts, into which the work is divided.

The Life of Ipomydon. Enprynted at London in the Flete-strete at the sygne of the Sonne by Wynkyn de Worde, n. d. 4to.:—

"L'enuoye of Robert C. the prynter.

Go lytell Jest vndepured of speche  
 Vnto thy reders and alway me excuse  
 To take thy mater I hertly them beseche,  
 Though thou rudely no other termes vse.  
 This is thy copy, thou can it not refuse  
 Syth that no writer wolde take the to amende  
 In this my laboure I myght it not entende."

R. Copland translated and printed "The Rutter of the See, with the Hauores, Rodes, Soundynges, Kennynges, Wyndes, Flodes, and Ebbes, Daungers, and Coastes of Dyuers Regyons &c." Lond. 1528, 16mo. which went through several impressions. Copland affixed a Prologue of his own.

He also contributed the *Petycyon* and *Envoye* to the *Myrrour of the Chyrche*, 1521; and he has verses before the *Secrets of Aristotyle*, 1528; and W. Walter's *Litell contrauers dyalogue betwene Loue and Councell* &c. W. de Worde, n. d. *The Spectacle of Louers*, by the latter writer, contains also at the close, "L'Envoy de Robert Coplande."<sup>1</sup>

See Graunt's *Observations on the Bills of Mortality*, ed. 1665, ch. 3.

## ¶ Prologue of Robert Copland,

¶ CŌPYLER AND PRYNTER OF THIS BOKE.

**T**O dyspyse poore falke is not my appetite,  
Nor suche as lyue of veray almes dede,  
But myn intent is onely for to wryte  
The mysery of suche as lyue in nede,  
And all theyr lyfe in ydlenesse dooth lede,  
Wherby dooth sue<sup>2</sup> suche incōuenyence,  
That they must ende in meschaunt indygence.

¶ Chryst in this worlde ryght pouerte dyd sue,  
Gyuyng vs example to folowe that degre,

<sup>1</sup> See *Dibdin's Ames*, ii. 278.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. ensue.

Saying : *beati pauperes spiritu* ;<sup>1</sup> 10

*Beati mites, beati mundo corde :*

Blyssed be they, that poore in spyryte be,  
And ben clene in herte, and meke therwith al  
For they shall possede the realm celestyall.

¶ They be not poore that haue necessaryte,  
Except therwith they ben ryght well content ;  
Nor they be not ryche that haue grete plente,  
If that they thynke that they haue competent,  
And euer pleased with that God hath them sent,  
For surely it is our Lordes ordynance, 20  
That eche sholde be pleased with suffysaunce.

¶ That man, that hath more than suffycyent,  
With goodes at wyll, and dayly doth encrease,  
And euer is bare, hungry and indygent,  
Scrapynge and snudgynge without ony cease ;  
Euer coueytynge, the mynde hath no pease  
But lyueth by rapyne and usury,  
And careth not how he cometh therby.

¶ Eke in dystres doyng no benyfyte,  
Letyng the poore dye in great mysery, 30  
His neyghbour in pryson dooth not vysyte,  
Nor yet forgyue small parcel of duety,  
Wery traueylers in the stretes let ly,  
The deed bodyes without ony buryall ;  
His goodes his god a man may full well call.

---

<sup>1</sup> St. Matt. v. 3, 5, 8.

¶ Of suche ryche men recyteth the gospels,  
 Makyng lykenes of impossybylyte ;  
 Saying : that more easily a great camell  
 May passe and go through a nedyls eye,  
 Than a ryche man in heuen for to be : 40  
 For who so mys useth that God hath hym sent,  
 With cursed Diues in hell shalbe brent.<sup>1</sup>

¶ These trewāt<sup>2</sup> beggers begging fro place to place,  
 Nor yet these nedy of all maner facyon ;  
 These apprentyces that do rēne from all grace ;  
 These hyred seruaunts that kepe no condycion,  
 Nor all that feyne parfyt deuocyon,  
 Nor many other lyuyng in nede couert,<sup>3</sup>  
 Though they lacke good, be not poore of hert.

¶ Se ye not dayly of all maner estate, 50  
 How, in the lawe, they trauers<sup>4</sup> and coniect.<sup>5</sup>  
 How neyghbours do fall at anger and debate ?  
 Twene man [and] wyfe eke the lyfe imperfect :

<sup>1</sup> i. e. burnt.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. truant.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. in secret want.

<sup>4</sup> *To travers* here signifies to cross in argument in the way practised by the opposite counsel in a legal suit or trial. But the word is used in a variety of meanings. Shakespeare employs it to express a movement in fencing, apparently the crossing of the line of an adversary's weapon, as distinguished from *fencing* or *thrusting*. See the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii. sc. 3. In the *Marchandes Tale*, Chaucer has *travers* in the sense of a bed-curtain, i. e. one which might be drawn *across* the bed.

<sup>5</sup> Conjecture, or offer conjectural propositions.

The father and chyld from quyetnes abiect,  
 And all for good they make eche other smart,  
 Which is a sygne they be not poore of hart.

¶ If that our prynce do aske a subsedy,  
 From our enemyes vs to defend,  
 Or yf our credytours demaund theyr duety,<sup>1</sup>  
 To confesse pouerte than we do pretend. 60  
 But yf our neyghbour in ought vs offend,  
 Than we fynd money to play ouerthwart,  
 Which is a token we be not poore at hart.

¶ How many poore that haue lytell in store,  
 Are<sup>2</sup> content with their<sup>3</sup> small substaunce?  
 But euer they grudge, and wysh for more,  
 To be promoted and haue furtheraunce.  
 The very beggers, for theyr pytaunce,  
 From bag and staffe are lothe for to depart,  
 Which is a token they be not poore at hart. 70

¶ Of these two estates there be four degrees :  
 A ryche ryche, a poore poore, a ryche poore also,  
 A poore ryche in all necessaryes.  
 The two can agre, but the other no,  
 A proud hert, a beggers purs therto,  
 The ryche purs and the poore spyryt  
 May well agre, and be in one parfyt.

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<sup>1</sup> i. e. debt.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *is*.

<sup>3</sup> Old ed. has *his*.

### ¶ Exhortacion of the Compyler.

¶ I pray all you, which haue ynough with grace,  
 For the loue of God to do your charyte,  
 And fro the poore neuer turne your face, 80  
 For Chryst sayth : what euer that he be  
 That to the least of myne dooth in the name of me,  
 Vnto myself I do accept the dede,  
 And for rewarde my realme they shall possede.

¶ Finis.

### ¶ Here begynneth the casualyte Of the entraunce in to hospytalyte.



¶ O wryte of Sol in his exaltacyon,  
 Of his solstyce or declynacyon,  
 Or in what sygne, planet, or degre,  
 As he in course is vsed for to be ;  
 Scorpio, pisces or sagyttary ;  
 Or whan the moone her way dooth contrary, 90  
 Or her eclipse, her wayne, or yet her full,  
 It were but lost for blockysh braynes dull ;  
 But playnly to say, even as the tyme was,  
 About a fourtenyght after Halowmas,<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Hallowmass, or All Saints' Day (November 1st), was the beggars' jubilee. On that day it was the ancient custom to go *souling*, or going round to beg for money to fast for the souls of



I chaunced to come by a certayn spyttell,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where I thought best to tary a lyttell,  
 And vnder the porche for to take socour,<sup>2</sup>  
 To abyde the passyng of a stormy shour ;  
 For it had snowen, and frosen very strong,  
 With great ysesyces on the eues<sup>3</sup> long, 100  
 The sharp north wynd hurled bytterly,  
 And with black cloudes darked was the sky.  
 Lyke as, in wenter, some days be naturall  
 With frost, and rayne, and stormes ouer all.  
 So styll I stode ; as chaunced to be,  
 The porter of the hous stode also by me,  
 With whome I reasoned of many dyuers thynges  
 Touchyng the cours of all suche whetherynges :  
 And as we talked ther gathered at the gate  
 People, as me thought, of very poore estate, 110

the donors or their relatives. In the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Speed the expression "to speak puling, like a beggar at *Hallowmas*," and the dramatist had, no doubt, this usage at the moment in his recollection. What Copland's special reason was for selecting "about a fortnight after *Hallowmas*" as the point of time when his interview with the porter took place, it is by no means easy to tell.

Scot, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, ed. 1651, p. 314, alludes to the practice of beggars fasting for the souls of the departed ; and a good account of the matter may be found in Brand's *Observations on Popular Antiquities*, ed. 1853, i. 393-4 ; but the custom of *fasting for souls* seems to have been overlooked by Brand and his editors.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. hospital. Pepys used this form of the word. See *Diary*, under date of 9th Feb. 1659-60.

<sup>2</sup> Shelter.

<sup>3</sup> Eaves.

With bag and staf, both croked, lame and blynde,  
 Scabby and scuruy, pocke eaten flesh and rynde,<sup>1</sup>  
 Lowsy and scalde, and pyllled<sup>2</sup> lyke as apes,  
 With scantly a rag for to couer theyr shapes,<sup>3</sup>  
 Brechles, bare foted, all stynkyng with dyrt,  
 With M. of tatters drabblyng to the skyrt,  
 Boyes, gyrles and luskys<sup>4</sup> strong knaues,  
 Dydderyng and dadderyng, leaning on their staues,  
 Saying : good mayster, for your moders blessing,  
 Gyue vs a halffeny toward our lodgyng. 120  
 The porter sayd : what nede you to craue,  
 That in the spyttell shall your lodgyng haue ?  
 Ye shall be entreated as ye ought to be :  
 For I am charged that dayly to se.  
 The systers shall do theyr obseruaunce,  
 As of the hous is the due ordynaunce.

<sup>1</sup> Skin.

<sup>2</sup> Pilled is an old form of *pealed*. It here implies [with the hair] *pealed off*.

“Whilst snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves  
 From the naked shuddering branch, and pills the skin  
 From off the soft and delicate aspects.”

Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, the Second Part of  
*Antonio and Mellida*—*The Prologue*.

“As pyled as an ape was his skulle,  
 He was a market better at the fulle.”

*The Miller of Trumington* (Wright's  
*Anecdota Literaria*, 1844, p. 24).

<sup>3</sup> i. e. forms.

<sup>4</sup> Lazy. It is the adjective form of lusk, a lazy fellow, a lubber. See *Scoggin's Jest*s, ed. Hazlitt, p. 64 (*Old English Jest Books*, ii. 5).

¶ *Copland.* Porter, sayd I, Gods blyssyng and our lady  
 Haue ye for spekyng so curteysly  
 To these poore falke, and God his soule pardon <sup>1</sup>  
 That for theyr sake made this foundacyon : 130  
 But syr, I pray you, do ye lodge them all,  
 That do aske lodgyng in this hospytall ?

¶ *Porter.*<sup>2</sup> Forsoth yea, we do all suche folke in take,  
 That do aske lodgyng for our lordes sake ;  
 And in dede it is our custome and vse  
 Sometyme to take in, and some to refuse.<sup>3</sup>

¶ *Copland.* Than is it comyn to euery wyght,  
 How they lyue all day, to lye here at nyght ?  
 As losels, myghty beggers and vacabonds,  
 And trewands that walke ouer the londs, 140  
 Mychers, hedge-crepers,<sup>4</sup> fylloks, and luskas,  
 That all the somer kepe dyches and buskes,  
 Lowtryng, and wandryng fro place to place,  
 And wyll not worke but the bypaths trace,  
 And lyue with haws, and hunt the blakbery,  
 And with hedge brekyng make themself mery ;

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<sup>1</sup> The celebrated Rahere. See the first chapter of Morley's *Bartholomew Fair*.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Order of the Hospitalls of K. Henry the VIII. and K. Edward the VIth*, 1557, 12mo, "The Porter" is expressly mentioned as one of the officers of St. Bartholomew's.

<sup>3</sup> See the section touching the "admitting of children and the graunting of Penaunces," in the *Order of the Hospitalls*, 1557.

<sup>4</sup> See Dunbar's Poems, ed. Laing, ii. 27 and 405.

But in wenter they drawe to the towne,  
 And wyll do nothyng but go vp and down,  
 And all for lodgyng that they haue here by nyght?  
 Me thynk that therin ye do no ryght, 150  
 Nor all suche places of hospytalyte  
 To comfort people of suche iniquyte.  
 But, syr, I praye you of your goodnes and fauour,  
 Tell me which ye leaue, and which ye do socour?  
 For I haue sene at sondry hospytalles  
 That many haue lyne dead without the walles,  
 And for lacke of socour haue dyed wretchedly,<sup>1</sup>  
 Unto your foundacyon I thynke contrary,  
 Moche people resort here, and haue lodgyng;  
 But yet I maruell greatly of one thyng, 160  
 That in the nyght so many lodge without:  
 For in the whatche whan that we go about,  
 Under the stalles, in porches, and in doores,  
 I wote not whither they be theues or hoores.  
 But surely, euery nyght ther is found  
 One or other lyeng by the pound,  
 In the shepe cootes, or in the hey loft,  
 And at Saynt Barthylmews chyrch doore full ofte,  
 And euen here alway by this brycke wall  
 We do them fynd that do bothe chyde and brall, 170  
 And lyke as bestes togyder they be throng,

---

<sup>1</sup> If so, it was assuredly contrary to the *Order*, &c. which prescribed that a certificate of character, &c. should be required, "except in cases of extremity, where losse of liffe and perishing would presently followe, if they be not receved into this said Hospitall; which is to be considered of by the Thresorer and two of the Almoners of the leaste."

Bothe lame, and seke, and hole them among,  
 And in many corners wher that we go,  
 Wherof I wondre greatly why they do so ;  
 But oftymes whan that they vs se,  
 They do rēne a great deale faster than we.

¶ *Porter.* Suche folkes be they that we do abiect,  
 We are not bound to haue to them aspect ;  
 Those be mychers that lyue in trewandyse ;  
 Hospytalyte dooth them alway despyse. 180

¶ *Copland.* Syr, I pray you, who hath of your relefe.?

¶ *Porter.* Forsoth they that be at suche myschefe,<sup>1</sup>  
 That for theyr lyuyng can do no labour,  
 And haue no frendes to do them socour ;  
 As old people, seke and impotent ;  
 Poore women in chyldbred haue here easement ;  
 Weyke men sore wounded by great vyolence,  
 And sore men eaten with pockes and pestylence,  
 And honest folke fallen in great pouerte  
 By myschaunce or other infyrmyte ; 190  
 Wayfaryng men and maymed souldyours  
 Haue thyr relyef in this poore hous of ours ;  
 And all other, which we seme good and playne,  
 Haue here lodgyng for a nyght or twayne ;  
 Bedred<sup>2</sup> folke, and suche as can not craue,  
 In these places moost relyef they haue ;  
 And yf they hap within our place to dye,

<sup>1</sup> In such an unfortunate case.

<sup>2</sup> Bedridden.

Than are they buried well and honestly ;  
 But not euery vnseke<sup>1</sup> stoborne knaue,  
 For than we shold ouer many haue.

200

¶ *Copland.* How say you by these comyn<sup>2</sup> beggers  
 that crye

Dayly on<sup>3</sup> the worlde, and in the hye wayes lye  
 At Westmynster and at Saynt Poules,  
 And in all stretes they syt as desolate soules ?  
 Methynke it<sup>4</sup> a very well done dede  
 With deuocyon suche people to fede.

¶ *Porter.* Where ony gyueth almesse with good entent,  
 The rewarde can not be nowyse mysspent.

¶ *Copland.* Ye, but syr, I wyll not lye, by my soule,  
 As I walked to the chyrche of Saynt Poule, 210  
 There sate beggers, on eche syde the way two,  
 As is seen dayly they be wont to do.  
 Syr, one there was, a myghty stoburne slaue,  
 That for the other began to beg and craue :  
 “ Now, mayster, in the way of your good spede,  
 To vs all four behold where it is nede ;  
 And make this farthyng worth a halfpenny,  
 For the fyue ioyes of our blyssed lady !<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. unsick, whole.

<sup>2</sup> Common.

<sup>3</sup> *On* is as often as not used in the sense of *in* in old books. It frequently occurs in the New Testament.

<sup>4</sup> Old ed. has *it, it*.

<sup>5</sup> The *Five Joys of the Virgin* were five short poems, or rather a poem in five stanzas, celebrating the beatific condition and

Now turne agayn for Saynt Erasmus sake !

And on my bare knees here a vowe I make, 220

Ovr ladyes psalter thre tymes euen now

manifold virtues of Our Lady. A specimen is subjoined from a copy printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* :-

☉ "Seinte Marie, levedi briȝt,  
 Moder thou art of muchel miȝt,  
 Quene in hevене of feire ble;  
 Gabriel to the he liȝte,  
 The he brouste al wid riȝte  
 Then holi gost to listen in the.  
 Godes word ful wel thou cnewe;  
 Ful mildeliche therto thou bewe,  
 Ant saidest, "So it mote be!"  
 Thi thonc was studevast ant trewe;  
 For the joye that to was newe,  
 Levedi, thou have merci of me!

☉ Seinte Marie, moder milde,  
 Thi fader bicomе to one childe,  
 Suc joye ne scal never eft be.  
 The stronge fend, that was so wilde,  
 Godes hondiwerc he spilde,  
 For on appel of the tre.  
 Levedi, mon thou broutest bote,  
 The stronge fend an under fote,  
 Tho thi sone was boren of the:  
 For the joye that tho was swote,  
 Levedi, yemme grace that I mote  
 Wid al mine miȝte lovien the!

☉ Seinte Marie, quene in londe,  
 Godes moder ant Godes sonde,  
 That te sculde ben so wo;  
 Jewes heden thi sone an honde,

To<sup>1</sup> turne agayn, as God shall turne to you !  
 Now, mayster, do that no man dyd this day,  
 On yone poore wretch, that rotteth in the way,  
 Now, mayster, for hym that dyed on tre,  
 Lete vs not dye for lacke of charyte !  
 Thus he prated, as he full well can,  
 Tyll at last an honest seruyng man  
 Came by the way, and by compassyon  
 Of his wordes dyd his deuocyon. 230  
 Whan he was gone a lytell fro thens,  
 I sawe the begger pull out xi pens,  
 Sayeng to his felawes : Se, what here is ;  
 Many a knaue haue I called mayster for this.  
 Lete vs go dyne, this is a symple<sup>2</sup> day,

Judas soldin hem to honde,  
 On the rode heo gonnen him slo ;  
 The thridde dai he ros to live :  
 Levedi, ofte were thou blive,  
 Ac never so thou were tho.  
 Levedi, for then ilke sive  
 That tou were of thi sone blive,  
 Al mi sunnes thou do me fro !"

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *now*.

<sup>2</sup> *Simple* is here employed in the sense of *poor*, or *unprofitable*. It also formerly stood for *humble* or *lowly*. Thus Caxton, in some of his colophons, describes himself as "symple person. William Caxton," and Alexander Scot uses it in a similar way:—

"Send be thy *sempill* servand SANDERIS SCOTT,  
 Greting grit God to grant thy grace gude zeir."

*Poems*, ed. 1821, p. 12.

But perhaps the stricter meaning of *simple* in early compositions was *not gentle*, i. e. "somebody, not by birth a gentleman," and



My mayster therwith shall I scantly pay.—  
Come these folkes hyther, good mayster porter?

¶ *Porter*. No, in sothe; this hous is of no<sup>1</sup> such  
supporter;

They haue houses, and kepe full yll gestyng,  
And to thē resorte all the hole offspryng 240  
In the Berbycan and in Turnmyll strete,<sup>2</sup>  
In Houndesdyche and behynd the Flete;  
And in twenty places mo than there,  
Where they make reuell and gaudy chere,  
With fyll the pot fyll, and go fyll me the can,  
Here is my peny, and I am a gentyلمان.  
And there they byd and fyll as dooth a gull;

---

there is a passage in Scot's Poems, already quoted, where the word appears to bear this precise construction:—

“ So tho my lyking wer a leddy,  
And I no lord ꝛit no the less  
Scho suld my serwyce find als reddy  
As duke to duches docht him dress;  
Ffor as proud princely lue express  
Is to haif souerenitie;  
So service cumis of *sympilness*,  
And leilest lue of law degrè.”

<sup>1</sup> i. e. of none such, as we now less correctly say.

<sup>2</sup> The whole of this locality seems to have enjoyed at that time an unenviable reputation, and it was in no better odour a century later, as is to be collected from the satirical writings of the reign of James I. At the commencement of the 17th century, Turnbull, or *Turnmill*, Street, however, was celebrated rather for its houses of ill repute than for its beggars' haunts and thieves' kitchens. Taylor, in his “Flyting with Fenner,” says to his opponent:—

And whan that they haue theyr heades full,  
 Than they fall out, and make reuylyng,  
 And in this wyse make the dronken rekenyng : 250  
 Thou beggerly knaue, bag nor staf hast thou none,  
 But as I am fayne dayly to lend the one ;  
 Thou getest it no more, though it lye and rote,  
 Nor my long cloke, nor my new patched cote.  
 This rule make they eury day and nyght,  
 Tyll lyke as swyne they lye slepyng vpryght ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Some beggerly churles, to whom they resorte,  
 Be the maynteners of a great sorte<sup>2</sup>  
 Of myghty lubbers, and haue them in seruyce,  
 Some iourney men, and some to theyr prentyce, 260  
 And they walke to eche market and fayre,  
 And to all places where folke do repayre,  
 By day on styltes, or stoupyng on crowches,

---

"Search well in Turn-bull Street, or in Pickt-watch,  
 Neere Shorditch, or Long Alley, prethee watch,  
 And amongst the trading females chuse out nine  
 To be thy muses, they will fit thee fine."

The begging and stealing fraternity has shifted its quarters pretty often, in obedience to the changes which have taken place in the metropolis. It was from about the reign of Queen Anne that St. Giles's dates its present notoriety; but even in the time of the first, second, and third Georges this and the circumjacent locality retained *a little* of its old respectability. Yet as early as 1710 a "mendicants' convivial club" seems to have existed in Dyot Street, St. Giles's, to which it had migrated from the Poultry (see *Notes and Queries*, I S. i. 229).

<sup>1</sup> All this description is frequently applicable to the "fraternity of vagabonds" of the present day and their nocturnal revels.

<sup>2</sup> Assortment.

And so dyssymule as fals lewtryng flowches,  
 With bloody clowtes all about theyr legge,  
 And playsters on theyr skyn, whan they go beg ;  
 Some countrefayt lepry, and other some  
 Put sope in theyr mouth to make it scome,  
 And fall downe as Saynt Cornelys euyll.  
 These dyseepts they use worse than ony deuyll ; 270  
 And whan they be in theyr owne company,  
 They be as hole as eyther you or I :  
 But at the last, when sekenes cometh in dede,  
 Than to the spytell hous must they come nede.

¶ *Copland.* Ah, Jesu mercy ! what man coud coniect<sup>1</sup>  
 The mysery of suche a wretched sect ?  
 None honest man. But yet I you hertyly pray,  
 Tell me of other that come thys<sup>2</sup> way.  
 Come here ony of these maysterles men,  
 That euery where do go and ren,<sup>3</sup> 280  
 That haue serued the kyng beyond the se,  
 And now that they out of wages be,  
 They must beg, or els go brybe,<sup>4</sup> and steale ?  
 Methynk it is a great soule-heale<sup>5</sup>  
 To help them, tyll they were pouruayd  
 Into some seruyce ; for yf they were arayd,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. conjecture.<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *these*.<sup>3</sup> run.<sup>4</sup> Rob. In the *Flyting of Dunbar & Kennedy*, the former says:—“Ersche *brybour* baird, vyle beggar with thy brattis—”<sup>5</sup> i. e. a great salve for the soule.

Some of them were propre men and tall,<sup>1</sup>  
 And able to go whyther they shall.

¶ *Porter*. That is trouth ; but they vse one yll thyng,  
 For they do were souldyers clothyng,<sup>2</sup> 290  
 And so beggyng deceyue folke ouer all,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. brave. Marlowe uses it in the same way:—"So, now they have shew'd themselves to be tall fellows."—*The Rich Jew of Malta*, 1633.

<sup>2</sup> The *Porter* might be describing *London as it is*. This dialogue is very graphic and interesting. "Wering souldyers clothyng" was at this time, it appears, a favourite form of imposture, and the case was just the same a century later, when Taylor the Water-Poet wrote his *Beggar* (1621). Taylor furnishes a humorous description of the various shifts which the decayed military mendicant of his day adapted for the purpose of extracting money from the public. He is, first of all, supposed to meet a "Lord, Knight, or Gentleman," whom he addresses as follows:—"Brave man of honour, cast a favorable looke upon the wounded estate of a distressed Gentleman that hath borne armes for his Countrey in the hottest broyles of the *Netherlands*, with the losse of his members; *Cleveland* hath felt my strength; I haue bickered with the French at *Brest* and *Deipe*. I haue passed the straights, the dangerous Gulph; the *Groyne* can speake my seruice (Right Honourable)," &c. If his suit is successful, he invokes a blessing on the head of the donor in the manner following:—"Peace be to thy loynes, (Right Honourable) and plenty at thy boord: oppression in the Countrey, and extortion in the Citie, embroder thy carkasse, and keepe thy Concubine constant, that Taylers may sue to the for worke, more then for payment," &c. He then goes a little further, and meets (supposes the writer) a Lawyer, for whom he has a speech ready cut and dry. "Humbly sheweth to your good Worship, your poore suppliant hauing aduanced his bill in the late warres," &c; whereupon the man of law gets rid of him by a small bounty, and the fellow pronounces a suitable benediction: "May the

For they be vacabondes moost in generall,  
 And wyll abyde no laborous subiection  
 With honest persones vnder correction :  
 For whan they be wery, they wyll reste away,  
 And perchaūce cary with them what they may ;  
 And so whan a man wold bryng them to thryft,

termes be everlasting to thee, thou man of tongue, and may contentions grow and multiply," and so forth. A country farmer is the next victim. "You shall doe well to take notice (Countrey-man and frend) that I am a souldier and a Gentleman, who hauing bin made Fortunes tennis-ball, was lately cast vpon these coasts of my Countrey, by the merciles cruelty of the raging and tempestuous seas;" and he proceeds in a strain of ludicrous hyperbole and rhodomontade, until he has quite overcome his dupe, who hands him something, and is blessed accordingly. "Faire be thy haruest, and foule thy winter, that plenty may fill thy Barns, and feare of scarcity raise thy price, may thy land-lord liue vnmarried, that thy fine may not be raise to buy thy new land-lady a French petticoate or a new Blockt Beauer, nor thy rents raise to keepe her tire in fashion."

The soldiers who figured as beggars and vagabonds in former times were, however, sometimes genuine men of the sword. Some paraded in the streets, and made a commodity of their wounds, real or pretended (see Gascoigne's *Steele Glas*, 1576, sig. E 2, verso), while others pilfered and robbed on the high way. It is probable that the well-known ballads, "We be soldiers three," and "We be three poor mariners," both of which are printed by Mr. Chappell (*Popular Music of the Olden Time*, 77), were supposed to be sung by discharged members of the army and merchant service or navy, strolling about the country to pick up what they could get.

It appears from Harman's *Caveat for Common Cursitors*, 1565, ed. 1814, pp. 1, 30, that the counterfeit soldiers and sailors were technically known as *Rufflars* or *Curtesy Men*, and *Freshe Water Mariners*, or *Whip Jackes* respectively. See also p. 38 of the same work, Awdeley's *Fraternity of Vacabondes*, 1573,

They wyll hym rob, and fro his good hym lyft.<sup>1</sup>

¶ *Copland*. Though some so do, they do not all so,  
For some myght chaunce well as many one do. 300

¶ *Porter*. That is true ; but it hath ben seen long  
agone,

That many haue fared the wors for one ;  
And of these be two sortes moost comynly.

The one of them lyueth by open beggery,  
Ragged and lowsy, with bag, dysh and staf,

repr. 1813, pp. 1, 2, and *The Song of the Begger* in "A Description of Love, &c." 1620, sm. 8vo, where the military impostor is humourously described.

Moorfields appears to have been notorious in this reign for sham-soldiers, for Nat. Field in his *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612, makes one of its characters, Captain Pouts, say:—

"God-a-mercy! Zoons! methinks I see myself in Moor fields upon a wooden leg, begging threepence."

But, as Mr. Collier has shown in his reprint of the drama, this passage is only copied from a situation given to Brainworm in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, 1600.

The cheats practised by beggars in early times are referred to in the ballad of *Robin Hood and the Four Beggars*, where Little John makes the fellows recover their lost faculties in a marvellously quick time:—

"John nipped the dumb, and made him to rise,  
And the blind he made to see ;  
And he that a cripple had been seven years,  
He made them run faster than he."

In the *Liber Vagatorum der Betler Orden*, a popular German work, there are some curious particulars of an analogous character to those described by Harman and others in our own literature.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. rob him of his goods.

And euer haunteth among such ryf raf ;  
 One tyme to this spyttell, another to that,  
 Prolyng<sup>1</sup> and pochyng to get somewhat ;  
 At euery doore lumpes of bread or meat :  
 For yf the staf in his hand ones catche heat 310  
 Than farwell labour ; and hath suche delyte  
 That thryft and honesty fro hym is quyte :  
 And in suche mysery they lyue day by day,  
 That of very nede they must come this way.

¶ *Copland.* Of the other, now what is theyr estate ?

¶ *Porter.* By my fayth, nyghtyngales of Newgate :  
 These be they that dayly walkes and jettes  
 In theyr hose trussed rounde to theyr dowblettes,  
 And say : good maysters, of your charyte,  
 Helpe vs poore men that come from the se ; 320  
 From Bonauenture we were caste to lande,  
 God it knowes, as poorly as we stande !  
 And sōtyme they say that they were take in Fraūce,  
 And had ben there vii. yeres in duraunce ;  
 In Muttrell,<sup>2</sup> in Brest, in Tourney or Tyrwyn,<sup>3</sup>  
 In Morlays, in Cleremount or in Hedyn ;  
 And to theyr countrees they haue ferre to gone,  
 And amonge them all peny haue they none.  
 Now, good mennes bodyes, wyll they say then,  
 For Goddes sake helpe to kepe vs true men ! 330  
 Or elles they say, they haue in pryson be,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. prowling.

<sup>2</sup> Montreuil.

<sup>3</sup> Terouenne.

In Newgat, the Kynges Benche or Marchalse,  
 As many true men take<sup>1</sup> by suspecyon,  
 And were quitte<sup>2</sup> by proclamacyon.  
 And yf ony axe what countrey men they be,  
 And lyke<sup>3</sup> your maystershyps,<sup>4</sup> of the north all thre;  
 Or of Chesshyre, or elles nygh Cornewall,  
 Or where they lyst, for to gabbe<sup>5</sup> and rayle;  
 And may perchaunce the one is of London, 339  
 The other of Yorke, and the thyrde of Hampton.<sup>6</sup>  
 And thus they lewter in euery way and strete,  
 In townes and chyrches, where as people mete,  
 In lanes and pathes, and at eche crosse way,  
 There do they prate, bable, lye and praye.  
 But yf ye be clenly, and haply come alone,  
 Your purce and clothyng may fortune to be gone:  
 But at no dore for brede, drynke, nor potage,  
 Nor scoules of meate, nor no suche bagage,  
 They none desyre to put in bagge nor male;  
 But ury whyte threde to sewe good ale. 350  
 And whan they haue gotten what they may,  
 Than to theyr lodgyng they do take theyr way,  
 Into some aley, lane, or blynde hostry,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. taken.<sup>2</sup> i. e. are released.<sup>3</sup> i. e. if it like.<sup>4</sup> We are here reminded of the song in *Deuteromelia*, 1609, 4to:—

“We be soldiers three;  
*Pardona moy, je vous en pree,*  
 Lately come forth of the Low Country,  
 With never a penny of money.”

<sup>5</sup> Gabble.<sup>6</sup> i. e. Southampton.



And to some corner, or hous of bawdry,  
 Where as ben folke of theyr affynyte,  
 Brothelles and other suche as they be;  
 And there they mete, and make theyr gaudy chere,  
 And put on theyr clothyng and other gere,  
 Theyr swerdes and boclers, and theyr short daggers,  
 And there they reuell as vnthryfty braggers, 360  
 With horyble othes sweryng as they were wood,<sup>1</sup>  
 Armes,<sup>2</sup> nayles, woundes, herte, soule and blood,  
 Deth, fote/masse, flesshe, bones, lyfe, and body,  
 With all other wordes of blasphemy,  
 Bostyng them all in dedes of theyr myschefe,  
 And thus passe the tyme w<sup>th</sup> daunce, hore, pipe, thefe.  
 The hang man shall lede the daunce at the ende,  
 For none other ways they do not pretende.  
 And whan that they can gete nothyng by beggyng,  
 To maynteyne suche lyfe they fall to stelyng; 370  
 And so this way the come at the last,  
 Or on the galowes make a tomlyng cast.

¶ *Copland.* More pyte to se our owne nacyon  
 For to behaue them on suche facyon.  
 Surely there is an act of parlyament,  
 That yf ony strong vacabond be hent<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mad.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. God's armes, nayles, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Copland is here referring to one of the Acts of 22nd Henry VIII. which was printed (with the other acts of the year) by T. Berthelet, folio, and included by Rastell in his "Grete Abbreghments," 1534, 8vo. The Act is entitled, ¶ "An acte concernyng how aged, poore, and impotent persones, compelled to lyue by almes, shalbe ordred: and howe vacaboundes, and mighty stronge beggers shall be punyshed."

To be set in a payre of stockes openly,

Certayn days, with bread and water onely,

And than to be banysh't from town to town,

I thinke that act is not yet put down. 380

If it were execute as to my reason,

Men shold not se, within a lytell season,

So many of them, nor ydle slouches,

And myghty beggars w<sup>th</sup> theyr pokes and crouches ;

But they be mayntened by this noughty sect,

That all this land is with them infect ;

I meane these bawdy brybrous<sup>1</sup> knaues,

That lodgeth them that so powles and shaues.

It were almes<sup>2</sup> that they were loked on :

For they be wors than ony thefe or felon. 390

But to our purpose. Cometh not this way

Of these rogers, that dayly syng and pray,

With *Ave regina*, or *de profundis*,

*Quem terra, Ponthus and Stella maris?*

At euery doore there they foot and frydge,

And say they come fro Oxford or Cambrydge,

And be poore scolders, and haue no maner thyng,

Nor also frendes to kepe them at lernyng ;

And so do lewter<sup>3</sup> for crust and crum,

With staffe in hand, and fyst in bosum, 400

Passyng tyme so, bothe day and yere ;

As in theyr legend I purpose shall appere

An other tyme, after my fantasy.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *bribous*, from *bribe*, to *rob*, or *steal*.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. It were charity. See *Mery Tales and Quicke Answers*, ed. Hazlitt, p. 146.

<sup>3</sup> Old ed. has *lewtre*.

¶ *Porter.* Suche folkes of trouth cometh here dayly,  
 And ought of ryght this hous for to vse  
 In theyr aege: for they fully do refuse  
 The tyme of vertuous excercyse,  
 Wherby they shold vnto honour aryse.

¶ *Copland.* Syr, yet there is another company 410  
 Of the same sect, that lyue more subtylly,  
 And be in maner as mayster wardayns,  
 To whom these rogers obey as capytayns,  
 And be named clewners, as I here say.

¶ *Porter.* By my sothe, all fals harlots be they  
 And deceyuers of people ouer all;<sup>1</sup>  
 In the countree most of them fynd ye shall.  
 They say, that they come fro the vnyuersyte,  
 And in the scoles have taken degree  
 Of preesthood, but frendes haue they none  
 To giue them ony exhybycion; 420  
 And how that they forth wold passe  
 To theyr countree, and syng theyr fyrst masse,  
 And there pray for theyr benefactours,  
 And serue God all tymes and houres.  
 And so they lewter<sup>2</sup> in suche rogacyons  
 Seuen or eyght yeres, walkyng theyr stacyons,  
 And do but gull, and folow beggery,  
 Feynyng true doyng by ypocrysy,  
 As another tyme shalbe shewed playne.

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *ouerall*.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *lewtre*.

But yet there is, of a lyke maner, trayne 430  
 Of fals brybours, deceytfull and fraudelent,  
 That among people call themselves sapyent :  
 These ryde about in many sondry wyse,  
 And in straunge aray do themself dysguyse ;  
 Somtyme in maner of a physycyan,  
 And another tyme as a hethen man,  
 Countrefaytyng theyr owne tongue and speche,  
 And hath a knaue<sup>1</sup> that doth hym Englysh teche,  
 With, me non spek Englys by my fayt ;  
 My seruaunt spek you what me sayt— 440  
 And maketh a maner of straunge countenaunce,  
 With admyracyons his falsnes to auauance ;  
 And whan he cometh there as he wold be,  
 Than wyll he feyne merueylous grauyte ;  
 And so chaunceth his hostes or his hoost,  
 To demaund out of what straunge land or coost,  
 Cometh this gentylman : forsothe, hostesse,  
 This man was borne in hethenesse,  
 Sayth his seruaunt, and is a connyng man,  
 For all the seuen scyences surely he can ; 450  
 And is sure in physyk and palmestry,  
 In augury, sothsayeng and vysenamy ;  
 So that he can ryght soone espy  
 If ony be dysposed to malady,  
 And therefore can gyue suche a medycyne,  
 That maketh all accesses to declyne ;  
 But surely yf it were knowen that he  
 Shold medle with ony infyrmyte

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. a servant.

Of comyn people, he myght gete hym hate,  
And lose the fauour of euery great estate ; 460

Howbeit of charyte, yet now and then,  
He wyll mynyster his cure on pore men.  
No money he taketh, but all for Gods loue,  
Which by chaunce ye shall se hym proue.

Than sayth he: qui speke my hostesse,  
Graund malady make a gret excesse ;  
Dys infant rumpre vng grand postum,<sup>1</sup>  
By got, he ala mort tuk vnder thum.

What sayth he? sayth the good wyfe:—  
Hostesse, he swereth by his soule and lyfe, 470

That this chyld is vexed with a bag  
In his stomacke, as great as he may wag,  
So that, or<sup>2</sup> two or thre days come about,  
It wyll choke hym withouten dout ;  
But than he sayth, except ye haue his read,  
Thys chyld therwith wyll sodeynly be dead.

Alas ! sayth she, yf she loue it well,  
Now, swete mayster, gyue me your counsell.

For Gods sake I aske it and our lady,  
And here is twenty shylyngs by and by. 480

Quid est? sayth he,—Forsoth she dooth offre  
Viginti solidi pourournir vostre coffre :  
To do your help, sayth this fals seruyture.

Non, poynt d'argent, sayth he, pardeu, ie non cure.  
He wyll no money, hostesse, I you promyt ;<sup>3</sup>  
For Gods sake he dooth it eche whyt.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. break a great imposthume.

<sup>2</sup> Before.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. promise.

Than calleth he anone for his casket,  
 That scantly is worth a rotten basket,  
 And taketh out a powdre of experyence,  
 That a carte lode is not worth two pence, 490  
 And in a paper he dooth fayre fold it vp,  
 Fastyng thre days, he byddeth that to sup.  
 Than for a space he taketh lycence,<sup>1</sup>  
 God wot as yet he [be] payd for none exspence ;  
 And so departeth. And on the next day,  
 One of his felawes wyll go the same way,  
 To bolster the matter of his fals bewpere.<sup>2</sup>  
 He sytteth down, and maketh good chere,  
 Which, in lykewyse, loketh on the chyld,  
 Sayeng : that heuenly vyrgyn vndefylde, 500  
 Our lady Mary, preserue this chyld now !  
 For it is seke, hostesse, I tell it you ;  
 For or thre days, but our Lorde hym saue,  
 I ensure you it wylbe in a graue.  
 Good syr, sayth she, alas, and well away !  
 Here was a gentylman euen yesterday,  
 That tolde the same accesse and dysease.  
 Hostesse, sayth he, yf that it wold you please,  
 What maner man was it, I pray you tell ?  
 Good syr, she sayth, in sothe I know not well ; 510  
 But Englysh speche in dede he can none,  
 And is a Jewe his man told vs echone.  
 Yea, [he] was, sayth he, I know hym well in dede :  
 I wolde I had spoke with hym, or he yede ;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leave.<sup>2</sup> Accomplice.<sup>3</sup> i. e. before he went.

But hostesse, in faythe, toke he ony thing?

By my trowth, sayth she, not one farthyng.  
I wote, sayth he, but I maruell that he wold;  
But out of charyte in suche a meane household  
Do say so moche, for yf great estates it knewe,  
His company than wold they all eschewe. 520

Good syr, sayth she, yet of your gentylnes  
Help this poore chylde of this sayd sekenes,  
And here *(s xx. shyllyngs for your payne,*  
*And your expence for a weke or twayne."*

Well, hostesse, sayth he, I wyll do more than that  
For you, but I shall tell you what.

For my labour I aske nothyng at all,  
But for the drogges that occupy<sup>1</sup> he shall,  
The which be dere and very precyous;  
And surely, I wyll neuer out of your hous 530  
Tyll he be hole as eyther you or I.

Than gooth his knaue to a town to bye  
These dragges that be not worth a t—de;  
And there they lye at fourtenyght at borde  
With these good folkes, and put them to cost;  
Bothe meat and money clerely haue they lost.  
Yet God wote, what waste they made and reuell:

So at the last departeth this Jauell  
With the money, and streyght rydeth he,  
Where the thefe his felaw and dyuers others be; 540  
And there they prate, and make theyr auauent  
Of theyr deceytes, and drynk adew taunt.  
As they lyue, I pray God them amend,

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. use.

Or as they be, to bryng them to an end :  
 For the spyttell is not for theyr estate,  
 Howbeit they come dayly by the gate.

¶ *Copland.* A shrewde sorte, by our lady, and a  
 comberous !

Jesus kepe them out of euery good mans hous !  
 But cometh ony pardoners this way ?

¶ *Porter.* Yea, syr, they be our p̄ctours ; and fayn  
 they may ;

Chyefly syth theyr fals popery was knowen, 551  
 And theyr bullysh indulgence ouerthrowen,  
 They be all nought. Reken eche with other,  
 Subtilte is theyr father, and falshod theyr mother :

For by letters they name them as they be ;

P. a Pardoner : Clewner a C :

R. a Roger : A. an Aurium : and a Sapyent, S.

Thus they know eche other doubtles.

But whan theyr iuggelyng oores do fayle,

They rēne ashore and here stryke sayle. 560

¶ *Copland.* By my sothe, I am wery to here of theyr  
 lyuyng ;

Wherfore I pray you, yf ye be pleasyng,

Tell me shortly of all folke in generall,

That come the hye way to the hospytall.

¶ *Porter.* It is tedyous ; but for your mynde,

As nye as I can, I wyl shew the kynde

Of euery sorte, and which by lykelynes



To the spyttell his way dooth adres.  
 But as for ordre, I promyse none to kepe :  
 For they do come as they were scattered shepe, 570  
 Wandryng without reason, rule or guyde,  
 And for other lodgyng do not prouyde.  
 But to our purpose. There cometh in this vyage  
 They that toward God haue no courage,  
 And to his worde gyue none advertence ;  
 Eke to father and mother do not reuerence ;  
 They that despyse folke in aduersyte ;  
 They that seke stryfe and iniquyte ;  
 They that for themself do kepe nothyng,  
 And suche as hate other in theyr well doying. 580  
 They may be sure, or euer they dye,  
 Lest they lacke lodgyng, here for to lye.

Preestes and clerkes, that lyue vycyously,  
 Not caryng how they shold do theyr duty,  
 Vnruly of maners, and slacke in lernyng,  
 Euer at the alehous for to syt bybyng,  
 Neglectyng the obedyence to them dew,  
 And vnto Chrystes flocke take none anew,  
 But lyke as wolues, that rauysh the folde,  
 These people do this ryght way holde. 590  
 Yong heyres that enioy theyr herytage,  
 Rulyng themself, or they come to aege ;  
 Occupyeng vnthryfte company,  
 Spendyng vp theyr patrymony  
 Whyles they be yong, and use dyssolute playes,  
 Of very nede they must come these wayes.  
 All such people as have lytell to spend,

Wastyng it, tyll it be at an end ;  
 And whan they be seke, and haue nothyng,  
 Toward the spyttell than they be comyng.

600

They that haue small londes and tenements,  
 Wearyng dayly costly garments,  
 That at the last they must be fayne

To sell theyr rentes, themself to sustayne,  
 Whiche is a token of veray experyence,  
 This way for to come by consequence.

Bayllyfs, stuardes, caters and renters,

Paymasters, credytours and receyuers,  
 That be neclygent to make rekenyngs,

Delyueryng and trustyng without wrytyngs ;  
 Uncaryng for to rēne in arerage ;<sup>1</sup>

610

By this way they must nede make passage.  
 Landlordes that do no reparacyons,

But leue theyr landes in desolacyons,  
 Theyr housyng vnkept wynd and water tyght,  
 Letyng the pryncypals rot doun ryght,

And suffreth theyr tenauntes to renne away :

The way to our hous we can them not deny.  
 They that sew in the court dayly

For lyttell besynesse, and spendeth largely  
 With grete gyftes, and yet theyr labour lost :

620

This way they come to seke for theyr cost.  
 Fermours<sup>2</sup> and other husbandmen, that be

In grete fermes, and dooth not ouer se  
 Theyr housbondry, but leteth theyr corne rote,

<sup>1</sup> i e. not minding to run in arrears.

<sup>2</sup> Farmers.

Theyr hey to must, theyr shepe dye in the cote,  
 Theyr land vntyld, vndunged and vnsowen,  
 Theyr medowes not defenced, and unmowen,  
 Theyr fruyt to perysh, hangyng on the trees,  
 Theyr catell scater, and lose theyr hony bees. 630  
 All yong heyres, borne in a ryche estate,  
 And wold lyue styll after the same rate,  
 Beyng yong brethren of small possybylyte,<sup>1</sup>  
 Not hauyng wherwith to mayntene such degre,  
 But make shyftes, and borow ouer all ;  
 Suche trace pryson to be theyr hospytall.  
 Self wylled people, that can not be in rest,  
 But in the lawe do euer wrythe and wrest,<sup>2</sup>  
 And wyll not fall to ony agrement,  
 Tyll in theyr neckes<sup>3</sup> is layd by jugement 640  
 The costes and charges, and so are made full bare :  
 Lodgyng for suche folke we do euer spare.  
 People that alway wyll be at dystaunce,  
 And on theyr neyghbours euer take vengeaunce,  
 Beyng auengyng on euery small wrong :  
 From this way they cannot be long.  
 They that wyl medle in euery mans mater,  
 And of other folkes dedes dooth alway clatter,  
 Mayntenyng theyr own sayeng to be true,  
 And are<sup>4</sup> not beleued : they can not eschue 650

<sup>1</sup> Means.<sup>2</sup> Wrestle.

<sup>3</sup> = on their backs. Thus, in *A C. Mery Talys*, p. 33, we have:—"The sexten toke the creple on his nek, and came in to the chyrchyarde again."

<sup>4</sup> Old ed. has *is*.

But they must nedes come hytherward:

For by moche medlyng theyr credence is mard.

Marchaunts that beyond the see bye dere,

And lend it good chepe, whan they be here,

And be neuer payed but by the lawe:

Here haue no beddyng, but lye on the strawe.

They that sell good cheap in despyte,

Lettyng all theyr gaynes for to go quyte,

Byeng ware deare, and sell for a lytell:

They be uery gestes to lye in our spyttell.

660

Craftes men that do worke day and nyght,

Havyng great charge, and theyr gaynes lyght,

Wastyng theyr tooles, and can them not renew,

Full well may saye: farwell, good thryft adew!

He that wynneth moche, and whan he hath doone,

With waste and games spendeth it soone,

Leavyng not wherwyth agayn to begyn:

In this hye way he hasteth to ryn.

He that hath a good occupacyon,

And wyll lyue on the courtly facyon,

670

And to worke or labour is wery,

Wenyng for to lyue more easily:

Somtyme dooth make an vnthryfty chaunge,

With bag and staf in our parke to raunge.

Rufflers and masterles men, that cannot werke,

And slepeth by day, and walketh in the derke,

And with delycates gladly doth fede,

Swerynge and crakyng, an easy lyfe to lede,

With comyn women dayly for to haunt,

Makyng reuell, and drynke a dieu taunt;

680

Saynge: make we mery as longe as we can,

And drynke a pace: the deuill pay the malt man!<sup>1</sup>  
 Wyne was not made for euery haskerde,  
 But bere and ale for euery dasterde,  
 And whan theyr money is gone and spent,  
 Than this way is moost conuenient.  
 Taverners that kepe bawdry and pollyng,  
 Marryng wyne with brewyng and rolyng;  
 Inholders that lodge hoores and theues,  
 Seldon theyr getyng ony way preues,  
 So by reason theyr gaynes be geason,<sup>2</sup>  
 This way they rēne many a season.  
 Bakers and brewers, that with musty grayne  
 Serue theyr customers, must take it agayne,  
 And many tymes haue they no vtteraunce:  
 For theyr weyghts and measure is of no substaunce,  
 And lose bothe theyr credence and good:  
 [They] come this way by all lykelyhood:

690

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<sup>1</sup> i. e. let any one pay him that chooses. A proverbial expression is probably here cited. Formerly, very little commiseration was felt for this class of persons, as they were notorious for their fraudulent practices. Dunbar satirizes the maltman of his day in the "Deuill's Inquest" (*Poems*, ed. Laing, i. 47):—

"The maltman sayis, I God forsaik,  
 And mot the deuill of hell me taik,  
 Gif ony better malt may be  
 And of this kill I haif inlaik:  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me.

Ane browstar swore the malt wes ill,  
 Baith reid and reikit on the kill,  
 That it will be na aill for me;  
 Ane boll will not sex gallons fill:  
 Renunce thy God, and cum to me."

<sup>2</sup> Scanty.

For they do infect that shold be mans food.

They that wyll be surety for euey det,

700

And wyll pay more than they of ryght be set,  
For to be named a man lyberall,

And in maner he hath nothyng at all ;  
Suche folysshe facers whan theyr good is spent,  
To the spyttell warde they renne incontynent.

Yonge folke that wedde, or they be wyse,  
And alway charges on theyr hand dooth ryse,  
Hous rent and chyl dren, and euey other thyng,  
And can do nothyng for to gete theyr lyuyng,  
And haue no frendes them for to sustayne :

710

To com this way at last they must be fayne.  
They that sell away theyr rentes and landes,  
And bestoweth it for to be merchandes,  
And auentreth, tyll them haue all lost,  
And turmoyleth alway fro pyler to post,  
And euer leseth all that they go about

Cometh this way amonge the other rout.  
They that in hope to haue theyr frendes dye,

Wyll do nothyng but lyue wantonly,  
Trustyng to haue the treasowr that is left,

720

But many tymes it is them bereft,  
And haue nothyng, and nothyng can do :  
Suche come this way with other to.

They that dooth to other folkes good dede,  
And hath themselfe of other folke more nede,  
And quencheth the fyre of another place,  
And leueth his owne, that is in wors cace,  
Whan it is brent, and woteth not where to lye :  
To the spyttell than must he nedes hye.

They that wyll not suffre theyr clothe hole, 730  
 But iag and cut them with many a hole,  
 And payeth more for makyng than it cost,  
 Whan it is made, the garment is but lost,  
 Patchyng them with colours lyke a fole,  
 At last they be ruled after our scole.

They that do make to moche of theyr wyues,  
 Suffryng them to be nought of theyr lyues,  
 Letyng them haue ouermoche of theyr wyll,  
 Clothyng them better than they can fulfyll,  
 Letyng them go to feestes, daunces and plays, 740  
 To euery brydale, and do nothyng on days,<sup>1</sup>  
 And gyueth them all the soueraynte :  
 Must needes come this way, for they cannot pthe.

¶ *Copland.* Come hyther ony of these wofull creatures  
 That be sore wounded, and moche wo endures  
 With a shrewd wyfe, and is neuer quyet,  
 Bycause that she wold haue all her dyet,  
 But bralle and chyde, babble, crye and fyght,  
 Euer discontented bothe day and nyght?<sup>2</sup>

¶ *Porter.* Come this way, quod a? Yes, I warraunt  
 you, 750  
 Of them alway come this way ynow ;  
 We haue chambres purposely for them,  
 Or els they shold be lodged in Bedlem.

<sup>1</sup> *working-days*, not holidays or Sundays.

<sup>2</sup> Such characters as are pourtrayed in the *Scole house of Women* and the *Proud Wyues Paternoster*.

¶ *Copland.* Mary, God forbyd, it shold be as ye tell !

¶ *Porter.* By good fayth, the uery deuyll of hell  
I trowe to my mynd hath not moche more payne.

One were in a maner as good be slayne :  
Fer there is no joye but euer anguysh ;  
On bothe sydes they do always languysh ;  
For the one gooth hyther, and the other thyder, 760  
Bothe they spend, and by nothyng togyder ;  
So at the last, of very necessity,  
Hyther they come to aske lodgyng of me.

¶ *Copland.* I do knowe it is the ryght facyon ;  
A realme stryuyng in itself gooth to desolacyon.  
God amend all, I haue herd what it is.  
Tell of some other ; I am wery of this.

¶ *Porter.* All maysters that lete theyr seruaunts play,  
Fedyng them deyntyly euery day,  
And dooth cloth and pay them as they shold be, 770  
Beyng neclygent theyr worke to ouerse,  
Suffryng them waste, and theyr good spyll,  
In theyr presence to do theyr lewd wyll ;  
And all those that pay not theyr hyre,  
Vengeaunce of God it dooth desyre,  
These on bothe partes do eche other wrong :  
This way they come with a great throng.  
All suche seruaunts as be neclygent  
In theyr seruyce, and wyl not be content  
To do theyr werk, but slacke theyr besynes, 780  
Brybe and conuey fro mayster and maystres,



Chaungyng maysters, and ren fro town to towne;  
 And are late rysyng, and betyme lye downe,  
 Playeng by nyght, and tryflyng by day :  
 Of ryghtousnes they do here stay.  
 Suche folke as take on them great rent,  
 In soyles for them inconuenyent  
 Vnto theyr faculte, and often do remeue,<sup>1</sup>  
 Entreprysyng that they cannot acheue ;  
 Doyng curyous labours, and haue small wage :      790  
 Vnto our hous they come for hostage.  
 They that borow on theyr garments and napry,  
 And do not fetcche them agayn shortly,<sup>2</sup>  
 But lete them be worn, and than pay the sōme :  
 In to our hye way they be far cōme.  
 They that borow, and purpose not to pay  
 Tyll in pryson they spend all away,  
 And do forswere that is theyr dew ;  
 They that lawe for a debt vntrew,  
 And receyueth money in another mans name,      800  
 Not beyng content to restore the same ;  
 They that forget that to them is ought ;<sup>3</sup>  
 They that stryue with all folke for nought ;  
 And they that lend, and set no tyme to pay :

<sup>1</sup> i. e. remove. So *meve* is used for *move*.

<sup>2</sup> Formerly persons used not only to resort to Long Lane and similar localities, for the purpose of buying and selling their clothes, but with a view of raising money on them. In "Harry White His Humour" (circa 1640) the writer says:—"It goes to his (Harry's) very heart to heare the man that cryes 'buy a brush:' for it puts him in minde of his holy-day suit that lyes in Long Lane to be brusht."

<sup>3</sup> Owed.

Reason wyll dryue them to come this way.  
 Old folkes that all theyr goodes do gyue,  
     Kepyng nothyng wheron to lyue,  
 And put fro theyr hous whan they haue nede :  
     Toward our hous fast do they spede.  
 They that gyue chyl dren money to spend, 810  
     And causeth them not at theyr byddyng attend,  
 But dooth mayntene them in theyr lewdnes,  
     And fro s̄yne wyll them not redres ;  
 In ydle wantonnes suffryng them to be,  
     Nor teache them vertuous faculte ;  
 Are the cause that, whan they be olde,  
     They<sup>1</sup> take the way toward our houshold.  
 They that euermore haue a delyte  
     To fede, and make feastes at theyr appetyte  
 With costly dysshes and deynty drynke, 820  
     Letyng theyr stocke euermore shrynke,  
 Making a great porte, and be lytell worth :  
     To come hyther they come streyght forth.  
 They that takes no hede to theyr houshold,  
     But lete theyr implements molde,  
 Theyr hangyngs rot, theyr napery vnclene,  
     Theyr fures and wollen not ouersene,  
 Theyr vessell mar, and theyr goodes decay :  
     Cannot chuse but nedes come this way.  
 Lechours, fornycatours and advouterers,<sup>2</sup> 830  
     Incestes, harlots, bawdes and bolsterers,  
 Applesquyers, entycers and rauysshers :  
     These to our place haue dayly herbegers.

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *to*.<sup>2</sup> Adulterers.

¶ *Copland.* No marvell of them, and happy they be,  
If they do and in so honest degre :

For surely theyr endyng is fayrest,

If that with pouerte they be suppress :

For I do fynd wryten of aduoutry

That these fyue sorowes ensueth therby,

*Ex istis penis patietur quisquis adulter ;*

840

*Aut erit hic pauper, hic aut subito morietur,*

*Aut aliquid mēbrum casu vulnere perdet,*

*Aut erit infamis per quod sit carcere vinctus.*

Eyther they shall be poore, or dye sodeynly,

Or lese by wound some membre of the body,

Or to be sclaudred to suffre sharpe pryson,

Therefore pouerte is fayrest by reason.

And yet besyde that they be so beaten,

That with great pockes theyr lymmes be eaten.

How say ye by these horryble swerers,

850

These blasphemers and these God terers ?

Come there ony this way to haue socour ?

¶ *Porter.* Do they ! yea, I warraunt euery hour,

All rotten and torne, armes, heades and legges,

They are the moost sorte that ony where begges,

And be the people that moost anoy us.

¶ *Copland.* I beleue well : for I fynd wryten thus,

*Vir multū iurans replebitur iniquitate, et a*

*domo eius non recedet plaga.<sup>1</sup>*

A great swerer is full of iniquyte,

860

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<sup>1</sup> Eccles. xxii. In old ed. this is printed so as to form part of the line 859, where it is not required.

And fro his hous the plague shall neuer be.  
 In the commaundements is wryten playn :  
 Thou shalt not take the name of God in vayn ;  
 For who sow dooth vse it customably,<sup>1</sup>  
 The stroke of God can not eschew truly.  
 But come none of these slouthfull folkes hyther  
 That be so vnlusty, so sluggysh and lyther ?<sup>2</sup>  
 That care not how the world dooth go,  
 Neyther halydays, nor workyng days also,  
 But lye in bed, tyll all masses be doone, 870  
 Lewtryng theyr worke tyll it pas noone ;  
 And so enioye to lynger and to slepe,  
 And to theyr lyuyng they take no maner kepe.

¶ *Porter.* These folkes come in so great nombre,  
 That all the ways they do encombre ;  
 And with them dothe come all these folke, that spare  
 To assay theyr frendes for theyr owne welfare.  
 But folow theyr owne myndes alway,  
 Nor to theyr frendes in no wyse wyll obay,  
 And of theyr promesses they be no more set by ; 880  
 But to this way they must them nedes apply.

<sup>1</sup> Customarily, habitually.

<sup>2</sup> Idle. It is here found in its primitive signification ; but it acquired, long before the composition of the present piece, the general meaning of *bad* or *vicious*. Thus Chaucer says, in *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale* :—

“ For he may do al that he woll devise,  
 And lither folk to destroyen vice,  
 And proude hertes he can make argrise.”

¶ *Copland.* And how by<sup>1</sup> these people so full of  
coueytise

That all the worldes good can them not suffyse,  
But by vsury, rapyne and extorcyon,  
Do poulle the pore folke of theyr porcyon?  
And they that invent newes by tyranny  
Vpon poore mens landes fraudelently,  
And lyke as wolues the shepe dooth take and tease,  
For theyr owne lucre and to lyue in ease,  
And day by day in euery maner degre, 890  
They do prolonge theyr iniquite.

¶ *Porter.* As for with them we haue to do nothyng:  
Vnto the lawe it is all belongyng.  
How be it, yf they chaunce to be poore,  
Then often indede they do come by our doore.

¶ *Copland.* But then I pray you, how say ye by these,  
That breke this precept *non furtum facies*,  
Theves and murtherers, and these watchers of wayes,  
That robbe and steale bothe by nyghtes and dayes,  
And that delyte in murder and in theft, 900  
Whose condycyons in no wyse can be left,  
Do not they oft tymes come hyther by you?

¶ *Porter.* Of them there cometh dayly ynow;  
But they be led, and comenly fast bounde,  
Bycause theyr lodgyng may soner be founde;  
And ben conueyed by men of charyte  
Where that they haue hospytalyte,

And ben well kept and wrapped surely,  
 And whan tyme cometh that they must dye,  
 They be buryed aloft in the ayre, 910  
 Bycause dogs shall not on theyr graues repayre.

¶ *Copland.* Almyghty Jesu of his mercy defende  
 Euery good mānes chylde from such an ende!  
 And how say ye by all these grete dronkardes  
 That suppe all of by pottes and tankardes,  
 Tyll they be so dronke that they cannot stande?  
 That is but lytell used in this lande,  
 Except it be among Duche folke, or Flemynghes;  
 For Englysshe men knowe not of suche rekēinges.

¶ *Porter.* No[t] do! yes, yes! I ensure you hardely,  
 They can do it as well as ony body; 921  
 With dowble beare, be it wyne or ale,  
 They ceas not, till they can tell no ryght tale,  
 With quyxte quaxte ie brynhte lief brore  
 An ortkyn, or an half beres, by gots, more.  
 Yea, rather than fayle drynke it clene out,  
 With fyll the pot ones agayn round about:  
 Gyue us more drynke, for sparyng of bread;  
 Tyll theyr cuppes be wyser than theyr head:  
 And so syt they, and spend vp all theyr thryft, 930  
 And after come here: they haue no other shyft.

¶ *Copland.* How say ye by these folkes full of yre,  
 That brēne in wrath hoter than fyre,  
 And neuer be quyete, but chyde and brall

With wrath and anger, fretyng hert and gall?  
 Wayward, wode, furyous and fell,  
 For where they be quyetnes cannot dwell;  
 But alway stryfe, mystrust and great dysease,  
 And in no wyse none man can them please.

¶ *Porter.* Hyther they come, and I wyll tell you why;  
 None can lyue by thē well, nor quyetly; 941  
 But with eche one they fall out, and make bate,<sup>1</sup>  
 Causyng people them for to hate,  
 And wyll suffre them to dwell no where,  
 But are fayne for to remayne here.

¶ *Copland.* It may well be so, for where as<sup>2</sup> none  
 agre,  
 Neyther thryft, nor welfare cannot be:  
 But I trust it be not betwene man and wyfe,  
 Than it were pyte and eke a sory lyfe.  
 For where is no peas at bed, nor<sup>3</sup> at borde, 950  
 I reken theyr thryft is not worth a t—de.  
 But of these people that ben so stout,  
 That in welth and wo bere it so out,  
 That pryde wyll not suffre them for tō fall:  
 Methynke this way they come not all?

¶ *Porter.* O yes, yes! God wote, of them be not fewe,  
 For here all day they assemble in a rewe,  
 And here they crake, bable, and make grete boste,  
 And amonge all other wolde rule the roste: 959

<sup>1</sup> i. e. make mischief.

<sup>2</sup> Former ed. has *is*.

<sup>3</sup> Old ed. has *not*.

With stande backe, you lewd vylayne, beggerly knaue,

I wyll that thou knowe my wyfe and I haue  
Spent more in a daye with good honeste

Than thou in thy lyfe euer was lyke to be ;  
For I tell the I haue kept, or now, suche reporte

That all my neyghtbours dyd to me resorte ;  
And haue, or now, kept a grete housholde,

And had ynough of syluer and of golde.  
In all our parysshe was none better decked,  
And I thynke scorne for to be thus checked

Of suche lewde persons, that neuer had good ;

And eke I am borne of as good a blood ;  
As ony in this towne, and a gentyلمان ;

But yf I had as moche as I wyst whan,  
I shold make a meyny of these poore carles to know,

What maner thyng a gentyلمان is, I trowe.

¶ *Copland.* Lo, here one may se that there is none worse

Than is a proude herte and a beggers purs,  
Grete boost and small roost: this is euydent,

For a proude hert well never be shent.  
But, good porter, I pray you, be so kynde

To tell me of them out of mynde,  
As for the enuyous I lete them dwell :

For theyr hospytall is the depe pyt of hell.

¶ *Porter.* How say ye by this lewd ipocrysy,  
That is used so superstyeyously ?

I cry God mercy, yf I make ony lye,

Of them that deuout prayers seeme to occupy ;



As yf God fro the cros by them shold be vndone,  
 And syt in the chyrche, tyll it be noone,  
 Neuer speakyng in ony folkes presence, 990  
 But it soundeth to vertue and reuerence ;  
 Yet whan they be moeued to anger and wrath,  
 I trowe to my mynde that other folke hath  
 Not half the spyte, vengeaunce and rygour,  
 As they wyll have to theyr poore neyghbour.  
 For some of them, yf they myght be a lorde,  
 Wold hang another : they be of suche dyscorde.  
 And where they ones take hatred or enmyte,  
 Duryng theyr lyfe haue neuer charyte :  
 And who that hath no charyte, nor loue, 1000  
 Can neuer please the Amyte aboue :  
 And so this way they be fayne to come.

¶ *Copland.* I beleue well : for truely there be some,  
 That neyther haue loue to one, nor other ;  
 For I wene, yf it were syster or brother,  
 They wold no more pyte them nor rewe  
 (They be sq fell), than on a thefe or Jewe.  
 For whan ye think to haue them moost in reason,  
 Than be theyr hertes full of deadly poyson ;  
 And in theyr fury they be so vyolent, 1010  
 That they wyll bryng one to an exegent,  
 And neuer pardon, nor no man forgyue,  
 Tyll theyr neyghbour hath nothyng on to lyue ;  
 And so they make by theyr own consyence  
 Betwene God and the deuyll no dyffrence.  
 But hey, alas ! do none this way traee  
 That do take wyues of small effyce,

Which cannot yet<sup>1</sup> bestow, nor yet saue,  
 And to go gay they wyll spend and craue ;  
 Makyng men wene that they loue them alone,<sup>2</sup> 1020  
 And be full fals unto them echone,  
 Spending theyr goodes without ony care,  
 Without good gownes, but not of hoodes bare ?

¶ *Porter.* They must come hyther, for they cannot  
 chuse,

For they that wyll themselfe so vse,  
 The one to gete, and the other spend ;  
 And whan all is brought to an end,  
 Hether they come to haue conforte.

Syr, I beshrew all the hole sorte ;  
 Such genyfenycs kepeth many one lowe, 1030

Theyr husbandes must obey as dog to bowe.  
 Alas ! sely men, ye are yll at ease,

These deynty huswyues for to fede and please :  
 For so they syt and sew half an hour on a clout,  
 Theyr hole dayes worke is patched out ;  
 And so by theyr tryflyng and lyuyng nought,  
 With other means they be hyther brought.

¶ *Copland.* Well, good porter, I pray you let them  
 alone,

For happy is he that hath a good one.  
 I pray you shewe me of other gestes, 1040  
 For agaynst women I loue no iestes.

<sup>1</sup> Fomer ed. has *get*.

<sup>2</sup> Here we are strongly reminded of some passages in the  
*Proud Wyues Paternoster*.

The showre is almoost dene<sup>1</sup> and I haue fer to go ;  
 Come none of these pedlers this way also,  
 With pak on bak, with their bousy speche,  
 Jagged and ragged, with broken hose and breche ?

¶ *Porter.* Inow, ynow ; with bousy coue maimed nace  
 Teare the patryng coue in the darkman cace  
 Docked the dell for a coper meke  
 His watch shall feng a prounces nobchete  
 Cyarum by salmon and thou shalt pek my jere 1050  
 In thy gan for my watch it is nace gere  
 For the bene bouse my watch hath a coyn.—  
 And thus they babble, tyll theyr thryft is thyn,  
 I wote not what with theyr pedlyng frenche,  
 But out of the spyttle they haue a party stenche,  
 And with them comes gaderers of cony skynnes,  
 That chop<sup>2</sup> with laces, poyntes, nedles and pyns.

¶ *Copland.* Come ony maryners hyther of Cok Lorels  
 bote ?<sup>3</sup>

¶ *Porter.* Euery day they be alway a flote :  
 We must them receyue, and gyne them costes fre,

<sup>1</sup> Done.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. chap or hawk.

<sup>3</sup> Under the title of *Cock Lorells Bote*, Wynkyn de Worde printed, without date, a brief metrical satire on the times, somewhat in the style of the *Navis Stultifera* of Brandt, 1497. A translation of Brandt's book was published by Pynson in 1508. Only one copy of *Cock Lorells Bote* is known, and that is not perfect. Cock Lorel, from whom it was named, was a noted robber and thief. The tract has been reprinted three times during the present century. See above.

And also with them the fraternyte 1061  
 Of vnthryftes, which do our house endewe,  
 And neuer fayle with brethren alway newe.  
 Also here is kept, and holden in degre  
 With in our hous the ordres viii. tyme thre  
 Of knaues;<sup>1</sup> only we can them not kepe out,  
 They swarme so thyke as bees in a rout;  
 And chyef of all that dooth vs encombre,  
 [Is] the ordre of fooles, that be without nombre:  
 For dayly they make suche preas<sup>2</sup> and cry, 1070  
 That scant our hous can them satysfy.

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<sup>1</sup> The writer here speaks of *four-and-twenty* Orders of Knaves, which corresponds with the number described on a leaf attached to the Heber copy of Harman's *Caveat for Common Cursitors*, 1567, 4to. But it seems that an additional one was subsequently discovered or invented, for, in Awdeley's *Fraternyte of Vacabondes*, printed in 1573, 4to, we hear of *twenty-five* Orders of Knaves. The number was possibly not quite accurately determined, and fluctuated according to the fancy of the writer. From an entry in the Registers of the Stationers' Company (Collier's Extracts, i. 42), there is room to infer that the *Fraternyte of Vacabondes*, including the *twenty-five* Orders of Knaves, was in existence as early as 1560-1, although no edition of so early a date is at present known. The author of this production found imitators. In 1562-3, Alexander Lacy paid fourpence for his licence to print "The xx. Orders of Callettes or Drab-bys" (Collier's Extracts, i. 71), and in 1569-70, Henry Kyrkham obtained, on similar terms, leave to print "a ballett intituled the xx. orders of fooles (Collier's Extracts, i. 224). Whether "xx." in the last article be an error of the clerk for "xxv." it is difficult to judge; but a ballad is extant with the following title: "The xxv. Orders of fooles." Finis. q. T. G. Imprinted at London by Alexander Lacie for Henry Kyrkham. See *An Elizabethan Garland*, 1856, p. 22.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. press, crowd.

¶ *Copland.* Yet one thyng I wonder that ye do not  
tell:

Come there no women this way to dwell?

¶ *Porter.* Of all the sortes that be spoken of a fore,  
I warraunt women ynow in store,

That we are wery of them; euey day

They come so thycke, that they stop the way.

The systerhod of drabbes, sluttess and callets,

Do here resorte, with theyr bags and wallets,

And be parteners of the confrary<sup>1</sup>

1080

Of the maynteners of yll husbandry.

¶ *Copland.* A lewd sorte is of them of a surety.

Now, mayster Porter, I thank you hertyly

Of your good talkyng; I must take my leue;

The shoure is done, and it is toward eue;

Another tyme, and at more leaser,

I wyll for you do as great a pleaser.

¶ *Porter.* There be a M. mo than I can tell;

But at this tyme I byd you farwell.

### ¶ Venuoy of the Auctour.

Go lytell quayre<sup>2</sup> to euey degre,

1090

And on thy mater desyre them to loke,

<sup>1</sup> Fraternity.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. quire [of paper], hence a pamphlet, which usually consisted only of a quire, or sheet. Writers formerly spoke of their

Desyryng them for to pardon me,  
 That am so bolde to put them in my boke ;  
 To eschue vyce I the vndertoke,  
 Dysdeynyng no maner of creature ;  
 I were to blame, yf I them forsoke ;  
 None in this world of welth can be sure.

### Finis.

---

*quire*, or *quayre*, as we now do of our *sheets*. Thus, Lyndsay, at the conclusion of the *Complaynt of the Papingo*, says:—

“And to the quair I geif commandement,  
 Mak na repair, quhare poetis bene present :  
 Because thow bene but rethorik sa rude,  
 Be never sene, besyde nane uther buke.”

Upon which passage Mr. Chalmers notes that Chaucer, in the Envoy to the *Knichtes Tale*, has a similar expression:—

“Go, litill quayre —”

The expression is, however, not particularly rare. The anonymous author of *Colyn Blowbols Testament* employs it in the Envoy to that production:—

“Thow litelle quayer, how darst thow shew thy face,  
 Or com yn presence of men of honesté?”

See vol. i. p. 109.





## The Payne and Sorowe of Euyll Maryage.

THE Payne and Sorowe of Euyll Maryage.

[Beneath this a woodcut of a wedded couple with a priest who joins their hands. Here endeth y<sup>e</sup> payne and sorowe of euyll maryage. Imprynted at London in fletestrete at the sygne of the Sonne, by me Wynkyn de Worde.

n. d. 4to. four leaves, with Wynkyn de Worde's large tripartite device on the reverse of the last leaf (No. vi. of Dibdin's List).

The present tract enters into the series of those which have been published with the object of exposing and ridiculing the frailties of the female sex. Three other pieces of the same character proceeded from the press of W. de Worde: "A Complaynte of them that ben to late maryed," "A Complaint of them that be to soone maryed," and Henry Fielding's *Fyftene Joyes of Maryage*, 1509. One of these has been included by Mr. Collier in his "Illustrations of Early English Literature."



TAKE hede and lerne, thou lytell chyld,  
and se

That tyme passed wyl not agayne retourne,  
And in thy youthe unto vertues use the :

Lette in thy brest no maner vyce sojourne,

That in thyne age thou haue no cause to mourne

For tyme lost, nor for defaute of wytte:  
Thynke on this lesson, and in thy mynde it shyttē.<sup>1</sup>

Glory unto god, louynge and benyson  
To Peter and Johan and also to Laurence,  
Which haue me take<sup>2</sup> under proteccyon     10  
From the deluge of mortall pestylence,  
And from the tempest of deedly vyolence,  
And me preserue that I fall not in the rage  
Under the bonde and yocke of maryage.

I was in purpose to haue taken a wyfe,  
And for to haue wedded without auysednes  
A full fayre mayde, with her to lede my lyfe,  
Whome that I loued of hasty wyfulness,  
With other fooles to haue lyued in dystresse,     19  
As some gaue me counseyle, and began me to constrayne  
To haue be partable of theyr wooful payne.

They laye upon me, and hasted me full sore,  
And gaue me counseyle for to haue be bounde,  
And began to prayse eche daye more and more  
The woofull lyfe in whiche they dyd habounde,  
And were besy my gladnes to confounde,  
Themselfe rejoyсынge, bothe at euen and morowe,  
To haue a felowe to lyue with them in sorowe.

But of his grace god hath me preserued  
By the wyse counseyle of these aungelles thre:     30  
From hell gates they haue my lyfe conserued  
In tyme of warre, whan louers lusty,

<sup>1</sup> Shut.<sup>2</sup> Taken.



And bryght Phebus was freshest unto se  
 In Gemynys, the lusty and glad season,  
 Whan to wedde caught fyrst occasyon.

My joye was sette in especyall  
 To haue wedded one excellent in fayrnes,  
 And thurgh her beaute haue made my selfe thrall  
 Under the yocke of euerlastynge dystresse ;  
 But god alonely of his high goodnes  
 Hath by an aungell, as ye haue herde me tell,<sup>1</sup>  
 Stopped my passage from that peryllous hell.

40

Amonge these aungelles, that were in nombre thre,  
 There appered one out of the southe,  
 Whyche spake fyrst of all the trynyte  
 All of one sentence, the mater is full couthe ;<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This points to an earlier production by the same writer, of which we have no present information, unless it was, indeed, "A Complaynt of them that be to soone Maryed," already mentioned, printed by W. de Worde, 1535, 4to, 13 leaves. The author of the latter comments, at any rate, with equal severity upon the sex, and uses similarly powerful pleas against entrance into the married state, as may be judged by the fact that after eight days' experience, he puts into the lady's mouth the following sentiment :—

“ Cursed be the houre that I ne was  
 Made a none in some cloyster  
 Neuer there for to passe  
 Or had be made some syster  
 In seruage with a clousterer.”

*Complaynt of them that be to soone  
 maryed* (Dibdin's Ames, ii. 365).

<sup>2</sup> Pleasant.



Thus wedlocke is an endlesse penaunce,  
 Husbandes knowe that haue experyence,  
 A martyrdom and a contynuaunce  
 In sorowe euerlastyng, a deedly vyolence ;  
 And this of wyues is gladly the sentence  
 Upon theyr husbandes, whan they lyst to be bolde,  
 How they alone gouerneth the housholde.

And yf her husbände happen for to thryue,  
 She sayth it is her prudent purueyaunce :  
 If they go abacke ayenwarde and unthryue, 80  
 She sayth it is his mysgouernaunce.  
 He bereth the blame of all suche ordynaunce ;  
 And yf they be poore and fall in dystresse,  
 She sayth it is his foly and lewdnesse.

And yf so be he be no werkman good,  
 It may well happe he shall haue an horne,  
 A large bone to stuffe with his hood ;  
 A mowe<sup>1</sup> behynde, and fayned cheere before :  
 And yf it fall that theyr good be lorne,  
 By auenture, eyther at euen or morowe, 90  
 The sely husbände shall haue all the sorowe.

An husbände hath greate cause to care  
 For wyfe, for chylde, for stuffe and meyne,  
 And yf ought lacke she wyll both swere and stare,  
 He is a wastour and shall neuer the :

---

<sup>1</sup> Mock.

And Salomon sayth there be thynges thre,  
 Shrewde wyues, rayne, and smokes blake  
 Make husbandes ofte theyr houses to forsake.

Wyues be beestes very unchaungeable  
 In theyr desyres, whiche may not staunched be,      160  
 Lyke a swalowe whiche is insacyable :  
 Peryllous caryage in the trouble see ;  
 A wawe calme full of aduersyte,  
 Whose blandysshyng endeth with myschaunce,  
 Called Cyrenes, euer full of varyaunce.

They them rejoyce to se and to be sene,  
 And for to seke sondrye pylgrymages,  
 At greate gaderynges to walke on the grene,  
 And on scaffoldes to sytte on hygh stages,  
 If they be fayre to shewe theyr vysages ;      110  
 And yf they be foule of loke or countenaunce,  
 They it amende with pleasyng dalyaunce.

And of profyte they take but lytell hede,  
 But loketh soure whan theyr husbandes ayleth ought :  
 And of good mete and drynke they wyll not fayle in dede,  
 What so euer it cost they care ryght nought ;  
 Nor they care not how dere it be bought,  
 Rather than they should therof lacke or mysse,  
 They wolde le cuer laye some pledge ywys.

It is trewe, I tell you yonge men euerychone,      120  
 Women be varyable and loue many wordes and stryfe :  
 Who can not appease them lyghtly or anone,

Shall haue care and sorowe all his lyfe,  
 That woo the tyme that euer he toke a wyfe ;  
 And wyll take thought, and often muse  
 How he myght fynde the maner his wyfe to refuse.

But that maner with trouth can not be founde,  
 Therefore be wyse or ye come in the snare,  
 Or er ye take the waye of that bounde ; 129  
 For and ye come there your joye is tourned unto care,  
 And remedy is there none, so may I fare,  
 But to take pacyens and thynke none other way aboute ;  
 Then shall ye dye a martyr without ony doute.

Therefore, you men that wedded be,  
 Do nothyng agaynst the pleasure of your wyfe,<sup>1</sup>  
 Than shall you lyue the more meryly,  
 And often cause her to lyue withouten stryfe ;  
 Without thou art unhappy unto an euyll lyfe,  
 Than, yf she than wyll be no better, 139  
 Set her upon a lelande, and bydde the devyll fet her.

Therefore thynke moche and saye nought,  
 And thanke God of his goodnesse,  
 And prece not for to knowe all her thought,

---

<sup>1</sup> So counsels Udall in the Song of the *Minion Wife*, in his *Ralph Roister Doister* :—

“ If she will fare well, yf she wyll go gay,  
 A good husband ever styll,  
 What ever she lust to doe or to say,  
 Must lete hir have hir owne will.”

For than shalte thou not knowe, as I gesse,  
 Without it be of her own gentylnesse,  
 And that is as moche as a man may put in his eye,  
 For, yf she lyst, of thy wordes she careth not a flye.

And to conclude shortly upon reason,  
 To speke of wedlocke of fooles that be blente,  
 There is no greter grefe nor feller poyson, 150  
 Nor none so dredeful peryllous serpent,  
 As is a wyfe double of her entent.  
 Therefore let yonge men to eschew sorowe and care  
 Withdrawe theyr fete, or they come in the snare.<sup>1</sup>

### Finis.

**¶** Here endeth y<sup>e</sup> payne and sorowe of euyl  
 maryage. Imprynted at London in fletestrete  
 at the sygne of the Sonne, by me Wynkyn  
 de Worde.

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<sup>2</sup> In the *Complaynte of them that ben to late maryed*, on the contrary, the writer observes:—

“ Better it is in youthe a wyfe for to take,  
 And lyue with her to goddes pleasaunce,  
 Than to go in age for goddes sake,  
 In wordely sorowe and perturbaunce  
 For youthes loue and utteraunce,  
 And than to dye at the last ende,  
 And be dampned in hell with the foule fende.”



## The Boke of Mayd Emlyn.

HERE is the boke of mayd Emlyn that had v. husbandes and all kockoldes; she wold make theyr berdes whether they wold or no, and gyue them to were a praty hodefulle of belles. Imprynted at London without Newegate, in Saynt Pulkers [Sepulkers] Parysshe, by me John Skot, dwellynge in the Olde Bayly.

n. d. [circa 1520], 4to. black letter, with a woodcut on the title (borrowed for the nonce from Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, 1508), of a man and a woman, the former having his head surmounted by a pair of bells.

The *Boke of Mayd Emlyn* was one of five poetical tracts, all from the library of T. Caldecott, Esq. edited by Dr. Rimbault for the Percy Society. From a feeling that it would add to the completeness and interest of the present collection, it is now given precisely as it stands in the Percy Society edition, certain amendments in the pointing excepted.

The lady, of whose career we are presented in this "Boke" of her with a sort of *quasi*-biographical sketch, appears to have been a personage of very similar character to the "Widow Edyth," her contemporary, whose *Twelve Mery Gestys* were published in 1525. (See *Old English Jest-Books*, iii.) Whether, however, Maid Emlyn was, as Chaucer's *Wife of Bath* may be presumed to have been, drawn from the life, or was a purely fictitious creation, we are unable to determine.

The tract is considerably more entertaining than many of the so-called poetical effusions which appeared during the reign of

Henry VIII. and later; and the author, whoever he may have been, was unquestionably a man with a true vein of humour. As a picture of the times, its value need not be insisted upon.

Like the Jests of the Widow Edith, the Book of Maid Emlyn seems to have been the work of an unfriendly pen—unfriendly to the heroine, whose exploits furnish the tale, and to the sex generally.

In the *Wyf of Bathes Prologe* Chaucer has the following passage, which may have been seen by the present writer:—

“Lo, herken such a scharp word for the nones!  
 Biside a welle Jhesus, God and man,  
 Spak in reproof of the Samaritan;  
 ‘Thou hast y-had fyve housbondes,’ quod he;  
 ‘And that ilk man, which that now hath the,  
 Is nought thin housbond—’”

And then, farther on, the Wife of Bath is made to say, in reference to King Solomon:—

“God wot, this nobill king, as to my wit,  
 The firste night had many a mery fit  
 With eche of hem, so well was him on lyve.  
 I-blessid be God that I have weddid fyve!  
 Welcome the sixte whan that ever he schal!  
 For sothe I nyl not kepe me chast in al.”





**H**ere is the boke of mayd Emlyn that had  
.v. Husbandes and all kockoldes; she wold  
make theyr berdes whether they wold or no,  
and gyue them to were a praty hoodfull of  
belles.

**T**YLL ye here of meruaylles  
Drawne out of Gospelles  
Of mayde Emlynne,  
That had husbandes fyue,

And all dyd neuer thryue?

She coude so well spyne,

Louynge to go gaye,

And seldom for to praye,

For she was borne in synne:

Oft wolde she seke

10

The tauernes in the weke,

Tyll her wytte was thynne;

Full swetely wolde she kys

With galauntes, ywys,

And say it was no synne;

Thus collynge in armes

Some men caught harmes,

Full lytell dyd they wyne;

And if her husbände said ought,

Loke what she sonest cought,

20

At his heed she wolde it flynge.

She wolde saye, lozell thou,

I wyll teche the, I trowe,  
     Of thy language to blynne ;  
 It is pyte that a knaue  
 A prety woman sholde haue,  
     That knoweth not golde from tynne.  
 I trowe thou jalouse be  
 Bytwene my cosyn and me,  
     That is called syr Sym ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Thoughe I go ofte thyder,  
 We do nought togyder,  
     But prycked balades synge.<sup>2</sup>  
 And I so cunnyng be  
 The more worshyp is to the,  
     Gyuynghe thanke to hym :  
 For he me fyrste taught,  
 So I may cunnynghe caught,  
     Whan I wente a brosshynge.  
 With suche wordes douse  
 Thys lytell prety mouse  
     The yonge lusty prymme  
 She coude byte and whyne,  
 Whan she saw her tyme,  
     And with a prety gynne  
 Gyue her husbände an horne,  
 To blowe with on the morne :  
     Beshrowe her whyte skynne.

30

40

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<sup>1</sup> Maid Emlyn had a cousin in the church with whom her husband suspected her of an improper intimacy.

<sup>2</sup> This was a very favourite occupation among all classes at that epoch. Henry himself set the example. The King and Sir Peter Carew used to sing ballads together.

And ofte wolde she sleke  
 To make smothe her cheke, 50  
     With redde roses therin ;  
 Than wolde she mete,  
 With her lemman swete,  
     And cutte with hym.  
 Talkynge for theyr pleasure,  
 That cocke with the fether  
     Is gone an huntynge ;  
 Hymselfe all alone  
 To the wode he is gone 60  
     To here the kockowe synge.  
 Thus with her playfere  
 Maketh she mery chere,  
     The husbände knoweth nothyng ;  
 She gyueth money plente,  
 Bycause newe loue is daynte,  
     Unto her swetyng.  
 And prayeth ofte to come,  
 To playe there as shyneth no sonne :  
     So at the nexte metynge, 70  
 She gyueth her husbände a prycke  
 That made hym double quycke,  
     So good was the gretynge.  
 Kocke called of the bone,  
 That neuer was mayster at home,  
     But as an vnderlynge ;  
 His wyfe made hym so wyse,  
 That he wolde tourne a peny twyse,  
     And then he called it a ferthyng.  
 Nothyng byleued he 80

But that he dyd with his eyes se,  
 Full trewe was his meanyng,  
 She cherysshed hym with brede and chese,  
 That his lyfe he dyd lese :

Than made she mournynge.  
 And dranke deuoutly for his soule,  
 The handbell ofte dyd she colle,  
 Full great sorowe makynge.

This sory widowe

But a whyle I trowe

90

Mournynge dyd make ;

Whan he was gone,

A yonge lusty one

She dyd than take ;

Longe wolde she not tary,

Lest she dyd myscary,

But full ofte spake

To haste the weddyng

And all for beddyng,

Some sporte to make ;

100

Her herte to ease

And the flesshe to please,

Sorowes to aslake.

In it out joyenge

That wanton playenge,

For the olde husbandes sake ;

Yet by your leue

A frere dyd she gyue

Of her loue a flake ;

And sayd in her ouen

110

At any maner of season,

That he sholde bake,  
 There is rome ynowe,  
 For other and for you,  
     And space to set a cake.  
 The seconde husbände Nycoll,  
 That pore sely soule,  
     Myght not escape :  
 A kockolde to dye  
 It was his destenye, 120  
     As man vnfortunate.  
 His wyfe vndeououte  
 Ofte wolde go aboute,  
     And steppe ouer many a lake ;  
 Makynge bost in her mode,  
 That her husbände can no more good  
     Than can an vntaught ape.  
 Thus by her scole  
 Made hym a fole,  
     And called hym dodypate ; 130  
 So from his thryfte  
 She dyd hym lyfte,  
     And therof creste the date ;  
 She made hym sadde,  
 And sayd he was badde,  
     Croked legged lyke a stake ;  
 She lyked not his face,  
 And sayd he mouthed was  
     Moost lyke an hawke ;  
 This good man ease, 140  
 Was lothe to dysplease,  
     But yet thought somewhat,

Thynkyng in his mynde,  
 That a man can fynde  
     A wyfe neuer to late ;  
 For of theyr properte  
 Shrewes all they be,  
     And style can they prate.  
 All women be suche,  
 Though the man bere the breche, 150  
     They wyll be euer checkemate.  
 Faced lyke an aungell,  
 Tonged lyke a deuyll of hell,  
     Great causers of debate ;  
 They loke full smothe,  
 And be false of loue,  
     Venymous as a snake.  
 Desyryng to be praysed,  
 A lofte to be raysed,  
     As an hyghe estate ; 160  
 And these wanton dames  
 Ofte chaungeth theyr names,  
     As An, Jane, Besse and Kate.  
 Thus thynketh he  
 In his mynde pryuely,  
     And nought dare saye ;  
 For he that is maysterfast,  
 Full ofte is agast,  
     And dare not ronne and playe.  
 If she be gladdē,  
 Than is he sadde, 170  
     And fere of a sodayne fraye,  
 For womans pryde

Is to laughe and chyde,  
     Euery houre in a daye.  
 Whan she dothe loure,  
 And begynneth to snowre,  
     Pyteously dothe he saye,  
 What do ye lacke?  
 Ony thyng, swete herte, 180  
     That I to you gyue maye?  
 She answered hym  
 With wordes grotchyng,  
     Wysshynge her selfe in claye,  
 And sayth that she lackes  
 Many prety knackes,  
     As bedes and gyrdels gaye;  
 And the best sporte  
 That sholde me comforte,  
     Whiche is a swete playe, 190  
 I can it not haue,  
 For so God me saue,  
     Thy power is not to paye.  
 There is nought,  
 Nought may be cought,  
     I can no more saye;  
 Many men nowe here  
 Can not women chere,  
     But maketh ofte delay; 200  
 The wyfe dothe mone,  
 It is not at home,  
     And borroweth tyll a daye,  
 What it is I trowe,  
 Well ynoughe ye knowe,

It is no nede to saye ;  
 Thus saye the wyues,  
 If theyr husbandes thryues,  
     That they the causers be !  
 They gete two wayes,  
 Bothe with worke and playes 210  
     By theyr huswyuery.  
 With theyr swete lyppes,  
 And lusty hyppes  
     They worke so plesauntly,  
 Some wyll fall anone,  
 For they be not stronge,  
     They be weyke in the kne.  
 Be they pore or be they ryche,  
 I beshrewe all suche,  
     Amen, nowe saye ye ; 220  
 They thynke it is as great almes,  
 As to saye the seuen psalmes,  
     And dothe it for charyte.  
 To gete gownes and furs,  
 These nysebeceturs,  
     Of men sheweth theyr pyte,  
 Somtyme for theyr lust  
 Haue it they must,  
     Or seke wyll they be ;  
 If it do stycke,  
 And she fele it quycke, 230  
     Full slyle dothe she  
 Begyn for to grone,  
 And wyssheth she had lyne alone.  
     What ayleth you than? sayth he,



She saythe, syr I am with chylde,  
It is yours, by Mary mylde!

And so he weneth it be.

Whan played is the playe,  
Jacke the husbände must paye,

240

This dayly may ye se.

He was gladde ywys,  
Of that that is not his,

And dothe it vp kepe ;

She that dothe mocke hym,  
Another mannes concubyne,

And hys chylde eke.

Lo, thus dothe landes  
Fall in wronge ayres handes,

The causers may well wepe ;

250

And worse dothe happen truely,  
The broder the syster dothe mary,

And in bedde togyther slepe.

To synne lyghtely wyll the chylde drawe,  
That is bekoten without lawe,

Wedlocke is veray swete ;

But ones for all

The daye come shall,

The crye shall be welawaye ;

Of all wedlocke brekers

260

Thus saythe greate prechers,

Theyr dettes shall they truely paye.

All they that dothe offende,

God graunt them to amende,

And therfore lette vs praye.

But nowe of Emlyne to speke,

And more of her to treatē,  
     Truely for to saye,  
 Whan the seconde husbāde was dede,  
 The thyrde husbāde dyde she wedde      270  
     In full goodly araye.  
 But as the deuyll wolde,  
 Or the pyes were colde,  
     Fell a sodayne fraye ;  
 Moyses had a newe brother,  
 It wolde be none other,  
     And all came throughe playe.  
 But mayde maydenhode myssynge  
 Knoweth what longeth to kyssynge,  
     It is no nede to saye.      280  
 She loued well I trowe,  
 And gaue hym sorowe ynowe,  
     But ones on the daye,  
 With hym wolde she chyde,  
 He durst not loke asyde,  
     The bounde must euer obaye.  
 This man was olde  
 And of compleccyon colde,  
     Nothyngē lusty to playe ;  
 She was full ranke,  
 And of condycyons cranke,      290  
     And redy was alwaye ;  
 In Venus toyes  
 Was all her joyes,  
     Seldome sayde she naye ;  
 At the laste she thought,  
 That her husbāde was nought,

And purposed on a daye  
 To shorten his lyfe,  
 And as a true wyfe, 300  
     She wolde it not delaye.  
 To fulfyll her lust,  
 In a well she hym thrust,  
     Without any fraye :  
 And made countenaunce sad  
 As thoughe she be sory had,  
     Also in good faye.  
 A reed onyon wolde she kepe,  
 To make her eyes wepe,  
     In her kerchers I saye. 310  
 She was than stedfast and stronge,  
 And kepte her a wydowe veraye longe,  
     In faythe almost two dayes ;  
 Bycause she made greate mone,  
 She wolde not lye longe alone,  
     For fere of sodayne frayes ;  
 Leste her husbande dede  
 Wolde come to her bedde,  
     Thus in her mynde she sayes.  
 The fourthe husbande she cought,  
 That was lyke her nexte nought, 320  
     For he vsed his playes,  
 With maydens, wyues and nonnes,  
 None amysse to hym commes,  
     Lyke they be of layes ;  
 Hym she lyked yll,  
 She prayed the fende hym kyll,  
     Bycause he vsed her wayes :

This mannes name was Harry,  
 He coude full clene cary, 330  
     He loued prety gayes.  
 So it happened at the last,  
 An halfepeny halter made hym fast,  
     And therin he swayes.  
 Than she toke great thought,  
 As a woman that careth nought,  
     So for his soule she prayes.  
 And bycause she was seke,  
 She wedded the same weke,  
     For very pure pyte and wo. 340  
 Yet, or she was wedded,  
 Thryse had she bedded,  
     And great hast made therto.  
 The husbände had sone ynowe,  
 But Emlyn bended her browe,  
     And thought she had not so,  
 But to ease her louer  
 She toke another,  
     That lustely coude do ;  
 One that yonge was,  
 That coude ofte her basse, 350  
     Whiche she had fantasy to.  
 He coude well awaye  
 With her lusty playe,  
     And neuer wolde haue do.  
 Bycause he coude clepe her,  
 She called hym a whypper ;  
     And as they were togyder  
 They bothe swetely played ;

A sergeaunt them afrayed, 360  
 And sayd they were full queuer.  
 They were than full wo,  
 The frere wolde ben a go,  
 He cursed that he came thyder ;  
 Whether they were leue or lothe,  
 He set them in the stockes bothe,  
 He wolde none dysceyuer.  
 In myddes of the market  
 Full well was set,  
 In full fayre wether, 370  
 For it dyd hayle and thonder ;  
 On them many men dyd wonder,  
 But Emlyne laughed ever ;  
 She thought it but a jape,  
 To se men at her gape,  
 Therof she shamed neuer ;  
 And sayd for her sportynge,  
 It is but for japyngge,  
 That we be brought hyder ;  
 It is nother treason nor felony,  
 But a knacke of company, 380  
 And dye had I leuer  
 Than it forsake,  
 For I wyll mery make,  
 Whyle youthe hathe fayre wether.  
 Whan her husbände it knewe,  
 Sore dyd he it rewe,  
 And was so heuy and wo,  
 He toke a surfet with a cup,  
 That made hym tourne his heels vp, 390

And than was he a go.  
 And whan she was at large,  
 Care she dyde dyscharge,  
 And in her mynde thought tho ;  
 Nowe wyll I haue my luste,  
 With all them that wyll juste,  
 In spyte of them that saythe so.  
 And bycause she loued rydyng,  
 At the stewes was her abydyng, 400  
 Without wordes mo ;  
 And all that wolde entre,  
 She durst on them ventre,  
 Veray gentyll she was, lo !  
 And longe or she were dede,  
 She wente to begge her brede,  
 Suche fortune had she tho.  
 God dyd bete her surely  
 With the rodde of pouerte,  
 Or she dyd hens go.  
 Than she dyed, as ye shall,  
 But what of her dyde befall, 410  
 Naye there do I ho ;  
 But they that rede this erly or late,  
 I praye Jesu theyr soules take,  
 Amen, saye ye also.

*Finis.*

Emprynted at London without Newegate, in  
 Saynt Pulkers Parysshe, by me  
 John Skot, dwellynge in  
 the Olde Bayly.



## The Schole-house of Women.

**H**ERE begynneth a lytell boke named the Scole howse, wherein euery man may rede a goodly prayse of the condycyons of women. In seven-line stanzas. R. Wyer, n. d. 8vo.

Herbert's Ames, fol. 375; he copies Ames; and Dibdin (iii. 181) copies him.

*Here begynneth a lytle boke named the Schole house of women : wherin euery man may rede a goodly prayse of the condicyons of women. The yeare of our Lorde. MDXLI.*

The colophon is—

*Explicit.*

*Prynted at London in Paules Churche yearde, at the sygne of the maydens heed, by Thomas Petyt. MDLXI. 8vo. D 2, in fours.*

*Here Begynneth the Scole-house of women : wherein every man may reade a goodly prayse of the condicyons of women. Anno Domini MDLX.*

This title is in an architectural compartment and the initials T. R., possibly those of the artist, are in the centre at the bottom. The colophon is—

*Imprinted at London in Paules Churcheyarde at the Sygne of the Swanne by John Kyng. 4to.*

*Heer beginneth the Schole House of Women, wherin euery man may read a goodly lesson of the condicions of Women. Anno Domini M.D. [sic] 1572. [Col.] Imprinted at London at the long shop, adioyning vnto Saint Mildreds Church in the Pultrie by John Alde, 1572. 4to.*

These four editions are all of great scarcity. Of that of 1572 there is a copy among Selden's books in the Bodleian; and Mr. Utterson reprinted it in his *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry* in 1817. The present text is formed from a collation of the ed. of 1572 with that printed by King twelve years before, which has supplied a few better readings here and there. Warton in his *History* (iii. 426, ed. 1824), explicitly states that there was an edition of the *Scholle House of Women* from the press of Robert Wyer in 1542, and he quotes the title as it has been given above, substituting, however, *prayer* for *prayse*; which seems too circumstantial a description of the volume to allow us to suppose, that he was merely speaking, as he so often does, at random. Warton's "Prayer" is, it is true, an error for "Prayse;" but it is not unlikely that the book was in the hands of a friend, and that the mistake was committed by the latter, who copied the title too carelessly; or it is by no means impossible that Warton himself, having been allowed to inspect the production, was guilty of this oversight. Wyer's edition may still be in existence, but it has never been heard of.<sup>1</sup>

But whoever was the first publisher of the *Scholle House*, it is readily susceptible of proof that the tract was in print, when (after 1541) Edward Gosynhyll put forth his "Prayse of all Women, called *Mulierum Pean*:" for in the latter, the author says:—

" A wake, they sayde; slepe not so fast:  
 Consyder our grefe, and how we be blamed;  
 And all by a boke that lately is past,  
 Whyche *by report*, by the was fyrst framed,  
*The scole of women*, none auctour named:  
 In prynte it is passed, lewdely compyled,  
 All women wherby be sore revyled."

Whoever *reported*, however, that Gosynhyll had written the *Scole of Women*, reported what was not true, as we have attempted to explain elsewhere.

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<sup>1</sup> Dibdin, in his edition of Herbert, evidently knew no more of the impression by Wyer than he found in Warton.



Again, Bansley, in his "Treatyse shewing and declaring the pryde and abuse of Women now a dayes," printed about 1550, or at least, some time in the reign of Edward VI (1547-53), has the following apparent allusion to the present work:—

" The scole house of women is nowe well practysed,  
And to moche put in ure;  
Whych maketh manye a mans hayre to growe  
Thorowe his hoode, you may be verye sure."

We have used the term "*apparent* allusion," because we do not think that this passage, taken by itself, would be sufficient to establish the pre-existence of Gosynhyll's book: for works in popular literature were frequently entitled from fashionable cant, or current proverbial expressions, as is the case even now, and it is far from improbable that the *Schole* or *Schole-house of Women* was in vogue as a phrase, before Gosynhyll adopted it as the title to his lucubration, and that, in fact, its familiarity to the public ear recommended it to him or to his publisher.

It will be observed that, in the copy which is given above of the title of Petyt's edition, there is an important discrepancy, the title bearing the date of 1541, and the colophon that of 1561. Such mistakes are not uncommon in old books, and in the present instance, we are disposed, contrary to the opinion of some bibliographers, to assign the appearance of Petyt's impression to the earlier year. The volume was evidently the property of John Kyng in 1560, and it is more than doubtful whether Petyt printed later than 1554.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Herbert, in his enlarged and improved edition of *Ames*, mentions no book from the press of Petyt later than 1554. In Dibdin's additions to Herbert a volume occurs, supposed to have been printed by him in 1555, so that if the date on the colophon of the *Schole-house of Women* is to be received as correct, one of two very improbable suppositions must be admitted, namely, either that Petyt suspended business for six or seven years, and then resumed it for the purpose of executing *one book*, or that all the books printed by him between 1554 or 1555 and 1561 have disappeared, leaving no trace whatever behind them. We think, on the whole, that the date on the title must be sustained.

In 1557,<sup>1</sup> Edward More, of Hambledon, co. Bucks, a young man under twenty years of age, was provoked by the publication of the "Schole-house of Women" to a vindication of the calumniated sex, which did not come from the press, however, till 1560. More's book bears the ensuing title:—"A lytle & bryefe Treatyse called the defence of women, and especially of Englyshe Women, made agaynste the Schole howse of Women. Anno Domini .M.D.LX. Imprinted at London in Paules church-yard at the signe of the Swane by John Kynge," 4to. black letter. It was reprinted, in an imperfect and careless manner, in *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*, 1817; but it was not thought worthy of a place in the present collection, as it is assuredly one of the most prosaic compositions in the language. It will be found, indeed, as a general rule, that the treatises, which were intended as diatribes and invectives against the female sex, are far more entertaining, and contain far better writing, than those published on the other side of the question. They were also, if a ballad-writer of the day may be credited, more popular and acceptable to the reading public. In his *Crown Garland of Goulden Roses*, 1612, Richard Johnson has a "Song in Praise and Dispraise of Women," which commences as follows:—

"Women to praise who taketh in hand,  
A number shall displeas;  
But who so doth them most dispraise,  
Doth most live at their ease."

More was not the only champion of the ladies against their unmannerly assailant. On the 27th May, 1560, John Alde paid fourpence for the right to print "a ballett<sup>2</sup> called the defence agaynst them that commonly defame women," and other pieces of the same kind possibly existed at one time, though no longer known.

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<sup>1</sup> He dates his book: "From Hambledon, the xx. day of Julye, M.D.LVjj;" so that it was not in answer to King's edition of the *Schole House*, as has been generally held.

<sup>2</sup> Could this be More's book itself, miscalled a ballad by the clerk? Fourpence was, however, very little for a volume of such bulk.

There is ground for the belief, that King issued an edition of the *Schole House* prior to that of 1560: for his licence for it was obtained in 1557-8. See Mr. Collier's *Extracts*, i. 3.

There is a rather apt illustration of the use of the term "scholehouse," in a sense in which it occurs here, to be found in Weever's *Funerall Monuments*, 1631, p. 11, where that writer says:—"Besides, if one shall seriously suruay the Tombes erected in these our dayes, and examine the particulars of the personages wrought vpon their 'Tombes, hee may easily discerne the vanity of our mindes, vailed vnder our fantasticke habits and attires, which in time to come will be rather prouocations to vice then incitations to vertue, and so the Temple of God shall become a *Schoolehouse* of the monstrous habits and attires of our present age—"

The woodcut found in Mr. Utterson's work is not in any of the original editions.





Heer Begin  
neth the Schole house  
Of Women  
wherin euery man  
may read a good  
ly praisē of the  
conditions  
of Wo-  
men.

ANNO DOMINI

M.D. 1572.





**T**HE prouerb olde whoso denieth,  
In my conceit doth greatly erre :  
Bothe wit and discrecion il he applieth,  
That thing of truthe would debarre ;  
How beit that folke presume so far,  
Wherby the truthe is often blamed,  
Yet in no wise truthe may be shamed.  
¶ A foole of late<sup>1</sup> contriued a book,

---

<sup>1</sup> The context shows pretty clearly that the "foole" here intended was no other than Edward Gosynhill, author of "The Prayse of All Women, called *Mulierum Pæan*," printed by W. Mydylton, n. d. 4to, and reprinted by John King, n. d. 8vo. We are afraid that Mr. Collier (*Extracts from the Registers of the Stationers' Company*, i. 3) too hastily adopted the impression that Gosynhill was also the author of the *Schole-house of Women*, on the strength of a passage, in the former work, in which Gosynhill intimates that it was ascribed to him *by report*. In the *Mulierum Pæan* are some lines, in which he claims the authorship of that piece (the Pæan) in much more positive terms:—

"If question be moved who is thine authour,  
Be not adrad to utter his name :  
Say Edwarde Gosynhyll toke the labour  
For womauhede thee for to frame."

It is difficult to explain how an allusion to the Pæan could find its way into a tract printed previously to the *Pæan*, unless we suppose that Gosynhill was dead when the later editions of the *Scholehouse of Women* came from the press, and that somebody, not very friendly to the original writer, introduced variations into the text. We have never been able to meet with the first and second editions, printed by Wyer and Petit.

And all in praise of the femynie ;  
 Who so taketh labour it to ouer look, 10  
 Shall prooue all is but flattery ;  
*Pehan* he calleth it : it may wel be,  
 The peacock is proudest of his faire taile,  
 And so ar all women of their apparail.

¶ Wherfore as now in this treatise,  
 What so be said in rude sentence,  
 Vertue to increace, and to lay vice,  
 Is cheef occasion of my pretence ;  
 And where that trueth is, is none offence ;  
 Who so therfore that blameth me, 20  
 I say he deemeth wrongfully.

¶ Perchaunce the women take displeasure,  
 Bycause I rub them on the gali ;  
 To them that good be, paraduenture,  
 It shall not bee materiall.  
 The other sorte, no force<sup>1</sup> at all,  
 Say what they wil, or bendeth the brew.  
 Them selues shall prooue my saying<sup>2</sup> true.

¶ Eche other man in generall,  
 And, namely,<sup>3</sup> those that married be, 30  
 Giue eident testimoniall,  
 Affirming the same, if I would ly,  
 And thus reporte, that feminy  
 Been euel to please, and wors to trust,

<sup>1</sup> *No force* is often used, as here, in the sense of *no matter*, *it does not signify*.

<sup>2</sup> So King's ed. Alde's ed. has *sayings*.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. particularly.



Crabbed and combrous, when them self lust ;

¶ Haue tung at large, voice loud and shril,  
Of words wouderous passing store,  
Stomacke stout, with froward wil,  
And, namely, when you touch the sore  
With one bare word, or litle more, 40  
They flush and flame as hote<sup>1</sup> as fire,  
And swel as a tode for faruent<sup>2</sup> ire.

¶ And when they hear one word that soūdeth  
[A]<sup>3</sup> little against their lewd behaiour,  
And twise so mucche els, which y<sup>t</sup> redoundeth  
To their high praise, ye maybe sure,  
So light of care they be and sowre,  
That of the better they neuer record,  
The worse reherce they word by word.

¶ It were much hurt for to discry  
The properties all of the feminy kinde ; 50  
How be it a man may coniecture ny,  
And say also, as experience doth binde,  
That very few ther be to finde,  
But that they can, how so euer the matter stand,  
Beare fire and water bothe in one hand.

¶ Enuasions they haue both faint and feeble  
Them to excuse of duplicity ;  
As though they were inuincible  
Spotted in any wise to be ;  
And with othes so craftely 60  
They shalbe forged on such a ground,  
As all things were bothe whole and sound.

<sup>1</sup> Hot.

<sup>2</sup> Fervent.

<sup>3</sup> Old eds. have *Little*.

¶ And be it earnest, or els in jape,  
 Lo! to them it is one maner of thing;  
 Surely nought els they after gape,  
 But euer more in conning,<sup>1</sup>  
 To let<sup>2</sup> a man of his saying;  
 Reason wil they not attend,  
 But tel their owne tale to the end:

¶ And [truth] for to say, moste commonly 70  
 This vice is appropriat to them all;  
 For let a man to them repleye,  
 In resoning of matters small,  
 These women be so sensuall,  
 That be<sup>3</sup> their reason not worth a t—de,  
 Yet wil the woman haue the last woord.

¶ There may no reason theirs debar,  
 Nor none example can them conuert,  
 They study allgate<sup>4</sup> to be at war,  
 And with euel sawes to be ouerthwart;  
 Malice is so rooted in their hart, 80  
 That seldome a man may of them hear  
 One good woord in a whole long yeer.

¶ All beit, the number of them be<sup>5</sup> great,  
 Yet dooth their foly far exceed:  
 For all is fish that commeth to net;  
 In case that they of their minde speed,  
 Brooch, ring, cloth or threed,  
 Shame haue they none to ter[e] or snatch:

<sup>1</sup> Old eds. read *comming*.

<sup>2</sup> Old eds. read *tel*.

<sup>3</sup> King's ed. reads *by*.

<sup>4</sup> Always.

<sup>5</sup> King's ed. has *are*.

All is their owne that they may catch.

¶ What so it be they finger once, 90  
 Of wedded man or single, plain,  
 He may as soon eat the adamant stone<sup>1</sup>  
 As the self same of them to retain ;  
 Much they craue and nought giue again.

As holsome for a man is a womans corse,  
 As a shoulder of mutton for a sick horse,

¶ And yet we may not them long misse,  
 For many sundry commodities ;  
 So trick a way they haue to kisse 100

With open mouth and rowling eyes,  
 Tung to tung disclose thies ;  
 One and other commonly  
 Haue in such case like propertie,

¶ That hard it were, in mine opinion,  
 If God him self would company keep,  
 But they would bring him vpon<sup>2</sup>  
 Waking or els a sleep.

Displease them once, and then they weep,  
 By meane wherof sone doo they<sup>3</sup> cure<sup>4</sup> 110  
 Yung fooles to keep long in vre.<sup>5</sup>

¶ And while the wooing time dooth last,  
 I meane with them that maidens be,  
 Loth to displease, looue sure and fast,  
 Axe what ye wil, and speed may ye ;

<sup>1</sup> So King's ed. Allde's ed. has *stones*.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. accompany Him. See the new ed. of Nares in *voce*, with the two examples there given of this use of the phrase.

<sup>3</sup> Old eds. have *dooth the*.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. to take care.

<sup>5</sup> Use, service.

Few or none, for the moste partye,  
Gently entreated, deny you can  
Within her tables to enter your man.

¶ That doon, they say that ye did make  
Promise to them by good assuraunce  
Them to mary and to wiues take,  
Els had ye not had such daliaunce;  
And all is for fear of good vtteraunce.  
In case the belly doo not swell,  
They holde them pleasd, and all is well.

120

¶ Yet must ye be at farther daunger,  
If ye doo intend to vse them oft;  
Keep them bothe at rack and maunger,<sup>1</sup>  
Aray them well, and lay them soft.  
Yet shall another man come aloft:

130

Haue you once turned your eye and back,  
An other she wil haue to smick and smack.

¶ Perchaunce the belly may rise with all,  
Then wil they stare and swere a pace<sup>2</sup>  
That thine is it. When it dooth fall,  
Be it malarie borne or base,  
Looke, they say, on thine owne face;  
Beholde wel bothe nose and iye,  
Nature it self the father wil trye.

¶ An other ther is to singuler grace

140

<sup>1</sup> To indulge in them in all their extravagant tastes—

“Feare not a shaddow, but auoid a daunger:  
And keepe not a iade at rack & maunger.”

*Uncasing of Machivils Instructions to his  
Sonne, 1613, p. 25.*

<sup>2</sup> Old eds. read *swere and stare*.

Giuen vnto the babe for the one,  
 Or sure it is a meruelous face  
 That God hath giuen vnto the mone,<sup>1</sup>  
 For were they xx. they must each one,  
 Look they straight, either els a shore,<sup>2</sup>  
 Be like the father lesse and more.

¶ And when they are once waxen small,  
 And able to ride, or els to go,  
 Unto like act againe they fall,  
 As who would say you felt no wo ; 150  
 Yf ye renounce kindnes to sho,  
 Then must ye send thē to sum straung place,  
 As good a maid as she before was.

¶ Then if there come a louer new,  
 And them appoynt whether to come,  
 They be like ready vnto the mew,  
 And to be close from wind and sun,  
 With litle labour they ar soon wonne ;  
 Not one I warrant you amongs twentye,  
 But she eft soones wil be as redy. 160

¶ Wed them once, and then adue,  
 Farwel all trust and huswifery ;  
 Keep their chambers and them self mew,  
 For staining of their fisnamy,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Many.

<sup>2</sup> This word is still used in the West of England in the sense of *awry*, or *on one side*.

<sup>3</sup> Physiognomy.

“ He feyed his fisnamye  
 With his foule hondez,  
 And frappez faste at hys face  
 Fersely therastyre.”

And in their bed all day doo lye ;  
 Must, once or twice euery week,  
 Fain them self for to be sick.

¶ Send for this, and send for that,  
 Little or nothing may them please ;  
 Come in, good gossip, and keep me chat, 170  
 I trust it shall do me great ease ;  
 Complain of many a sundry disease ;  
 A gossips cup between vs twain,  
 Til we be gotten vp again.

¶ Then must she haue maidens two or three,  
 That may then gossips together bring ;  
 Set them to labour to blere the eye,  
 Them self wil neither wash ne wring,  
 Bake ne brue, nor any thing,  
 Sit by the fire, let the maidens trot, 180  
 Brew of the best in a halfpeny pot.

¶ Play who wil, the man must labour,  
 And bring to house all that he may ;  
 The wife again dooth nought but glauour,  
 And holde him vp with yea and nay ;  
 But of her cup he shall not assay,  
 Other<sup>1</sup> she saith, it is to thin,  
 Or els, iwis, there is nothing in.

¶ And when these gossips are once met,  
 Of euery tale and new tiding 190  
 They bable fast, and nothing forget,  
 They put, " I warrant," between each thing :<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Either.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. repeats, clearly in error, *tiding*, the compositor's eye having perhaps caught the word from the preceding line but one.

Thus learne the yunger of the elders guiding,  
 Day by day keeping such Scooles,  
 The simple men they make as fooles.

¶ Them selues alway do make good cheer,  
 With one or other they neuer rest :  
 Our John shall pay, is that<sup>1</sup> not best ?  
 How say ye, gossip, is it not best ?  
 I beshrew his hart now, is he blest !  
 He beat me, gossip, I may tel you,  
 That yet I am bothe black and blew.

200

¶ Thus out it shall, what so it be,  
 Good or bad, all is one thing,  
 Who so euer commeth to memory,  
 Shall not he look for the telling ?  
 God wot they make many a leasing ;<sup>2</sup>  
 It dooth their stomacks greatly ease  
 To serue what may their husbands displease.

¶ The yung complaineth vnto the olde,  
 Somewhat to ease their harts therby :  
 The elder saith : good gossip, be bolde  
 To shew your minde wholly to me ;  
 Fear it not ; ye knowe, pardy,  
 That I haue been bothe olde and yung,  
 Bothe close and sure of taile and tung.

210

¶ Then saith the yunger : I may tel you  
 I am so matched as no woman is ;  
 Of all this night, til the cock crew,  
 He would not once turn me for to kisse ;  
 Euery night he riseth for to p—sse,

220

<sup>1</sup> Old eds. have *that is*.<sup>2</sup> Lie.

And when he commeth again vnwarmed  
Dooth turn his a—se into my barme;<sup>1</sup>

¶ Lappeth him self round all about,  
And thrusteth me out of my place,  
Leueth me scantly one rag or clout  
To couer and cast ouer my face.  
Ful little maner, gossop, he hase;  
The moste vnkindest man haue I  
That euer woman laid her by.

230

¶ And be the day neuer so long,  
He dooth nothing but chide and brawle:  
Yea, yea, gossip, the more is my wrong,  
W . . . . and harlot he dooth me call,  
And bids me, gossip, scrape and scroll,  
And for my liuing labour and swete  
For as of him no peny I get.

¶ I was a curst, or els stark mad,  
And when I married with him vn wise;  
I may tel you, I might haue had  
Another maner of man then he is:  
If I had folowed my freends aduise,  
I should haue had a minion,  
A man of land, a gentleman.

240

¶ The Deuil, gossip, ought me a shame,  
And paid I am now euery peny.  
I would God he had been blinde and lame  
The day and houre he first wooed me.  
Were not, gossip, [for] these Children three,  
I would not tary, ye may be sure,

250

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<sup>1</sup> Lap.



Longer with him day ne houre.

¶ Then said the elder: doo as I doo,  
 Be sharp and quick with him again ;  
 If that hee chide, chide you also,  
 And for one woord giue him twain,  
 Keep him short and haue disdain ;  
 Should he<sup>1</sup> use you after such a rate,  
 Bid him be stil with an euel date.

¶ Cherish your self all that you may,  
 And draw vnto good company ; 260  
 Cast not yourself, gossip, away,  
 Because he playeth the churle with thee ;  
 And by your wil keep him hungry,  
 And bid him go, when he would game,  
 Unto his customers. God giue him shame !

¶ Be even<sup>2</sup> with him at yea and nay,  
 And by your wil begin the war ;  
 If he would smite, then may you say :  
 Go to hardely, if thou dare ;  
 I beshrewe thy hart [and] if thou spare, 270  
 All the world shall wunder on thee,  
 How thou doost wreke thy teen of me.

¶ Because thou hast been at the dise,  
 And played away all that thou hast,  
 Or from thy gillots thou couldst not arise,  
 Of all this day ye sat so fast,  
 And now God giue the shame at last,  
 Commet drunken home with a mischeef,

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<sup>1</sup> Old eds. have *He should*.

<sup>2</sup> Old eds. have *ever*.

And wouldst be reuenged vpon thy wife !

¶ Better, iwis, to holde thy hand, 280  
 And more for thine honestye.  
 I had leuer thy neck were in a band,  
 Then I would take it long of thee ;  
 Trust me, I wil finde remedye :  
 Smite, and thou dare, I make God auow,  
 I wil quite it, I wot wel how.

¶ In case there be no remedye,  
 But that you must haue strokes sad,<sup>1</sup>  
 Take vp the babe that then is nye,  
 Be it wench, or be it lad,<sup>2</sup> 290  
 And bid him strike, if he be mad :  
 Smite hardly, and kil thy Sonne,  
 And hang therefore, when thou hast doon.

¶ Thus euer among they keep such schooles,  
 The yung to drawe after the olde,  
 Meeting euer vpon their stooles,  
 Of euery matter that they haue would,  
 By meane wherof the yung wax bolde ;  
 So that within a month they be  
 Quarter maister, or more then he. 300

¶ Truely some men there be  
 That liue alway in great honour,  
 And say : it gooeth by destenye  
 To hang or wed :<sup>3</sup> bothe haue but one houre ;

<sup>1</sup> Serious, i. e. strokes or blows meant in earnest. See Nares, voce *Sad*.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. Be it a boy or a girl.

<sup>3</sup> The old proverb. Richard Lant had a licence in 1558 to print a ballad entitled : "The Prouerbe is true y<sup>t</sup> weddyng is destyne."

And whether it be, I am well sure  
 Hanging is the better of the twain,  
 Sooner doon, and shorter pain.

¶ On pilgremage then must they go,  
 To Wilsdon, Barking, or to some hallowes ;  
 Perchaunce be foorth a night or two 310  
 On foot, for wearing of horse shoes ;  
 A viage made vnto the stewes,  
 And neither kneel to stones ne stocks,  
 But the offering take with a quick box.

¶ Sometime also licence they craue  
 To be w<sup>t</sup> some neighbour in the midwiues sted,  
 And all to the end some other knaue  
 Shall dub her husband a summer bird,  
 The trueth is knowen : it cannot be hid ;  
 All beit that few men doo him hear, 320  
 The cucko singeth all the yeer.<sup>1</sup>

¶ They haue also an other cast<sup>2</sup>  
 In case the husband be present ;  
 The childe I warrant shalbe bast,  
 And to her louer therewith sent.  
 The sely man none euel ment,  
 Regardeth little or nothing this,  
 How by the babe she sends her kisse.

¶ And that she would be reconed true,  
 The matter to cloke more craftely, 330

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<sup>1</sup> i. e. cuckoldom continues throughout the year. An account of this curious subject may be found in the Additional Notes to "Old English Jest Books," vol. iii.

<sup>2</sup> Device, trick.

Her kinsman call[s] him, I warrant you,  
 And all to blere the husbands eye.  
 God wot, the blinde eateth many a flye :  
 So dooth the husband often, iwis,  
 Father the childe that is not his.

¶ Trim them self euery day new,  
 And all to blere the husbands eye ;  
 Plat and plant, and their heres hew,  
 And all to make it for the eye ;  
 The finest ware that they may bye,  
 And all that euer they may imagine,  
 Is to alure the masculine.

340

¶ Plant them round with many a pin,  
 Ringed for routing of pure golde,<sup>1</sup>  
 Fair without and foule within,  
 And of their tailes haue slipper holde.  
 Bye who wil, ware wil be solde ;  
 He need go no farther, the fair is heer ;  
 Bye when ye list, it lasteth ouer yeer.

¶ Spare for no cost, but drink of the best, 350  
 And also of euery dainty eat,  
 Hot in operation, and light to digest,  
 Nature to prouoke, and set on a heat ;  
 Oysters, Cockles, and els what they may get,  
 Now this, now that and fain them self sick,  
 Such things to receiue as for the Phisick.

¶ By meanes wherof Tiresias,

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<sup>1</sup> An allusion to the ring which is usually placed through the nostrils of a sow, or any other swine, to prevent them from routing.

Arbither chuse[n] the trueth to discus,  
 Gaue<sup>1</sup> iudgement plain in this case,  
 That the woman is far more lecherous, 360  
*Gallus gallinis<sup>2</sup> ter quinque sufficit<sup>3</sup> vnus ;*  
*Sed ter quinque viri*  
*Non sufficiunt mulieri.*

¶ In case they would ought of you craue,  
 A non they weep and lower apace,  
 And say, that they can nothing haue  
 Them to apparel, as other wiues hase :  
 Trust not ouer much their mourning face,  
 Record inough of Sampsons two wiues,  
 Who foloweth their mindes, seldome thriues. 370

¶ All beit the birder, with his blered eye,  
 Dissemble<sup>4</sup> sorowe with his sad face :  
 Yet is there no birde he may come by  
 By his engines, that may haue grace ;  
 By women it foloweth in semblable case,  
 Weep they, or laugh they : all is one thing,  
 They dele moste craftely, when they be weeping.

¶ And yet among [men] who so wil thriue,  
 And office bere in town and Citty,  
 Must needs be ruled by his wiue, 380  
 Or els, in fay, it wil not be.  
 The wife must able him to the degree,  
 Able or vnable, little careth shee,  
 Because her self would honoured be.

¶ Fear not, she saith vnto her spouse,

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *giue*.

<sup>2</sup> Old eds. have *gallinus*.

<sup>3</sup> Old eds. have *suffecit*.

<sup>4</sup> Affects.

A man or a Mouse whether be ye ;  
 Should ye your honesty refuse,  
 And be like<sup>1</sup> as other men bee  
 In person and in eche degree,  
 Take it vpon you, doo not refuse  
 And I my self wil finde your house.

390

¶ So by that meane of her counsail  
 The man may not the office forsake,  
 Because the wife would haue a tail  
 Come raking after, and a bonet black,  
 A Ueluet hed, and also be take  
 With the best, and not with the wurst ;  
 The man must be ruled, til all be in the dust.

¶ Of all the diseases that cuer wore,  
 Wedding is next vnto the goute ;  
 A salue there is for euery sore  
 To help a man within or without ;  
 But of these twaine I am in dout.  
 No pain so feruent, hot ne colde,  
 As is a man to be a Cuckolde.

400

¶ And be he neuer so fearful to fray,  
 So stark a coward, yet wil he rage  
 And draw his knife euen straight way ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Be he neuer so far in age,  
 Call him once cuckolde, and his courage  
 Foorthwith wil kindle and force him strike,

410

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *as like*.

<sup>2</sup> In the *C Mery Talys*, printed circa 1525, folio, some ludicrous examples are given of the sort referred to here. See No. 41 and No. 74.

Wurse then ye named him heretike.

¶ And sith there is no salue therfore,  
It putteth many a man in fear  
To be infect with the self same sore,  
How wel so euer they them bere ;  
Good token haue they also els where,  
That who so euer weddeth a wife  
Is sure of sorow al his life.

¶ Of Socrates the pacient, 420  
Example good of his wiues twain,  
Which on a time fel at dissent,  
And vnto him did them complain :  
He laughed therat, and they again  
Fel bothe on him, with an euel date,  
A p—spot they brake vpon his pate.

¶ He heeld him pleased and wel content ;  
The p—sse ran down by his cheeks twain :  
Well wist I (said he) what is ment,  
And true it is that all men fain, 430  
That after thunder commeth rain.  
Who hath a wife is sure to finde  
At home in his house many a sower winde.

¶ A certain wife said to me once :  
I would thou knew it, God made vs  
Neither of Earth, stock, ne stones,  
But of a thing much precious,  
Of a rib of a man ; Scripture saies thus,  
Because the woman in euery need  
Should be like the man in woord and deed. 440

¶ Man made of Earth, and woman of man,  
As of a thing moste principall,

Which argueth wel, saith she then,  
 By iudgement iust and reason naturall,  
 That we be euer substanciall ;  
 And yet ye men of vs bable,  
 That women alwaies are variable.

¶ Which thing, as far as I see can,  
 Should be employed rather to you,  
 Sith of the Earth God create[s] man, 450  
 And figures therof maketh euer new ;  
 Nature thus naturall me seemeth now  
 Must needs his first originall<sup>m</sup>.  
 Ensue, or be vnnaturall.

¶ As ye say (said I) help him wel  
 Euel to thriue, and worse to fare.  
 Who was the cause that Adam fel,  
 His wife or no, I make you ware ?  
 One and other little ye care,  
 So ye may haue that ye desire, 460  
 Though dun and the pack lye in the mire.

¶ Made of a bone, ye said ye were,  
 The trueth it is, I cannot deny.  
 Crooked it was, stif, and sturdy,  
 And that would bend no maner of way ;  
 Of nature like, I dare wel say,  
 Of that condition all women be,  
 Euel to rule, bothe stif and sturdy.

¶ And ouer that,<sup>1</sup> who listeth to trye,  
 Put me two bones in a bag, 470

<sup>1</sup> Besides that.



Or mo, as it is of quantitie ;  
 That doon, holde it some what sag :  
 Shake it also, that it may wag,  
 And ye shall hear none other matter  
 Of these bones but clitter clatter.

¶ Like so, of women in feeld and town  
 Assembled where that many be,  
 A man may hear them by the sown  
 Farther then them ye may see ;  
 Wherefore men say moste commonly, 480  
 Where many geese be, be many t—ds,  
 And where be women, are many woords.

¶ And so the husband is like to haue  
 A singuler treasure of his wife ;  
 He needeth neuer an il woord to craue<sup>1</sup>  
 All the dayes of his long life.  
 Hath not that man a prerogative<sup>2</sup>  
 That may all way of his wife haue  
 A thing of nought, and it not craue ?

¶ And commonly, where cause is none, 490  
 Some thing imagined is kept in store,  
 Which that she may, come the good man home,  
 With spiteful spite lay him before ;  
 Of little or nought they make much more,  
 And be it true or false they tel,  
 All is sooth<sup>3</sup> as the Gospel.

¶ And yet the rib, as I suppose,

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<sup>1</sup> The *a* of this word has dropped out, but of the true word there can be no doubt. Utterson printed *true*!!

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *perogative*.

<sup>3</sup> Old ed. has *soothed*.

That God did take out of the man,  
 A Dog vp caught, and a way gose<sup>1</sup>  
 Eat it clene ; so that as than  
 The woork to finish that God began,  
 Could not be as we haue said,  
 Because the Dog the rib conuaid.

500

¶ A remedy God found as yet ;  
 Out of the dog he took a rib,  
 The woman foorth with he made of it,  
 As to the man neither kin nor sib.<sup>2</sup>  
 Nature she foloweth, and playeth the gib,  
 And at her husband dooth barke and ba[w]ll,  
 As dooth the Cur, for nought at all.

510

¶ A nother reason, if ye mark wel,  
 Dooth cause the woman of woords be riue.

<sup>1</sup> The origin of the term way-goose is involved in some obscurity ; but, perhaps, it is a corruption of *Waes-goose*. In *Le Calendrier Belge*, 1862, ii. 270, an account is given of the solemnity and enthusiasm with which the people of Waes, in Brabant, celebrated in former times the festival of Saint Martin, when it was usual to kill a large number of geese, the Saint's peculiar bird ; and the idea is strengthened by the modern form *wayz-goose*, the designation applied to certain annual banquets (though at no fixed period of the year), in which printers and their staffs are accustomed to indulge. At the same time, from the manner in which the word occurs in the text, it might be an allowable presumption that the writer merely intended to convey by *way-goose*, in the present case, the notion of a goose which happened to be wandering by the road-side when the dog passed.

<sup>2</sup> *Sib* signifies, generally speaking, *related*, *akin*, but occasionally, as here, perhaps, merely *dear*, or *intimate*. See note to *Wyfe rapped in Morelles Skin*, line 287.

A certain man, as fortune fel,  
 A woman tungles wedded to wiue,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose frowning countenaūce perceiuīg by liue,  
 Til he might knowe what she ment, he thought  
                   long,  
 And wished ful oft she had a tung.

¶ The Deuil was redy, and appeered anon,  
 An aspin lefe he bid the man take,  
 And in her mouth should [he] put but one,     520  
 A tung, said the deuil, it shall her make ;  
 Til he had doon his hed did ake :  
 Leaues he gathered, and took plentie,  
 And in her mouth put two or three.<sup>2</sup>

¶ Within a while the medicine wrought ;  
 The man could tary no longer time,  
 But wakened her, to the end he mought  
 The vertue knowe of the medicine ;  
 The first woord she spake to him,     |  
 She said : thou whoresonne knaue and theef,     530  
 How durst thou waken me, with a mischeef !

¶ From that day forward she neuer ceased ;  
 Her boistrous bable greeued him sore.  
 The Deuil he met, and him intreated  
 To make her tungles as she was before ;  
 Not so, said the deuil. I wil meddle no more,

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<sup>1</sup> This story is merely a metrical version of the 62nd article in *A C Mery Talys*, ed. 1526, where it is entitled "Of the Man that had the Dome Wyfe."

<sup>2</sup> "Whiche man, beyng glad of this medycyne, preparyd therefore, and gatheryd aspen leues ; wherfore he layde iii of them vnder her tonge, when she was a slepe."—*C Mery Talys*.

A<sup>1</sup> Deuil a woman to speak may constrain,  
But all that in hel be cannot let it again.<sup>2</sup>

¶ And by proof dayly we see  
What inclination nature maketh ; 540  
The aspin lefe hanging where it be,  
With little winde or none it shaketh.  
A womans tung in like wise taketh  
Little ease and little rest :  
For if it should, the hart would brest.

¶ Look, when the Sea dooth water want,  
Nor no winde bloweth the mil to walke ;  
When Ethna hil of fire is scant ;  
The Crowe is white, and black is Chalke ; 550  
When women wil cease of their talke.  
It is like propertye all women to bable,  
As dogges to barke, and geese to gagle.

¶ And that more is, all men say,  
That woman to man is moste comfort ;  
How beit, they meane it a nother way,  
And say, she is mans vtter extort ;  
And ouer that, by iust report,  
The smaller pease, the mo to the pot,  
The fairer woman the more gillot.

¶ The fairer of face, the prouder of hart, 560  
The lother to wo, the sooner wun,

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *I*.

<sup>2</sup> "Albeyt yet I haue power to make a woman to speke; but yet if a woman begyn ones to speke, I, nor all the dyuels in helle that have the most power, be not able to make a woman to be styll, nor to cause her to leue her spekyng."—*C Mery Talys*, No. 62.

The lesse of speech, the more ouerthwart,  
 Not one so daungerous as is dame dun,  
 The fowler she is, the sooner it is doon ;  
 So short of heel they be ouer all,  
 That if ye blowe, they must needs fall.

¶ By meane wherof all men report  
 And say, that women cannot be stable ;  
 For be one gone, an other resort  
 And profereth them thing seruiable. 570  
 Our fily is fetled vnto the saddle ;  
 Ride who wil, shod is the Mare,  
 And thus they exchange ware for ware.

¶ In case thou wouldst not haue it so,  
 But rather finde euery thing wel,  
 I councel thee, before thou go  
 Foorth of the town, to crowch and kneel,  
 And offer a Candel to the deuil ;  
 Percase thy wife would be saleded,  
 He would forset it all be shrewed. 580

¶ Example therof that was this :  
 A certain man from home should ride,  
 Which, fearing his wife would doo amisse,  
 To an Image of Sathan vpon a walles side  
 Offred a candle, and that was espied,  
 And said : sir Sathan, now I charge thee  
 My wife in my abcence that thou ouer see.

¶ His iorney ended, [he] came home again,  
 And the self Image went straight vnto ;  
 The Deuil him shewed euery thing plain, 590  
 How he had let that should haue be[n] doo,  
 And from her backward drawen one or twoo ;

The [most] daungerous cure that euer he had  
Was to keep good that would haue be[n] bad.

¶ An other thing as principall :  
Be not with her in Jalosye,  
What misaduenture so euer befall ;  
Forbid her no mannes companye ;  
Nor yet rebuke her singularly,  
In case thou doo, though thou hadst sworne, 600  
A blast shalt thou blowe in Ninerus horne.

¶ For as we see by experience  
Euery day before our eye,  
And by report of men of credence,  
For the moste part the feminie  
By their innatiue distynye  
First and formoste, when they be chid,  
Wil that thing doo they be forbid.

¶ And ouer that, thy wife present,  
I councel thee be wise and ware : 610  
Thou praise no other mannes instrument  
Better then thine owne bering ware :  
For if thou doo, she wil not spare,  
Were it neuer so naturall a fool,  
Til she assaie the self same tool.

¶ So frail they be of disposition,  
So crooked, so crabbed, and with that so euil,  
So lewd, so shrewd, light of condition,  
That sure it were vnpossible  
To let them of their owne self wil ; 620  
And but it come of their owne minde,  
A man were as good throwe stones in y<sup>e</sup> winde.

¶ Say what ye wil, they will doo as they lust,

The proof therof 's in a certain fable:—  
 A husband man, hauing good trust,  
 His wife to him would<sup>1</sup> be agreeable,  
 Thought to attempt if she had be reformable,  
 Bad her take the pot, that sod ouer the fire,  
 And set it abooue vpon the astire.<sup>2</sup>

¶ She aunswered him: I holde thee mad,<sup>3</sup> 630  
 And I more fool, by Saint Martine;  
 Thy dinner is redy, as thou me bad,  
 And time it were that thou shouldst dine,  
 And<sup>4</sup> thou wil not, I wil go to mine.  
 I bid thee (said he) bere vp the pot.  
 A ha! (she said) I trowe thou dote.

¶ Up she goeth for fear, at last,  
 No question mooued where it should stand;  
 Upon his hed the pottage she cast,  
 And heeld the pot stil in her hand; 640  
 And toward him she curst and ban'd,  
 Said and swore, he might her trust,  
 She would with the pottage do what her lust—

¶ No remedy for to discontent,  
 To prattle to them of reason or lawe:  
 For be a womans purpose bent,  
 Nothing preuaileth to withdraw,  
 Nor yet to keep them vnder awe.  
 Giue them councel the best ye can,  
 They wil folow their owne wil now and than. 650

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. reads *had*.

<sup>2</sup> *Hearth*; i. q. *astre*.

<sup>3</sup> This "fable" is nothing more than No. 64 of *A C Mery Talys* altered to suit the occasion, and turned into verse.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. if.

¶ Look of discretion, few womanly,  
 And to thee were few profitable,  
 Not three, I dare say, among thirty,  
 That be discreet and resonable ;  
 And yet alwaies they bible bable  
 Of euery matter, and make it nise,<sup>1</sup>  
 And in conclusion be wunderous peuish.

¶ As holy as Saints in Church they be,  
 And in street, as Angels they were,  
 At home, for all their hipocrisie, 660  
 A Deuilish life they lede all the yeer.  
 When Lent commeth, then to the freer :  
 The Fryer limiter,<sup>2</sup> for a pray of pence,  
 Wil for all causes with them dispence.

¶ And that more is, I dare auow,  
 That if the wife displeasure take,  
 Be it right or wrong, yet thou  
 Must needs of force, for thy wiues sake,  
 Fight and fray, and hie woords crake,  
 Swere and stare, as who would say, 670  
 Thou wouldst not let to kil and slay.

¶ I case thou take the matter light,

<sup>1</sup> To make it pleasant, or *snug*. I do not remember to have seen the word used in this sense very frequently. But Gascoigne has it in a precisely similar way :—

“The glosse of gorgeous Courtes, by thee did please mine eye,  
 A stately sight me thought it was, to see the braue go by ;  
 To see their feathers flaunte, to make their straunge deuise,  
 To lie along in Ladies lappes, to lisper and make it nice.”

*Posies*, 1575, p. 191.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *limlifter*.



As a man of peace, looue and concord,  
 Then wil she weep anon fourth right,  
 And giue thee many an euil woord ;  
 And bid thee gird to thee thy sword,  
 And say : if I had maried a man,  
 This thing should not be long vndon.

¶ Record the wicked Jesabel,  
 Which would haue slain good Helias.

680

Record also, of the Gospel,  
 The wife of Philip,<sup>1</sup> Herodias  
 Which through her doughter brought to passe  
 That Herod her graunted, or that they wist,  
 To giue her the hed of John baptist.

¶ Thus where them self may little doo,  
 As in regard of corporall might,  
 Of cruellnesse they rest not so,  
 But stir their husbands for to fight.  
 The prouerb olde accordeth right :  
 Women and dogges cause much strife,<sup>2</sup>  
 And moste occasion to mischeef.

690

¶ In case that thou so foolish be,  
 For thy wiues woords, to make a brall,  
 If it so fortune that she doo it see,  
 Regardeth little what may befall,  
 The first thing that she dooth of all,  
 On thee she runneth and holdeth thee stil,

<sup>1</sup> It is, perhaps, rather out of place here to point out that Herodias was at this time not the wife of Philip, but of Philip's brother, Herod.

<sup>2</sup> The proverb is: "Women and dogs set men together by the ears."

Whiles that an other may thee kil.

¶ And if it chaunce any vnkinde woord 700  
 Escape thy mouth, wherby that ye  
 Between your self fall at discord,  
 Trust me wel, in case that she  
 By any mean may maister thee,  
 For the moste parte all women be  
 In such case all without pittye.

¶ Weake and feeble all beit they be,  
 Of body much impotent,  
 Example dayly yet may ye see,  
 Comberous they be and maliuolent; 710  
 Harmeles creatures, none euel ment;  
 The vpper hand if they once get,  
 Can no more harme then a Mermeset.

¶ Who was so busy as the maid  
 With crooked language<sup>1</sup> Peeter to oppose?<sup>2</sup>  
 Once, twice, or thrise to him she said:  
 And thou, felowe, art one of those,  
 The trueth (said she) thy language shose.  
 Peter, abashed, swore and denaid,  
 And all by reason of the lewd maid.<sup>3</sup> 720

<sup>1</sup> St. Luke xxii. 56; St. John xviii. 17. The satirist here puts rather a violent construction on these two passages in Holy Writ, inasmuch as the woman asked Peter only once, and then not at all in "crooked language."

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *appose*. To oppose was formerly used in the sense of to question, to examine, more particularly as for a degree, holy orders, &c. It is frequently so employed in *Scoggin's Jest*s, 1626 (first printed before 1565).

<sup>3</sup> This severe attack on the "lewd maid," is, to a large extent,

¶ Some men there be also that say :  
 Be she single, or be she wed,  
 To much she coueteth of chamber play ;  
 As did Bibles<sup>1</sup> the thing forbed,  
 Presumed to be in her mothers sted ;  
 Mirha also inordinately  
 With her owne father found meanes to lye.

¶ The daughters twain of Lot the sage,  
 Hauing like tikle in their tailes,  
 Could not refrain their wilful rage ; 730  
 To satisfye with euel haile  
 Their father feasted with costly vitail,  
 Made him drunk, and so at last  
 Medled with him, he sleeping fast.

¶ Examples heerof diuers ther be,  
 To prooue my saying is straight as a line.  
 As first, of the abhominable Pasiphe,<sup>2</sup>  
 And then the insasiat Missaline,  
 Pirra, Fabula, and fair Heline,  
 With other thousands many mo, 740  
 Which all to resite would neuer be doo.

¶ I pray you, why was Adam shent ?  
 Because he onely did transgresse ?  
 Eue him meeued<sup>3</sup> first to consent  
 To eate of the apple she did him dresse.  
 So all came of her wilfulnes ;

---

a gratuitous exaggeration on the part of the author of the *Schole-house of Women*, of the account found in the New Testament.

<sup>1</sup> *Biblis*.

<sup>2</sup> *Pasiphae*.

<sup>3</sup> *Moved*.

And sith that woman that offence began,  
She is more to blame then is the man.

¶ The wife of Lot willing also  
The wil of God to preuaricate, 750  
Out of the Cittie, when she should go,  
Looked behinde her in her gate,<sup>1</sup>  
To see by proof the prognosticate;  
Displeased God, and she anon  
Transformed was into a salt stone.

¶ I pray you, what did Queen Atthaly,<sup>2</sup>  
(Look in Paralipomenon,)  
Mother of yung king Ahazye?<sup>3</sup>  
Of all and of all the wilfullest one,  
Mooued the king aforsaid, her sonne, 760  
To doo much euil, especially  
The temple of God for to destroy.

¶ Mighty Sampson two wiues had,<sup>4</sup>  
The first, a Philistian by generation,  
Neither of them good, but passing bad,  
And eke to him far out of fasshion;  
The first him caused by lacrimacion<sup>5</sup>  
His probleme<sup>6</sup> to hear, so that he said;<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. path, way.

<sup>2</sup> Athalia, queen of Judah; assassinated B.C. 878.

<sup>3</sup> Old ed. has *Othozye*. Ahaziah, King of Judah, is, of course, the person intended (2 Chron. xxii).

<sup>4</sup> Judges xiv. 16 *et seqq.*

<sup>5</sup> "And Samson's wife wept before him, and said, Thou dost but hate me, and lovest me not; thou hast put forth a riddle unto the children of my people, and hast not told it me," &c.—*Judges* xiv. 16.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. Samson's riddle.

<sup>7</sup> i. e. told her.

When she knew it, she him betraid.

¶ The second delt much worse then so, 770  
 Deceiued him, as you shall hear,  
 For she his strength did take him fro ;  
 In her lap sleeping she clipt of his hear,  
 Betraied her Lord and her bewpeer,  
 Thus Dalila<sup>1</sup> for meed him serued,  
 And caused his eyes out to be carued.

¶ The wife of Job, the man elect,  
 Saluted him with scornes and mocks,  
 And ful vnseemly oft him cheet,  
 Saying,<sup>2</sup> thou fool, ful of the pocks, 780  
 Ful like a fool thy brest thou knocks ;  
 Weenest thou for thy fair speech  
 God wil come thee for to seech ?

¶ Thy prating leue, foule thee befall,  
 Trust me he wil thee neuer heale ;  
 Thy beasts, thy goods and thy children all  
 Be dead and brent<sup>3</sup> now euery deale,<sup>4</sup>  
 And thou liest heer with many a bile<sup>5</sup>  
 Prating and praying to the deuine,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *Dalida*.

<sup>2</sup> An abominable and over-drawn travestie of a verse in the great prose epic of *Job*, if it may be so called: "Then said his wife unto him, Dost thou still retain thine integrity? curse God and die."—*Job* ii. 9.

<sup>3</sup> Burnt.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. every portion, every branch.

<sup>5</sup> Boil. "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown."—*Job* ii. 7.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. the Almighty.

And wurse thou stinkest then a dead swine. 790

¶ Like wise, the wife of olde Thoby,<sup>1</sup>  
Whose name, as I remember, was Anne;  
Which him intreated boisterously  
With sad rebukes now and than;  
Called him driuel and witles man,  
Because he gaue with hart so liberall  
Parte of his goods to the porall.

¶ The wanton wife of King Pharao,  
Joseph abhored with her to lye  
In place secret between them two: 800

God forbid, Madame (said he).  
Because she sawe it would not be,  
A shameful lye she did inuent  
In prison to cast that innocent.

¶ In women all this propertye  
Is knowen sure and manifest,  
That if a man may come so nye  
To shew them game, that they looue best,  
And wil not doo it, then wil they iest;  
But trust me sure that with the hart 810  
They wil neuer looue him afterwart.

¶ The wise man saith in his Prouerbs<sup>2</sup>  
A strumpets lipps are dulce as hony,  
But in her dealing she is sowre as hearbs,  
Wormewood or Rue, or worse, saith he;

<sup>1</sup> Tobiah.

<sup>2</sup> "For the lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil. But her end is bitter as wormwood," &c.—*Proverbs* v. 3-4.

For when them liketh to mock with thee,  
 With tung and eye such semblaunce they showe,  
 That hard it were them to mistrowe.<sup>1</sup>

¶ As though they spake with mouth and hart,  
 With face they make so good semblaunce, 820  
 That hard it were a man to start  
 From their fair glosing countenaunce.  
 Thus with their sugred vtteraunce  
 The simple men that meane but iust  
 Deceiued are, where they moste trust

¶ In case they doo you but one benefit,  
 An hundreth times by you recompenced,  
 They wil you euer with that one entwit;<sup>2</sup>  
 With little cause or none offenced,  
 All our demerits shal be vnrecompenced; 830  
 So be it lesse, or be it more,  
 All is lost ye gaue them before.

¶ If ye remooue your copy holde,  
 And would be tenaunt by Indenture,  
 There is no ware then to be solde,  
 Ye must go seek at your aduenture:  
 For as of you I haue no denture.  
 Think [you] that I wil be so redy,  
 Nay, by Jesse,<sup>3</sup> I holde you a peny.

¶ And then, if ye no labour make, 840  
 Ye may be sure that then wil she  
 Be sure out throwe the hauke to take,  
 The like of her affinitie.  
 Good God, how straunge now a daies be ye!

<sup>1</sup> i. e. misbelieve.

<sup>2</sup> Twit.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. Jesus.

I would haue thought ye had been none such ;  
But by the little is knowen the much.

¶ So at length, by huch or by cruch,  
Lesse or more, euer they craue,  
Until thy hand be in thy pouch.

No woords preuail<sup>1</sup> thee to saue, 850  
A thousand thousand when they haue,  
To make a man a thred bare cote,  
And leaue him neither peny ne grote.

¶ Now this, now that, they craue alway,  
One thing or other : they neuer rest ;  
Say what ye wil, they wil no nay,  
Nor none excuse, but their owne request ;  
So they may be trimmed and fed of the best,  
They haue no remorse who bereth the name,<sup>2</sup>  
Nor whome they put to open shame. 860

¶ The trueth is knowen, as in this case,  
By holy writ autenticate,<sup>3</sup>  
Between Thamer<sup>4</sup> and the Judge Judas.<sup>5</sup>  
The Book called Genesis<sup>6</sup> examine,  
How Thamer the widow in the way sat,  
Disguised her self in straunge aray,  
Judas to deseieue after that way.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. avail.

<sup>2</sup> "To bear the name" was to be in repute, either good or bad. It is here employed in the latter sense; but in the prose *Morte Arthure*, ed. Wright, iii. 42, Sir Ector says to Sir Launcelot:—"And yee must remember the great worship and renowne that yee bee of, how that yee have been more spoken of then any other knight that is now living, for there is none that *beareth the name* now but yee and Sir Tristram."

<sup>3</sup> i. e. authenticated.

<sup>4</sup> Tamar.

<sup>5</sup> Judah.

<sup>6</sup> xxxviii. 14 *et seqq.*



¶ Her fresh attire and countenaunce therto  
 Prouoked this man a question to make ;  
 She lightly concented, as some other doo, 870  
 Said: what wil ye giue thy pleasure to take ?  
 Some pledge, she said, for promise is slack.  
 Of him she required staffe, mantel and ring,  
 His minde to folow, and doo the thing.

¶ Short tale to make, the lawe was then,  
 A woman that found was in adultery,  
 Dew proof aledged by credible men,  
 Should suffer death, saunce remedye ;  
 The matter appeered by her bely.  
 She openly said, in slaunder of Judas : 880  
 Who oweth these three this deed doon has.

¶ Thus be they all past shame and dreed,  
 And careth not who bid them baile ;  
 With ghostly sentence them to feed,  
 Little or nothing dooth them preuaile ;  
 Be thy back turned, anon they rail,  
 And say, for all your counsail good,  
 Ye had leuer a bare — then a furred hood.

¶ To say that they can counsail keep,  
 It were to me a meruailous thing, 890  
 Onles it be, when they doo sleep,  
 Or no body [be] to giue the hearing.  
 Desirous euer of new tiding,  
 And were it matter of lim and life,  
 It shalbe tolde out by thy wife.

¶ Tully<sup>1</sup> the Romain, vpon a day,

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<sup>1</sup> Cicero.

Thought to approoue his wiues secrye,  
 In counceI told her he had put away  
 The Emperours sonne: to the end that we  
 May reign and rule bothe land and Sea. 900  
 Glad was she, and yet she went,  
 And him disclosed incontinent.

¶ Tully escaped hard with his life,  
 And all by meane of his one foly;  
 Had not the trueth been knowen belieue,  
 To haue be[n] hanged it was ieoperdye.  
 Be it therfore true tale or lye,  
 Be wise and ware; wake, or ye wink,  
 And tel not your wife all that ye think.

¶ King Salomon, bothe witty and wise, 910  
 A woman dooth assimilate  
 Unto a dropping euesing<sup>1</sup> guise,  
 Distilling down after rain late,  
 Whose drops vncleen dooth maculate  
 The finest vesture that any man weres,  
 With colde and wet the body deres.<sup>2</sup>

¶ Euen so a woman litigious  
 Disquieteth an whole houshold;

<sup>1</sup> "A continual dropping in a very rainy day, and a contentious woman are alike."—*Proverbs* xxvii. 15.

Euesing is the same as *easing* or *easings*, i.e. the eaves of a house—

"Little boy Bunting,  
 Sat on the house easing,  
 With a bow and a bolt."

*Booke of Meery Riddles*, 1629.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. injures.

And who so he be, that in his house  
 Entendeth to keep a woman skolde, 920  
 The winde that bloweth bothe moist and colde  
 Were better far for to herbour,  
 And lesse should finde of displeasure.

¶ Enuious they be it is dayly seen,  
 And proud also of comparision ;  
 Record of Sabba,<sup>1</sup> the gorgious Queen ;  
 Before nor since was neuer such a one.  
 Because she enuied King Salomon,  
 To prooue his wisdome, and take with a trip,  
 Passed the seas in a merualous ship. 930

¶ Because that Naboth would not sel  
 Unto the king of Samaria  
 The vineyard he had at Israel,  
 Achab the King became angry ;  
 As soon as Jesabel the Queen knew why,  
 She straightly cōmaunded by writing to fain  
 Some cryme vpon Naboth, and so he was slain.

¶ Look and read the book Bocas,<sup>2</sup>  
 And ye shall finde many a reason<sup>3</sup>  
 The pride of women to deface, 940  
 For their misliuing in their season ;  
 Good women he wrot were very geason,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sheba.

<sup>2</sup> Boccaccio, *De Casibus Virorum et Fæminarum Illustrium*.

<sup>3</sup> Old ed. has *reason*.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *geson*, scarce or scanty. So, in the *Hye Way to the Spyttell Hous*, by R. Copland, we find :—

“ So by reason theyr gaynes be geason,  
 This way they rēne many a season.”

As ye shall finde of ninteen be wot,  
But of the twenty neither letter nor iote.

¶ Salomon saith, three things [t]here be  
Seldome or neuer saturate.<sup>1</sup>

Hel<sup>2</sup> the first is of the three ;

The second a womans water gate ;<sup>3</sup>

The ground of water insaciate ;<sup>4</sup>

Of euery lewd fasshion reckon who can,

950

And euer I warrant the woman is one.

¶ [Of things] hard to knowe like number ther  
bee,

The fourth to knowe who is he that can ;

The first, which way a bird wil flee,

Or of a serpents prent on a stone,<sup>5</sup>

What Hauen a ship shall driue vpon ;

<sup>1</sup> Satisfied, satiated.

<sup>2</sup> "The horseleach hath two/ daughters *crying*, 'Give, give;' / There are three things that are/ never satisfied, yea, four things, say/ not, It is enough/

The grave; and the barren womb; the earth that is not filled with water; and the fire that saith not, *It is enough*. . . .

There be three things which are too wonderful for me, yea four which I know not: The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maid."—*Proverbs xxx.* 15-19.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the present text is a miserable burlesque on the language of the "Preacher."

<sup>3</sup> A coarse allusion which needs no explanation.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. the earth that is not filled with water.

<sup>5</sup> Old ed. reads *serpent sprent from*. Burns used *prent* for *print*, in which he merely followed the example of almost all early Scottish writers.

The craft of a w—— perceiue who can,  
And euer I warrant the woman is one.

¶ The ground<sup>1</sup> also dooth vary<sup>2</sup> by<sup>3</sup> three ;<sup>4</sup>  
The fourth may not be stablished sure : 960

A bond man set in maiestye,  
A fool fed fat whiles he wil in powre,  
An odious<sup>5</sup> woman in weddings vre,<sup>6</sup>  
An heir made of a bond woman,<sup>7</sup>  
So euer I warrant the woman is one.

¶ Which things remēbred wil ever<sup>8</sup> eche man  
Report of them accordingly,  
And say plainly, that in the woman  
Is little thing of praise worthy.  
Lettred or vnlearned whether they be, 970  
They say of all creatures women are the best ;  
*Cuius contrarium verum est.*

¶ And were [’t] not two small venialles,<sup>9</sup>  
The feminine might be glorifide,  
Set in thronis<sup>10</sup> perpetualles  
And as the Goddes be deifide ;

<sup>1</sup> The earth.

<sup>2</sup> Vary is used here in an intransitive, and also in a rather unusual sense. It signifies to disturb, to disquiet.

<sup>3</sup> Through ; equivalent to the Latin *per*.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. three things.

<sup>5</sup> This is the very word used in Proverbs xxx. 23.

<sup>6</sup> Use, experience.

<sup>7</sup> “An handmaid that is heir to her mistress.”—*Proverbs xxx. 23.*

<sup>8</sup> Old ed. has *wel neer*.

<sup>9</sup> Faults.

<sup>10</sup> *Thronis* here, and one or two other expressions, such as *tratise*, at line 981, and *prent*, at line 955, might favour a suspicion that the author of *The Schole House* was a North Briton.

Twoo veniall sinnes they haue and hide,  
 None of the seuen<sup>1</sup> their names who can tel,  
 They can neither doo, nor yet say wel.<sup>2</sup>

980

¶ So to conclude of this tratise  
 A finall end, rude though it be,  
 The processe through who wil superuise,  
 Shall wel<sup>3</sup> perceiue I make no lye;  
 An end therfore to make shortly,  
 In my conceit he liueth in rest,  
 That medleth with them of all people lest.

### Finis.

Go fourth, little book : be not a fraid  
 To be accept with them that are wise ;  
 And shew them plain, what so be said,  
 In any parte of this treatise,  
 Dooth not disdain their honesties ;

£90

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<sup>1</sup> i. e. the seven deadly sins.

<sup>2</sup> "We men have many faults ;  
 Poor women have but two :  
 There's nothing good they say,  
 There's nothing good they do."

*Complete London Jester*, ed. 1771, p. 122.

The Rev. John Ward, in his *Diary* (ed. 1839, p. 105), quotes the following Latin epigram, somewhat to a similar purport:—

"Est mulier mera bilis, habet duo commoda tantum,  
 Cum jacet in thalamo, cum jacet in tumulto."

<sup>3</sup> Old ed. has *wil*.

But for the lewd might haue a mirrour  
Heerby to amend their damnable errour.

¶ Like as the Preacher dooth discommend  
All vices liuing with mouth and wil;  
Or as the Minstrel dooth intend,  
With help of Lute,<sup>1</sup> finger or quill,  
Example shewing to conuert the il;  
Like so mine auctor dooth the same, 1000  
No creature liuing spoken by name.

¶ Percease any one displeasure take,  
Because it toucheth her properly,<sup>2</sup>  
In case that she such waies forsake,  
Which moste accordeth to her propertye,  
She needeth not heerwith to be angry.  
God graunt vs all we may doo this,  
Euery man<sup>3</sup> to amend that is amis.<sup>4</sup>

¶ The good alwaies wilbe content  
With that that is spoken in generall; 1010  
Ther wil none so soon be discontent  
As they that fretised<sup>5</sup> be with all;  
Rub a scald horse vpon the gall,  
And he wil bite, wins and went,  
So wil all people that are maleuolent.

¶ Go forth therefore among the thick,

<sup>1</sup> See Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, 1829, lxiii, lxiv.

<sup>2</sup> Personally, Lat. *proprius*.

<sup>3</sup> So King's ed. Allde's ed. has *For*.

<sup>4</sup> In King's ed. 1560, this line stands thus:—

“Euery man to anende one in that is amys.”

<sup>5</sup> Displeased, annoyed.

And bere in minde who is with thee,  
 The woords that Salomon and Dauid spake  
 In Judicum,<sup>1</sup> and in Genesye;  
 Hierome,<sup>2</sup> Juuenall, and olde Tobye,  
 Caton, and Ouid wil testyfie,  
 And Merciall also, who listeth to try.

1020

¶ And vnto them that learned be,  
 I would and wil thou meekely went,  
 And showe them, who so made thee  
 No thing purposed of il intent  
 That should prohybe<sup>3</sup> the Sacrament;  
 But that the masculine might heerby  
 Haue some what to iest<sup>4</sup> with the feminy.

Finis.

¶ Heere endeth the Scole house  
 of women.<sup>5</sup>

Imprinted at Lon  
 don at the long shop adioynning  
 vnto Saint Mildreds Church  
 in the Pultrie, by  
 John Alde.

<sup>1</sup> Judges.

<sup>2</sup> St. Jerome.

<sup>3</sup> So King's ed. Alde's ed. reads *prohibit*.

<sup>4</sup> King's ed. has *rest*.

<sup>5</sup> Not in Alde's ed.





## Proude Wyues Pater noster.

THE Proude Wyves Pater noster that wolde go gaye, and undyd her Husbonde and went her waye. Anno Domini MDLX. With a woodcut on the title of a man with purses at his girdle. [Col.] Imprinted at London in Paules Church yearde at the Sygne of the Swane by John Kyng. 4to. black letter.

The Proude wyues Pater noster, that wolde go gaye, and undyd her husbonde and went her waye. With a woodcut on title of two women conversing. [Col.] ¶ Imprinted at London in Paules Churcheyarde at the Sygne of the Swane by John Kyng. 4to. black letter.

King's press seems, about this time, literally to have teemed with popular poems for or against the fair sex; for, not content with printing new essays on this interminable controversy, he republished some which, from their great popularity, were no longer to be procured, perhaps, and for which there was still a demand, such as Gosynhyll's *Mulierum Pæan*, *the Schole-house of Women*, &c. The printer, as was natural, or reasonable, consulted only the marketable qualities of the ware brought to him, and so we find the same person becoming the medium for introducing to public notice works of a directly opposite character. It is to be hoped that Gosynhyll was dead when King reproduced his *Mulierum Pæan* side by side with *The Schole house of Women*, in the exordium to which Gosynhyll is not very politely mentioned.

The *Proude Wyues Pater noster* was licensed to John Kyng on the 10th June, 1560, and he paid two shillings for it and

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other articles. The tract was licensed (with others) to John Charlwood on the 15th January, 1581-82, and it appears from the Stationers' Registers, that it had been previously the property of Sampson (or John) Awdeley, so that it is likely enough that several editions issued from the press during the sixteenth century. This is one of the tracts described by Laneham in 1575 as being then in the library of Captain Cox. It is reprinted, not very accurately, in *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*, 1817, and there is a review of it in Mr. Collier's *Bibliographical and Critical Account of Early English Literature*, 1865, from the edition dated 1560.

The other impression, by King, without any date on the title, is among Selden's books at Oxford; it has been collated for the present purpose; and a correct representation of the original title-page is subjoined. These are the only old editions of the poem known to be in existence.



# The Proude wyues

Pater noster, that wolde gogaye, and  
vndydher husbonde and went  
her waye.







**Q**N<sup>1</sup> hye feest dayes, whan wyues go gaye  
To chyrche with grete deuocyon,  
Theyr prayers deuoutly for to saye,  
Theyr thynkyng is on thys lesson:  
Or they go forth them selfe to trym,  
Both heed and brest, on foote and hande,  
I swere to you, by swete saynt sym,  
Thē selfe they thynke angels well to vnderstāde.

Theyr beautous behayour and cōtenaūce demure  
They thenke ful pleasaunt for to beholde, 10  
But for to go gaye ye may be sure  
They muse full often and many folde ;  
And how they myght best to passe brynge,  
Eche as gorgyous as other to go

---

<sup>1</sup> In the course of this poem there are two dialogues between two women, which is not marked in any way in the old edition. The division of the work into eight-line stanzas has been made without any regard to the sense, either by the author or by the printer of the volume; nevertheless, I thought it advisable not to disturb this arrangement.

In theyr aparell, gyrdell and rynge,  
 And other trym knackes many mo.

To churche they be come, this is no lye,  
 Vnto theyr pewe there for to knele,  
 Reuerence doynge to the other by  
 With countenaūce meke, as becometh thē wele ; 20  
 Than syt they downe, eche gossep other by,  
 Beholdynge theyr aparell of eyther syde,  
 Yf the one be gaier than the other, that doth espye,  
 Than she thynketh her felowe set all full of pryde.

Yet to her deuocyon she dothe her set,  
 And Pater noster she doth begyne ;  
 But to gaye gere her hert doth fret,  
 And thynketh how she may suche gaye gere wyne,  
 Sayenge to her selfe : what fortune haue I,  
 That my felow so gorgyous is in her gere, 30  
 And I syte here so poorely her by !  
 But it shalbe amended, by god I swere.

¶ Qui es in celis—and that within shorte whyle,  
 Or ells my husbände full sore it shall repent,  
 For I can nought gete of him by fete nor wyle,  
 But all shall be myne now that I in hāde cā hent<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. in hand can hent or hold. *To hent*, or *to hend* is very commonly used by early writers, though now obsolete.

From him al way, whatsoeuer betyde,  
 Tyll I be arayde as other women be.  
 I wolde not haue ought for no maner pryde,  
 But only because it is a good syght to se.

40

¶ *Sanctificetur nomen tuum*—  
 Lorde halowed be thy name,  
 Yf to suche gere I may come,  
 Then shall I bere bothe porte<sup>1</sup> and fame,  
 As other women in euery where  
 Do alwaye were<sup>2</sup> as they do wende;  
 Go feete and fresshe and trymme in theyr gere,  
 In the best maner, as them doth to pretende.<sup>3</sup>

¶ *Adueniat regnū tuū*—thy kingdom come to vs  
 After this lyfe, when we hens shall wende;  
 But whyle we be here now, swete Jesus,  
 As other women haue, suche grace in me sende,  
 That I may haue, Lorde, my heede in to wrap,  
 After the gyuse, kerchefes<sup>4</sup> that be fyne,

50

<sup>1</sup> State, slow.

<sup>2</sup> Old eds. have *where*.

<sup>3</sup> *Pretend* is often found in Shakespeare and elsewhere in the sense of *intend*; but here it appears to import the same as *pertain* or *belong*. Perhaps the word is made in the present passage to bear a rather forced meaning for the sake of the rhythm, which, however, does not seem to have weighed much with the writer in the composition of this piece.

<sup>4</sup> Old eds. have *kercheses*. Kerchiefs, as an article of dress for the head, were anciently very fashionable, and were often made in very costly material. Stow, in his *Annales*, describes in the following terms the passage through London of Eleanor,

And theron to sette some lusty trymme cap,  
 With smockes wel wrought, soude w<sup>th</sup> sylkē twyne.

¶ Fiat voluntas tua—thy well fulfilled be,  
 Lorde god, alway as thys tyme dothe requyre ;  
 And as my gossep that sytteth here by me,  
 So let me be trymmed : nought elles I desyre. 60  
 Therefore yf it may be in any wyse,  
 For thou haste power therof to do thy wyll,  
 To make me go gaye after the best guyse,  
 For reason it is with right good skylly.<sup>1</sup>

¶ Sicut in celo et in terra—in heauen as in erthe,  
 Yt is alway sene, go we neuer so farre,<sup>2</sup>  
 That women aboue all the beaute bereth,  
 And without gaye gere our beaute we marre ;  
 Therefore, good lorde, let this be a mende,<sup>3</sup>  
 And gaye gere to were that I may haue, 70

Duchess of Gloucester:—"On Monday, the 13th November [1441], she came from Westminster by water, and landed at the Temple bridge, from whence, with a taper of waxe of two pound in her hand, she went through Fleete streete hoodless, save a kerchief, to Pauls." See also *A C Mery Talys*, No. 99 (ed. Hazlitt), and *note*.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. cause. So in the *Winter's Tale*, act iv. sc. 3—

"Per.                   \*           \*           \*           \*

You woo'd me the false way.

Flo.

I think, you have

As little *skill* to fear, as I have purpose  
 To put you to 't."

<sup>2</sup> Old eds. have *feere*.

<sup>3</sup> Old ed. has *amended*. See line 180 *infra*, where *amende* is used in the sense of *amended*. *Amende* is here required by the rhythm.



Or elles my lyfe wyll haue an ende :  
For very pure thought nought can me saue.

¶ *Panem nostrum cotidianum*—

Our dayly brede, lorde, wyll also do well ;  
But of dyuers cornes I haue many a come<sup>1</sup>  
At home in my barne for to sell ;  
But ther with, lorde, I dare not mell  
For feare of my husbände that kepeth me so hard,  
A bussell therof I dare not sell,  
For yf he wyste the game were marde.<sup>2</sup> 80

¶ *Da nobis hodye*—gyue vs thys daye,  
And specially me, my lorde, that am heuy at hert,  
Tyll I haue my wyll, lorde : a parte, I saye,  
Of my desyre, lorde, or elles I must lyue in smarte—  
With that full maruaylously than<sup>3</sup> she sigh't,<sup>4</sup>  
And in a swone halfe gan she fall ;  
Her felowe, beholdynge that wofull wight,  
She<sup>5</sup> wondred full sore than here with all.

¶ *Et dimitte nobis debita nostra*—now [2nd  
Mercy, good Lorde, and forgyuenes ! What is this ? Wife.]

<sup>1</sup> Utterson printed *corne*.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Waring writes to me, "The practice to which this stanza refers is still kept up in rural districts. The farmer's wife 'robs the barn,' so they express it, sells wheat without her husband's knowledge to pay for extra finery.

<sup>3</sup> Old eds. have *can*.

<sup>4</sup> Old eds. have *sight*.

<sup>5</sup> Old eds. have *and*.

I was neuer thys a frayde, I make god a vow. 91

Good Lorde, sayd she, than what meaneth this?—

And her lyttell fynger than wronge she fast,

Her to reuyue, and gaue her swete spyce ;

So she vp sterte<sup>1</sup> than at the laste,

Lyke a tryme gossyp that fayne wolde be necc.

[1st Wife.] ¶ *Sicut et nos dimittimus debytoribus nostris—*

As we do forgyue, Lorde, so let vs be forgyuen.

And than to her she dyd saye without mys :

Ye had a shrode<sup>2</sup> fyt, by swete saynt steuen ; 100

[2nd Wife.] Gossyp myn, how is it wyth you nowe,

What is your grefe, now I you pray ?

Yf I can ease you, by God auowe,<sup>3</sup>

I wyll be redy both nyght and daye.

¶ *Et ne nos in ducas in temptacionem—*

Let vs fall into no temptacyon now.

With that the other reuyued then,

Ryght sore dysmayde, ye [may] me trow,

[Both] And to eche other they gan saye :

Why be ye thus sad, my gossep dere? 110

Tell me the cause now, I you praye,

For yf it lay in me now, I wil amende your chere.

[1st Wife.] ¶ *Se[d] lebera nos a malo—*delyuer vs frome all yll,

<sup>1</sup> Old preterit of *start*.      <sup>2</sup> i. e. shrewd.

<sup>3</sup> Old eds. have *anowe*.

Raggis and iaggis,<sup>1</sup> this wyfe gan to reherse,  
 Yf I may not go gay, I shall my selfe spyll,<sup>2</sup>  
 I pray you, gossyp dere, vnderstād well this verse ;<sup>3</sup>  
 My husbonde is harde to me bothe day and night,  
 And doth me not regarde, but let[s] me go euen thus ;  
 Not as other do, but as a wretched wyght, 119  
 But yet it shalbe mended, I hope, by swete Jesus.

¶ *Amen*—sayd the other, I pray god it be so, [2nd  
 For ye haue good ynoughe, this I do knowe well, Wife.]  
 Of good marchaundise, so mote I the,  
 As any is here in this countre to sell,

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. rags and jags, two words of equivalent import, here whimsically employed as an adjuration. *Tag* is still in use as a vulgarism I believe, and many may be acquainted with the modern ballad—

“Hark, hark,  
 The dogs do bark,  
 The beggars are coming to town,  
 Some in *rags*,  
 And some in *jags*,  
 And some in velvet gown.”

I remember that this was a favourite composition with me when I was a child. In the *Hye Way to the Spyttell Hous*, Copland says—

“Come none of these pedlers this way also,  
 With pak on back, with their bousy speche,  
*Jagged and ragged*, with broken hose and breche?”

<sup>2</sup> i. e. spoil.

<sup>3</sup> *Verse*, in early English writers, often signifies merely, as it does here, *sentence*, and thence a *truth* or *maxim*.

For his<sup>1</sup> degre ; but he is a frayde  
 That he sholde passe his state <sup>2</sup> or loke to hawt,<sup>3</sup>  
 Than behynde your backes it shulde be sayde,  
 Yf he fare<sup>4</sup> amyss, that it were all your fawt.

But cōpetenly take the thyerde peny of hys gayne,  
 And bye therwith both kyrtell and gowne, 130  
 Than yet shall ye leaue hym alway twayne,  
 So do we, moste parte, throughout the towne ;  
 Or elles we sholde neuer haue halfe our gayes <sup>5</sup>  
 That we haue ywys, ye may be sure,  
 But properly thus we fynde the wayes  
 With rynges and beedes to go ful demure.

Rybandes of sylke, that be full longe and large,  
 With tryangles trymly made poynte deuyse,  
 For some folke it were full grete charge ;  
 Therefore all thyng by mesure, by myne aduyse ;  
 But as for you ye may be bolde 141  
 To do som what more than other maye :  
 Yet it wolde make your husbondes herte full colde,  
 Yf he so harde be and wretched as ye saye,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the husband's.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. exceed his means.

<sup>3</sup> Old ed. has *on hawt*. *Hawt* is, of course, *high*.

<sup>4</sup> Utterson printed *fore*.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. Finery. It is used in exactly the same way in a passage quoted by Nares from the *Comical History of Francion*, 1655.

That he may not se you go, as other do,  
 And haue it so well as he hath in store.  
 I wolde haue my fyne hoose, and eke my trym sho,  
 With other knackes many a score :  
 Yf I were as you be, ī<sup>1</sup> fāyth I swere,  
 Som what sholde be solde y<sup>t</sup> he sholde not knowe.  
 Ye haue to sell so dyuers gere, 151  
 He can not knowe all, by god I trowe.

Yet may I reioyce alway ywys,  
 For my husbonde is glad, whan I go tryme,  
 He wolde thynke I dyd full sore a mys  
 Yf I wente not freshe, by swete saynte syme.  
 He doth reioyce in my gay gere,  
 Whan he doth se me put it on,  
 And wolde I shulde it often were,  
 For I shall haue newe, whan myn is done. 160

O good Lorde ! happy be ye, [1st  
 That haue so good a husbonde, by god in throne ; Wife.]  
 A monge a hundreth ye shall not fynde thre  
 Of all our neyghbours that hath suche a one.  
 Yf god wolde myne were as your is,  
 I wolde be as mery as byrde on brere,<sup>2</sup>  
 But hys harte is so set on couetyse ywys  
 That he can neuer be of good chere,

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *I*.<sup>2</sup> i. e. briar.

And causeth me often for to wepe;  
 Whan I thynke on hys vnkindenes so grete, 170  
 I can not ete, nor drynke, nor slepe,  
 For grete heuynes my herte dothe bete;  
 But throught your coūsaile, my gossep dere,  
 I hoppe the better for to spede,  
 And for to go gayer another yere,  
 With myrth and ioye my lyfe to lede.

That I may be accepted with euery man  
 Which me beholdeth both ferre and nere,  
 Without your helpe no rede I can,  
 But by your good counsaile amende<sup>1</sup> is my chere.  
 Thus<sup>2</sup> hole<sup>3</sup> in you my hope I sete, 181  
 And without you I am but dede,  
 Lusty fresshe gere how I may gete,  
 And to go trym in lusty wede.<sup>4</sup>

[2nd Wife.] Well, gossep, than do after me,  
 And ye shall neuer repente ywys,  
 I swere to you by Mary so fre,  
 All shalbe well that nowe is amys:  
 Beware of one thinge, your tōgue go not to large,  
 And forbere your husbonde whan he is grame,<sup>5</sup> 190  
 Speke neuer to hym of suche charge  
 With euyl mode, for that were shame.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. amended.    <sup>2</sup> Old eds. have *thys*.    <sup>3</sup> Wholly.

<sup>4</sup> *Gere*—King's dated ed.

<sup>5</sup> Angry. See Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic Words*, in *voce*. In the present passage, however, the word is used as an adjective.

Yf ye of hym suche thynges haue  
 As ye desyre for to go gay,  
 With louyng coūtenaunce ye must it craue,  
 And with fayre wordes to hym say :  
 My husbonde dere, I you requyre  
 Take no displeasure with my worde,  
 What soeuer of you I do desyre ;—  
 But this must be done in bed or at borde.

200

My louely husbonde, my spouse most dere,  
 To you I must nedes talke my mone,  
 As reason requireth ; ye be my fere,  
 And no body elles but you alone ;  
 Thus I must desyre you with all my herte,  
 Take no dyspleasure what euer I saye,  
 For yf ye do, it wyll me smarte,  
 And for thought<sup>1</sup> I shall dye, this is no nay.

Whan he this hereth, than he wyll muse  
 And meruell, what your request wyll be ;  
 Yf he be gentyll, he wyll not refuse  
 No reasonable thynges, I hope, perde.  
 Ye shall than saye, ye lacke that or this,  
 And begin w<sup>h</sup> y<sup>e</sup> thinge y<sup>t</sup> ye haue most nede,  
 I dare saye than withouten mys,  
 The sooner of hym than ye shall spede.

210

With small tryfels ye must begyn  
 Of hym to get gaye gere in store,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. for thinking of it. *To forthink*—to regret ; but it cannot bear such a meaning here.

Or elles of hym ye shall nought wyne ; 220

And thus may ye dayly encrease more and more<sup>1</sup>  
Of gorgyous gere grete plente to haue,

And all with his good wyll, for that is best,  
Yf ye it so get, so god me saue ;

Than may ye were it with peas and rest.

Yf he do not gyue you than good comferte,

Speke ye no more, but than be still,

But streight to his wares resorte,

And therof take ye what ye will ;

If he plaie the chorle, plaie ye the same,

And let hym na[t] know no more of your minde. 230

God giue all chorles mekill<sup>2</sup> shame,

That to their wyues be vnkinde.

Yf he be gentill, take nought him fro,

Lytell nor moche what soeuer betyde,

For if you do it wyll tourne you to wo :

Than folke will say y<sup>t</sup> it cometh of pride ;

Se what debate this folke haue nowe,

And all because the wife wolde go gay ;

I swere to you, bi god auowe,

Ye were better bide stil in your olde araye. 240

Therefore beware, be not rasshe<sup>3</sup>

To do or say that shulde him displease,

<sup>1</sup> The three concluding words of this line are omitted by Utterson, who has made amends for leaving out words here and there by inserting others where they have no right to be.

<sup>2</sup> A form of *mickle*.

<sup>3</sup> Both the metre and the sense require *rasshe*, i. e. *rash* ; and so it stands in the original, but Utterson printed *ratshe*.



But yf he be churlysshe, gyue hym a dasshe,<sup>1</sup>

Though euer after it shuld him disease:<sup>2</sup>

Amonge his wares spare not at all:

For halfe is yours as well as his.

Therefore as nowe counseyll I shal

Gyue vnto you, by heuyns blysse,

To do euen so, and be not afrayde

For lefe nor lothe why<sup>3</sup> shulde ye not;

250

The faute wyll all to hym be layde

Of<sup>4</sup> any one that hereth that,

That he so chorlyshe to you is aye,

And wyll not be frendly as other be,

Grete shame of hym, than wyll they saye,

So to be serued well worthy is he,

And worse, be god, withouten fable,

Yf worse may be by any meane,

Consyderynge that he is not vnable,

Yt ought on you for to be sene,

260

Somwhat better for very pure shame,

Than it is now by reason and ryght:

For he is worthy for to haue the blame,

Yf he wyll be suche a wretched wyght.

He can not haue to moche displeasure,

That hath a yonge wyfe and wyll not her trym.

<sup>1</sup> *A mild imprecation.* Halliwell's *Dict. of Archaic Words.*

<sup>2</sup> i. e. disquiet, disconcert.

<sup>3</sup> Not in Selden's copy. This line is thus printed in Utterson:—

“For lefe nor *locke* why chulde ye not?”

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *By.*

I wysse them care and sorow out of measure,  
 And specially them that be lyke to hym.  
 Myrrours of myschefe we may them call,  
 That kepe theyr wyues so bare and poore 270  
 To many one it doth befall  
 Through suche meanes to make a good wyfe a h—.

An h—! ye may it swere by god aboue,  
 They may be wretches that so do,  
 Which causeth theyr wyues to chose newe loue,  
 Though it sholde tourne them to great wo.  
 So vylaynus they be in euery where  
 Vnto theyr wyues in euery houre and tyde,  
 Yf theyr wyues do go ought tryme in theyr gere,  
 They say they do it than for gret pryde. 280

And all this is but ialousy, god wote,  
 That thys doth cause, I know it well ;  
 Hanged be suche husbondes by the throt,  
 Or elles the deuyll cary them away to hel,  
 That ialous be eyther erly or late  
 Vpon theyr good wyues that be so meke.  
 God sende them strife and euer debate,  
 And a vengeaūce vpon them both day and weke.

As for my husbonde I nede not to craue,  
 But fystes and staues, yf I wyll optayne, 290  
 Ynoughe of them I may soone haue ;  
 Thus dare I not speake, for feare of paine,  
 For no such thynges, but I know another :  
 I shall from hym stele both daye and night,

I swere to you, by goddes dere mother.  
His bagges I hope to make full lyght.

Yf he may not se me than go gaye,  
I thynke nothyng<sup>1</sup> to tary here,  
But pryuele to gather what I maye,  
And chose me than a nother fere,  
For I can not lyue this<sup>2</sup> in wretchednes ;  
I wyll leue hym bare ynow ;  
It is to me great heuynes  
To lede this lyfe, I make god auowe.

300

With that all syruyce in the church was done,  
These wyues homewarde dyd take the waye :  
For fast it drewe than towarde none,  
And so they departed, and adewe gaue say.  
Whan she came home, thys sory wyfe,  
Her husbonde full mery there dyd she fynde,  
She coulde no lenger abyde for her lyfe,  
But nedes vnto hym she must breke her mynde.

310

To proue whether he wolde be to her kynde,  
She gan him flatter after the newe guyse,  
And soone her harte she gan vnbynde,  
Sayenge to hym that in this wyse :  
My spouse moost worthy, my husbonde dere,  
I pray you take it for no grefe,  
What soeuer of you I do desyre,  
But gyue my herte now some relefe.

320

[ Wife ]

<sup>1</sup> Douce's copy, according to Utterson, has *not long*.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. thus.

As I hope ye wyll, and therto be glade,  
 And say me not naye, what soeuer befall,  
 And than for euer I muste be sade.<sup>1</sup>  
 Thus in your hand it doth ley all ;

My truste is hole in you set.

So many wyues in thys parysshe be  
 That go full lusste and trym set ;  
 A pleasure for theyr husbondes it is to se ;  
 And nowe me thynke ye be well moued,  
 Wherfore the bolder I to you speke,  
 As to myne herte moste best beloued,  
 Or elles a sonder myne herte wolde breke :

330

Desyrynge you with mynde and wyll  
 To gyue me now some goodly gaye gere,  
 Some lusty newes<sup>2</sup> my backe to hyll,<sup>3</sup>  
 With gyrdelles and rynges for your loue to were,

<sup>1</sup> Sober, steady.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. new articles of dress.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. to cover. It is evident that this lady did not follow the advice given in the following lines:—

“ And ȝif thi neyboures wif haue riche atyire  
 Ther fore make you no stryue, ne bren thou nocht as fyre.  
 But thanke God of y<sup>e</sup> good y<sup>t</sup> he hathe the ȝeuen,  
 And so thou schalt, my good child, in grete ese leuen.”

*How the Goode Wif Thought hir Doughter,*  
 ed. Madden, p. 10.

See *Morte Arthure*, ed. 1847, p. 94:—

“ He folowes in fersly,  
 And festenesse a dynte

As other women do for theyr husbondes loue ;<sup>1</sup>  
 So let me do for yours I praye  
 Than wyll ye bynde me my selfe to moue  
 Grete good of you alway to saye.

340

I am not able to performe your wyll,  
 In gyuyng to you that I not haue ;  
 Yt is neyther reason, nor yet good skylle,  
 Suche thinges of me now for to craue.  
 Ye se your selfe that I do spare,  
 And with symple clothes that I do go ;  
 Honesty wolde ye sholde helpe me<sup>2</sup> care,  
 And lyke in parell<sup>3</sup> that we sholde go.

[Husb.]

---

Hye upe one the hanche,  
 With his harde wapyue,  
 That he *hillid* the swerde  
 Halfe a fote large."

And in *Ludus Coventriae*, ed. 1841, p. 38, there is an example of its use in the same sense:—

"He xal hereafter nevyr ete brede,  
 With this gresse I xal hym hylle."

<sup>1</sup> The following stanza, from a ballad printed in *Reliquiae Antiquae*, forms a curious illustration of this passage:—

"Yff other men of goodys have plenty,  
 And yowre tresowre begynnyth,  
 To yow sche woll say full owtragly,  
 'I am noȝt kept after myne astate ;  
 Off gay atyrynge y am desolate :  
 Y se other wymmen go gayer than y.'  
 By ware, for then sche wyll pley chekmate,  
 But ye pluk of here bellys, and let here fly."

<sup>2</sup> i. e. my.

<sup>3</sup> Apparel.

Let vs lyue as we haue done ere,  
 And passe not our boundes in no degre ; 350  
 To put our selfe in great daungere  
 For your small pleasure, it were grete pite.  
 How cometh now suche thynges in your mynde,  
 That ye desyre me to do suche coste ?  
 Ye spende your labour and wynde,  
 And all your wordes be but lost.

A lacke, good wyfe, were thys your wyll,  
 For to go gay aboue your estate,  
 I<sup>1</sup> wolde be glad to fulfill  
 All your desyre, yf it were not to late ; 360  
 But I am farre behynde the hande,<sup>2</sup>  
 As nowe,<sup>3</sup> dere wyfe, more than I saye.  
 An hundred pounde, ye shall vnderstande,  
 Within this moneth I must nedes paye.

Towarde the same, wyfe, I ne haue  
 Twenty pounde in syluer nor golde,  
 Which doth make, so god me saue,  
 Whan I theron thinke, mine hert ful colde ;  
 Therefore, good wyfe, take ther of no grefe,  
 For I am not able as thou to me<sup>4</sup> requyre, 370

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *and*.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *behindhand*.

<sup>3</sup> *As now* is here, and in another passage a little before, employed merely as equivalent to *now* (*quasi*, as it is now). We have in present use the phrase *as it is*.

<sup>4</sup> Utterson reads *the tyme requyre*, which is assuredly nonsense. *As thou of me*, &c, would perhaps be preferable ; but the author most probably wrote *to me*.

Excepte I sholde ther of be a thefe,  
 And that I thynke ye wyll not desyre :

For that were a shame, I tell you playne,  
 As well for you as it were for me ;  
 With shame for my trespas I sholde be slayne,  
 And hange full hye vpon a tre ;  
 Than men wolde saye : there hangeth a thefe,  
 Which wolde than full sore greue your herte ;  
 Yt is no nede for to acheue  
 A shamfull name, that wolde vs cause to smarte.

Thus answe're she had, this good wyfe, 381  
 That her herte sonke into her hose,  
 And wery she was ryght sore of her lyfe,  
 But w<sup>th</sup> her husband she dyd no more glose.  
 Sodeynly she set her handes on her syde,  
 And sayd : thou caytyfe, god gyue thee wo : [ Wife ]  
 I tell thee playne, it is for no pryde,  
 But onely with other wyfes for to go,

That was myne entente, and nothyng elle ;  
 But seyng it wyll none otherwyse be, 390  
 I shall make thee a hode, and set it full of belles,  
 Which shalbe marked in all this countre.<sup>1</sup>  
 Though euery man knew it, I set not a flye,<sup>2</sup>  
 And what I do now I ne care,

---

<sup>1</sup> Compare *The Boke of Mayd Emlyn*, Princip. (*suprà*, p. 83.)  
 After this line a leaf, sign. c, is deficient in Selden's copy,  
 which recommences at line 449.

<sup>2</sup> i.e. I value it not at a fly, I care not a fly.

Within shorte whyle thou shalte well spye  
That I make thy bagges full bare.

With that from the borde thys wyfe gan go,  
And bad hym beware of her euyl wyll ;  
She sayd for euer she wolde be his fo,  
And do her best hym for to spyll.

400

Therto she wolde laboure both day and nyght  
With all the helpe that she coude make ;  
And that she coude get with mayne and myght  
Another sholde spende it for his sake.

The man was wroth herewith ywys,  
And wondred full sore what his wyfe ayled,  
He toke vp hys hande<sup>1</sup> and hym dyd blys,<sup>2</sup>  
Wenyng to hym<sup>3</sup> that her wyttes had fayled ;  
But it was not so ; on myschefe she was ;  
The deuill hymselfe coude not her tourne,  
Though he with staues her sholde haue bet,  
Which made full sore his hert to mourne.

410

Than was he bewayled all in wo,  
Ryght pyteously he dyd complayne,  
Thynkyng alway what hys wyfe myght do,  
Hym thought for sorow his herte was slayne.  
Bycause hys wyfe was set on rage,  
What best was to do he hym bethought,

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<sup>1</sup> *To take up* is here apparently equivalent to *to hold up*, or *raise up*.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. he blessed himself.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. himself.



Her furyous anger to aswage ;  
 Her mynde he perceyued was set to nought. 420

Fayne he wolde her let, this good honest man,  
 And kepe her in goodnes, as he had done ere :  
 Alas, he sayd, no rede<sup>1</sup> I can ;  
 Of myne vndoynge I stande in feare ;  
 That she wyll me robbe by day and nyght,  
 Than farewell my ioye and my solas :  
 Many a man hath wronge and moch vnright  
 Through theyr false wyues, alas, alas.

And so am I lyke, me doth thynke :  
 For such one is able a man to marre ; 430  
 For thought I can neyther ete nor drynke,  
 So sore is my hert set now in care :  
 Yet wyll I not my selfe caste awaye,  
 Though she wyll be lewde and also bad,  
 With costly garmentes I wyl not ray,  
 For my destruction to make her glad.

I thynke she hath founde some vilaine knaue,  
 That wyll helpe her to cary away my store ;  
 Yet I trust that God wyll me saue,  
 And preserue me from her daunger for euer more :  
 For a cursed wyfe is worse than a fende : 441  
 Yf I me blesse<sup>2</sup> he can me not dere ;<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Advice. The speaker means to say: "I cannot suggest or counsel anything to myself."

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the popular superstition that a person protected himself from the attack of an evil spirit by crossing himself and repeating a prayer.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. injure.

But this cursed wyfe, whereuer I wende,  
 Putteth me in doubte and great fere.

Wherefore I dare not go out of the dore,  
 Lest she me begyle, and go her waye  
 With some lewde knaue to play the h—,  
 And me vndo for euer and aye :

Yet to my curate I wyll hye,  
 And shoue him of my grefe what I do aile, 450  
 To knowe yf he [can] remedy  
 Me of my wo, or ought me auayle.

In this meane while hys wyfe was gone  
 Vnto her gossep to shewe her grefe.  
 The good man founde hymselfe alone,  
 Withouten comferte or relefe,  
 Thā streight to y<sup>e</sup> chirch he gan him dresse  
 Vnto the curate, which he there founde  
 All redy reuest<sup>1</sup> goynge to messe,  
 And towarde the aulter he was bounde. 460

This man abode tyll masse was done,  
 For to take counsayle of his curate dere ;  
 Whan he hym met right soone anone,  
 He made his mone with heuy chere.

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<sup>1</sup> i. e. robed. Nares, in his *Glossary*, ed. 1859, voce *Revest*, gives the word the meaning only of *dressing oneself again*, and quotes an apposite passage from Sylvester's *Du Bartas*. But see Halliwell's *Dict. of Arch. Words*, voce *Reveschyd*. *Reveschyd* and *revest* are different forms of the same word. Mr. Halliwell cites three passages from early texts in which *reveschyd* is used to signify *clothed*.

After all gretynge, to hym thus he sayd :  
 Syr, I requyre of counsayle nowe ;  
 My wyfe doth make me so sore dismayde,  
 That I am like to die, I make god auowe.

With shorte conclusion his mater he tolde,  
 How it began and how it befell 470  
 Twen him & his wife, y<sup>t</sup> made his hert cold :  
 But euer the preest bad hym do well,  
 And god sholde helpe hym euer at his nede ;  
 Yf he dyd trust vnto his grace,  
 Alway the better sholde he spede,  
 And heauen at the last he sholde purchase.<sup>1</sup>

Yf she wyll be nought, and not amende,  
 And thou entend euer well to do,  
 Good grace god shall vnto the sende,  
 Whan she shall lyue in care and wo ; 480  
 Go thy way home, and take no thought,  
 But euer take hede what so befall ;  
 For such one as doth set her to nought,  
 To vndo a man she careth not at all.

Thys man dyd after the curates rede,<sup>2</sup>  
 And home full soone he dyd him hast ;  
 But whan he came ther his herte did bled ;  
 He spyed that his labour was all in wast,  
 And that his wyfe had ben there before  
 And spoyled all that she myght cary 490

<sup>1</sup> i. e. acquire, obtain.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. advice, as in an earlier passage. See line 423.

Of short endes & mony that he had in store,  
No lenger with him that she wolde vary.

Thus was the good man vndone for euer.

God gyue all suche wyues care !

For after that day he sawe her neuer ;

But of his welth she made hym bare.

Now Jesu, that is heuen kynge,

Graunt all good wyues, that fayne wolde do well,

The ioyes of heauen at theyr endynge,

And to be preserued fro the paynes of hell.

500

Suche *Pater noster* some wyues do saye ;

Another were better for the soule helth,

As here doth folowe so sholde ye praye,

And than ye sholde euer lyue in welth.



¶ Here after foloweth the go[w]l[de]n Paternoster  
of deuocion.

THE father of heuen omnipotent,  
Of nought all this worlde dyd create ;  
In paradyse he made Adam a pure innocent,  
And for his comfort Eue to hym was associate.  
The serpent by fraude made them obstynate, 509  
Wherby they loste their mansyon,<sup>1</sup> ioye and blysse,  
Tyll by thy mercy they were regenerate—  
*Pater noster qui es in celis.*

O blessed Lorde, of thy grete boūtye and goodnesse,  
That sent thine owne sonne to be incarnate,  
The oryginall synne of Adam to redresse  
By vertue of deth of Chryst immaculate,  
Which is our brother by proue<sup>2</sup> cartyficate,  
And thou our father throughout chrystendome ;  
Wherfore let vs merely<sup>3</sup> without debate  
Synge—*Sanctificetur nomen tuum.* 520

Chryst Jesu our kynge and his mother dere  
Be in our nede our socour and comforte,  
Our soules from synne to preserue clere,  
That the flame of charyte in vs reporte ;

<sup>1</sup> Abiding-place.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. proof.

<sup>3</sup> Entirely, wholly.

To whom that we may resorte

With blisful armony both all and summe,  
Swete Jesus for vs exhorte

That vnto us—*Adueniat regnum tuum.*

Infuse vs with grace, Lorde, in contynaūce,

In euery malady, pouerty and tribulaciō ;

530

Perfite pacience to kepe thy perseueraūce

For any wrongfull trouble or vexacion,  
That we without grudge or exclamacion

Say and pray—*Fiat voluntas tua,*

Hygh and low thy myght[y] operacyon,

So be it *sicut in celo et in terra.*

Vpon shere thursdae<sup>1</sup> thy dyscyples thou fedde

In fourme of brede with thyne owne deite,  
By vertue of the wordes of thy godhed,

Bade them thyne owne body accipite,

540

And eate ; which for you betrayed shalbe,

A preseruatif against deth moost holsome,  
Our peticion, good Lorde—*da nobis hodye*

That same *panem nostrum cotidianum.*

Whan<sup>2</sup> mortall sinne hath<sup>3</sup> vs deuoured,

And haue forgotten thy holy conuersacion,  
Yet let vs not vtterly be confounded,

Whom thou [re]demyd by thy bytter passion,

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Shere-Thursday, the Thursday before Easter. It is also known as Maundy-Thursday.

<sup>2</sup> This word seems here to signify *although*.

<sup>3</sup> Old ed. has *had*.

But wasshe vs with penaunce by full contricion,  
 Thou one and thre, *trinitas sancta*, 550  
 Whan we require the by proclamacion—  
*Et dimitte nobis debita nostra.*

Yf any creature hath vs offended  
 And trespasset, forgyue we all those,  
 That theyr offence may be amended,  
 Our mercy and pyte to them dysclose.  
 That whan to God our passage purpose,  
 Of his<sup>1</sup> mercy abundant we may not mys.  
 Forgiue vs, good Lorde, *sicut ut nos*  
*Dimittimus debitoribus nostris.* 560

Another petition wee ask of o<sup>r</sup> father,  
 That wee bee not ouercome by tentation :  
 But wee to Christ o<sup>r</sup> own broder,  
 Call for ayd, and obtain remission,  
 And of our synnes clean to haue absolution,  
 By merit of the bright ster of Bethелеem,  
 To whome wee pray w<sup>th</sup> humble deuotion—  
*Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.*

The father, the sonne, and the holy ghost,  
 Thre persons undiuyded, and one in essence, 570  
 Make in vs Trinite by thy power most,  
 Thy body, thy soule, thy godhed in presence ;

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. reads, unnecessarily, *That of.*

So conserue vs here in thy absence  
To vse well fyue, and obserue well ten,  
That deedly synne combre not our conscyence—  
*Sed libera nos a malo. Amen.*<sup>1</sup>

*Finis.*

**C** Imprinted at London in Paules Church=  
yearde at the Sygne of the Swane by John  
Kynge.

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<sup>1</sup> I would willingly have excluded this wretched doggerel, if I could have done so without affecting the integrity of the poem, to which it is appended.





A merry Ieste  
of a Shrewde and curste Wyfe lapped in  
Morrelles skin.

*HERE* begynneth a merry Ieste of a shrewde and curste Wyfe, lapped in Morrelles skin, for her good behauyour. Imprinted at London in Fleetestrete, beneath the Conduite, at the signe of Saint John Euangelist, by H. Jackson." n. d. 4to. 23 leaves.

No other impression of this tract has been discovered, and as it is described by Laneham, in his *letter from Kenilworth*, as being already in print in 1575, it probably preceded, by at least twenty years, the old drama of "The Taming of a Shrew," 1594, 4to, with which, however, it has little in common except the subject. The same may be said of its relation to Shakespeare's play, first printed in the folio of 1623. In one important respect, the play of 1594 differs from the poem, and it is that while the latter relates to persons in a humble walk of life, the characters in the play are represented as occupying a high station.

The present tale is valuable as a record and illustration of the manners of the *lower classes* in England, to which, as might be expected, satirists have not devoted so much attention as to more elevated society. Mr. Utterson included it in his *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*, 1817, but did not print it at all correctly. It has also been edited for the Shakespeare Society.

A ballad called "The Taming of a Shrew," is printed in Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, 1829, ii. 242, from one of the Sloane MSS. It seems to be a production compiled from a variety of materials, and one of the salient features in it is bor-

rowed from the *Jests of Scogin*, licensed in 1565. See *Old English Jest-Books*, ed. Hazlitt, ii. 91, 97.

There are incidents in some of the ancient Fabliaux collected by Le Grand and Renouard, which seem to have furnished hints to the writer of this tale. See, for example, those "Du Vilain et de sa Femme," and "Du Prud'homme qui renvoya sa Femme," both printed in Renouard's edition, iii. 181-3.

Skelton employs *Morel* as the name of a horse in his *Diuers Balettys & Dyties Solacyous* (Works, i. 24); but in one of his *Poems against Garnesche*, the same writer appears to use it in a loose sense, as a term of opprobrium:—

"Gup, marmeset, jost ye, *morelle!*  
I am laureat, I am no *lorelle.*"

¶ Here Begynneth a merry Feste of a Shrewde  
and Curste Wyfe lapped in Morelles skin  
for her good behaupour.



YSTEN friendes, and holde you still,  
Abide a while and dwell:  
A mery Jest tell you I will,  
And how that it befell.

As I went walking vpon a day,  
Among my friendes to sporte:  
To an house I tooke the way,  
To rest me for my comforte.

A greate feast was kepte there than,  
And many one was thereat:

With wyues and maydens, and many a good man,  
That made good game and chat.

It befell then at that tyde

An honest man was there :

A cursed Dame sate by his syde,

That often did him dere.

His wife she was, I tell you playne,

This dame ye may me trowe,

To play the maister she would not layne,

And make her husband bowe.

20

At every word that she did speake,

To be peace he was full fayne :

Or else she would take him on the cheeke,

Or put him to other payne.

When she did winke, he durste not stere,

Nor play where euer he wente :

With friend or neighbour to make good chere,

Whan she her browes bente.

These folke had two maydens fayre and free,

Which were their Daughters dere :

30

This is true, beleue you me,

Of condicions was none their pere.

The yongest was meeke and gentle y-wys,

Her Fathers sayd condicion she had :

The eldest her mothers withouten misse,

Sometime franticke, and sometime mad.

The father had his pleasure in the one alway,

And glad he was her to behold :

The mother in the other, this is no nay,  
For in all her curstnesse she made her bolde. 40

And at the last she was, in fay,  
As curste as her mother in word and deede,  
Her mischieuous pageauntes sometime to play,  
Which caused her fathers heart to bleede :  
For he was woe and nothing glad,  
And of her would fayne be rid :  
He wished to God that some man her had,  
But yet to maryage he durst her not bid.

Full many there came the yongest to haue,  
But her father was loth her to forgoe : 50  
None there came the eldest to craue,  
For feare it should turue them to woe.  
The Father was loth any man to beguile,  
For he was true and iust withall,  
Yet there came one within a while,  
That her demaunded in the Hall.

Another there came right soone also,  
The yongest to haue he would be fayne,  
Which made the fathers heart full woe,  
That he and the yongest should parte in twafne. 60  
But the mother was fell, and might her not see,  
Wherefore of her she would haue bene rid.  
The yong man full soone she graunted pardy ;  
Greate Golde and syluer with her she bid.

Saying, full soone he would her haue,  
And wedded they were, short tale to make :

The Father sayd : so God me saue,  
 For heauinesse and sorrowe I tremble and quake.  
 Also his hearte was in greate care,  
 How he should bestowe the eldest y wys ; 70  
 Which should make his purse full bare.  
 Of her he would be rid by heauens blisse.

As hap was, that this yong man should  
 Desyre the eldest withouten fayle :  
 To maryage he sayd full fayne he would,  
 That he might her haue for his auayle.<sup>1</sup>  
 The father sayd with wordes anon :  
 Golde and syluer I would thee giue :  
 If thou her marry, by sweete saynt John,<sup>2</sup>  
 But thou shouldest repent it all thy liue.<sup>3</sup> 80

She is conditioned, I tell thee playne,  
 Moste like a Fiend, this is no nay :

<sup>1</sup> Here *avayle* seems to signify rather *pleasure* than *profit*, which is its more usual sense ; but, indeed, it is one of those words which was apparently held by early writers to have no fixed or peremptory meaning :—

“ They hold your blessinge in no more avayle,  
 Then is the flapping of a fox his taile.”

Taylor's *Suddaine Turne of Fortune's Wheele*.

<sup>2</sup> “ And whosoere can get hir firme good will,  
 A large dowrie he shall be sure to haue :  
 For her father is a man of mightie wealth,  
 And an ancient Cittizen of the towne.”

*The Taming of a Shrew*, 1594.

<sup>3</sup> “ And he that hath hir shall be fettred so,  
 As good be wedded to the Diuell him selfe.”

*Ibid.*

Her Mother doth teach her, withouten layne,  
 To be mayster of her husband another day.  
 If thou shouldest her marry, and with her not gree,  
 Her mother thou shouldest haue alway in thy top:  
 By night and day that shouldest vex thee,  
 Which sore would sticke then in thy crop.

And I could not amend it, by God of might,  
 For I dare not speake my selfe for my life:  
 Sometime among, be it wrong or right,  
 I let her haue all for feare of strife.  
 If I ought say, she doth me treat,  
 Except I let her haue her will,  
 As a childe that shoulde be beate  
 She will me charme: the Deuill her kill.

90

Another thing thou must vnderstande,  
 Her mother's good will thou must haue also:  
 If she be thy friend, by sea or by lande  
 Amisse with thee then can it not go.  
 For she doth her loue with all her minde,  
 And would not see her fare amisse:  
 If thou to her darelind could be kinde,  
 Thou couldest not want, by heauens blisse.

100

If thou to the mother now wilt seeke,  
 Behaue thy selfe then like a man:  
 And shew thy selfe both humble and meeke,  
 But when thou haste her, doe what thou can.  
 Thou wotest what I sayd to thee before,

I counsayle thee marke my wordes well : 110  
 It were greate pittie thou werte forlore  
 With such a deuillishe Fende of Hell.<sup>1</sup>

I care not for that, the yong man sayd :  
 If I can get the mothers good will,  
 I would be glad to haue that mayde ;  
 Me thinketh she is withouten ill.<sup>2</sup>  
 Alas ! good man, I am sorry for thee,  
 That thou wilt cast thy selfe away,  
 Thou arte so gentle and so free :  
 Thou shalt neuer tame her, I dare well say. 120

But I haue done, I will say no more,  
 Therefore farewell, and goe thy way :  
 Remember what I sayd to thee before,  
 And beware of repentaunce another day.

¶ How the yong man departed from the Father,  
 and sought to the Mother, for to haue the  
 mayde to mariage.

**N**OW is the yong man come to the dame,  
 With countenance glad and manners demure,

---

<sup>1</sup> Here forty lines are wanting in the copy which belonged to Selden. They were supplied from a second one formerly in the Heber collection.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *evell*.

Saying to her : God keepe you from blame,  
 With your dere daughter so fayre and pure.  
 She welcommeth agayne the fayre yong man,  
 And bid him come neare, gentle friende. 130  
 Full curteously he thanked the good dame than,  
 And thought her wordes full good and kinde.

Then he began, I shall you tell,  
 Unto the mother thus to say,  
 With wordes fayre, that become him well,  
 For her deare daughter thus to pray.  
 Saying : good dame, now by your leaue,  
 Take it for none euell though I come here :  
 If you to me good leaue would giue,  
 With you right fayne would I make good chere. 140

The dame sayd : syt downe, a while abyde,  
 Good chere anon than will we make :  
 My daughter shall sit downe by thy syde,  
 I know well thou comest onely for her sake.  
 You say full true forsooth, sayd he ;  
 My minde is stedfastly on her set :  
 To haue that mayde fayre and free  
 I would be fayne, if I coulde her get.

The mother thanked him for his good will,  
 That he her daughter so did desyre, 150  
 Saying : I hope you come for none euell,  
 But in good honesty her to requyre.  
 For if ye did, I will be playne,  
 Right soone it should turne you vnto grieffe,



And also your comming I would disdayne,  
And bid you walke with a wylde mischiefe.<sup>1</sup>

But surely I take you for none of those,  
Your condittons shew it in no wise :  
Wherefore me thinke you doe not glose,  
Nor I will not counsell you, by mine aduise. 160  
For I loue my Daughter as my harte,  
And loth I were, I will be playne,  
To see her suffer payne and smarte ;  
For if I did, my harte were slayne.

If that thou shouldest, another day,  
My daughter haue, and her good will :  
Order her then vnto her pay,  
As reason requireth, it is good skill.  
In women sometyme great wisdome is,  
And in men full little it is often seene ; 170  
But she is wise withouten mis,  
From a yong child vp she hath so beene.

Therefore to her thou must audience giue,  
For thine owne profite, when she doth speake,  
And than shalt thou in quiet liue,  
And much strife thus shalte thou breake.

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<sup>1</sup> i. e. with a vengeance. This is an old form of expression.

“ For to the teith he did him cleif.  
Lat him ly thare with ane mischeif.”

Lyndsay's *Historie of Squyer Meldrum*,  
(Works, by Chalmers, ii. 250).

Howe sayest thou, yong man, what i[s] thy minde,  
 Wouldest thou her haue, my daughter dere?  
 Than to her thou must be kinde,  
 And alway ready to make her good chere.

180

For an C. li. of money haue thou shalte,  
 Of Syluer and eke of Golde so round,  
 With an C. quarters of Corne and malte,  
 And xl. acres of good ground:  
 If thou wilt liue with her like a man,  
 Thou shalte her haue, and this will I giue:  
 And euer after, while I can,  
 Be thy good Mother as long as I liue.

And I will speake to my daughter for thee,  
 To know if it be her will also:  
 If she be content, my daughter free,  
 Then together may ye go.  
 The mother demaunded her daughter than,  
 If that she could fynde in her minde  
 With all her harte to loue that yong man,  
 So that he to her would be kinde.

190

She sayd: yea, mother, as you wyll,  
 So will I doe in worde and deede:  
 I trust he commeth for none yll,  
 Therefore the better may we speede.  
 But I would haue one that hath some good,  
 As well as I, good reason is:  
 Me thinke he is a lusty blood,  
 But gooddes there must be withouten misse.

200

The yong man was glad these wordes to here,  
 And thanked the mother of her good will :  
 Beholding the Mayden with right mild cheare,  
 And prayed her hartely to be still.  
 Saying to her then in this wise :  
 Mine heart, my loue, my dearling deare, 210  
 Take no displeasure of my enterprise,  
 That I desyre to be your peare.

I am not riche of Gold nor fee,  
 Nor of greate marchandise, ye shall vnderstand,  
 But a good Crafte I haue, pardee,  
 To get our liuing in any land.  
 And in my heart I can well fynde  
 You for to loue aboue all other :  
 For euermore to you to be kynde,  
 And neuer forsake you for none other. 220

Lyke a woman I will you vse,  
 And doe you honour, as ye should doe me :  
 And for your sake all other refuse,  
 As good reason is it should so be.  
 By my trouth, but well you say,  
 And me thinke by your countenance ywis :  
 That ye should not another day  
 For no cause deale with me amis.

And in you I hope pleasure to take,  
 If ye woulde be gentle as ye should : 230  
 And neuer none other for your sake  
 To marry for a M. pound of gold.

But sometime ye must me a little forbear,  
 For I am hasty ; but it is soone done.  
 In my fume I doe nothing feare,  
 Whatsoever thereof to me become.

An I cannot refrayne me in no wise,  
 For I haue it by nature a parte y wis. 240  
 It was wonte to be my mothers guise,  
 Sometime to be mayster withouten misse.  
 And so must I, by God, now and than,  
 Or else I would thinke it should not be well ;  
 For though ye were neuer so good a man,  
 Sometime among I will beare the bell.

And therefore tell me with wordes playne,  
 If ye can be pacient what time it is,  
 To suffer with me a little payne,  
 Though that you thinke I doe amisse? 250  
 Or else say nay, and make a shorte ende,  
 And soone we shall asonder departe :  
 Then at your liberty you may hence wend,  
 Yet I doe loue you with all my harte.

The yong man was glad of her loue, in fay,  
 But loth he was master her for to make,  
 And bethought him what her father before did saye,  
 When he on wooing his iorney did take.  
 And so consented to all her will,  
 When he aduised him what he should doe : 260  
 He sayd : ye may me saue or spill,  
 For ye haue my loue, sweete heart, and no moe.

The mother, hearing this, for the father sente,  
 Shewing to him what was befall : -  
 Wherewith he was right well content,  
 Of all their promises in generall.  
 Upon this greement they departed then,  
 To prepare all thinges for the feast :  
 Glad was the bride and her spouse then,  
 That they were come to this beheast.

270

¶ Howe the Bryde was maryed with her Father  
 and Mothers good wyll.

**T**HE day approached, the time drue neare,  
 That they should be wedded withouten misse :  
 The Bryde was glad and made good cheare,  
 For she thought to make greate ioye and blisse.  
 As that daye to tryumphe with games and sporte,  
 Among her friendes a rule to beare :  
 And eake with his friendes that thether should resorte,  
 Thinking that no body might be her peare.

The Bridegrome was glad also, in fay,  
 As man might be vpon the molde ;<sup>1</sup>

280

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<sup>1</sup> Earth. *Molde* (mould) is constantly used in this sense in early writings. Thus, in *Ludus Coventriae*, ed. 1841, p. 1, we find :—

“ We xal }ou shewe, as that we kan,  
 How that this wer[l]d ffyrst began,  
 And how God made bothe molde and man.”

And to himselfe thus gan he say :  
 Now shall I receyue an heape of golde,  
 Of poundes many one and much goods besyde,  
 To reioyce my sorrowes and also my smarte :  
 I know not her peare in this country so wyde,  
 But yet I feare alway her proude harte.

She is so syb<sup>1</sup> to the mother withouten fayle,  
 Which hath no peare that I know :  
 In all mischief she dare assayle,  
 The boldest Archer that shooteth in a bow. 290  
 But, no force, I care not, I wote what I thinke ;  
 When we be wed and keepe house alone,  
 For a small storme I may not shrinke,  
 To run to my neighbour, to make my mone.

Soone to the church now were they brought,  
 With all their friends them about :  
 There to be maryed as they ought,  
 And after them followed a full great rout,

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<sup>1</sup> Dear.

“ Now have we lost a trusty ffrende,  
 The sybbest blood of oure kynreed.”

*Ludus Coventriae*, ed. 1841, p. 226.

“ I be-seke þow syr  
 As my sybbe lorde—”

*Morte Arthure*, ed. 1847, p. 58.

But see Halliwell's *Archaic Dictionary*, art. SIB :—

“ In *Robin Goodfellow His Mad Pranks and Merry Jest*s, 1628,  
 one of the fairies is called SIB.”

With them to offer, as custome is :  
 Among good neighboures it is alway seene ;                    300  
 Full richly deckte withouten mis,  
 And she thought her selfe most likest a Queene.

Incontinent, when the Masse was done,  
 Homeward forsooth they tooke the way :  
 There followeth after them right soone  
 Many a tall man and woman full gay.  
 The fathers and mothers next of all  
 Unto the Bridgrome and Bryde also :  
 As to them then it did befall  
 With them that tyde so for to go.                                    310

¶ Now the Bryde and her friendes came from  
 the Church, and were of the Brydegroome at  
 their feast honestly serued.

**W**HEN they came home, the bordes were spread ;  
 The Bride was set at the hye dysse :  
 Euery one sayd, she had well sped  
 Of such a fayre husband as serued her mysse.  
 The friendes sate about her on euery syde,  
 Each in their order, a good syght to see,  
 The Bryde in the middest with much pryde,  
 Full richely beseene she was pardye.

The mother was right glad of this sight,  
 And fast she did her daughter behold :                                    320

Thinking it was a pleasaunt wight ;  
 But alway her Fathers heart was cold.  
 When he remembred, what might befall  
 Of this yong Daughter, that was so bold,  
 He could nothing be merry at all,  
 But moned the yong man full many a fold.

Beholding him<sup>1</sup> often with countenance sad  
 Saying to himselfe : alas, this day !  
 This yong man proueth much worse then mad,  
 That he hath marryed this cursed may. 330  
 Where I haue counsayled him, by heauens blisse,  
 That he should not meddle in no wise ;  
 Least he repented withouten misse,  
 That euer he made this enterprise.

But seeing it is thus, selfe doe selfe haue,  
 He is worse then mad that will him mone :  
 For I will no more, so God me saue ;  
 But God send him ioy with my daughter Jone.  
 She is as curste, I dare well swere,  
 And as angry y wis as euer was waspe ; 340  
 If he her anger, she will him tere,  
 And with her nayles also him claspe.

What auayleth it to say ought now ?  
 The deede is done ; no remedy there is.  
 Good cheare to make, I make God auowe,  
 Is now the best withouten misse.

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<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *Beholde, how.*



For now is the time it should so be,  
 To make good game and sporte, in fay,  
 In comforting all this company,  
 That be assembled here this day.

350

The father and mother were dilligent still  
 To welcome the friendes both more and lesse ;  
 The yongman did also his good will  
 To serue them well at euery messe.  
 Wherein the mother great pleasure tooke,  
 And so did the father eake truely ;  
 The Bride gaue a friendly looke,  
 Casting on him a wanton eye.

Then was the Brydegrome reioysed sore,  
 Alway our Lord thanking of his great grace ; 360  
 Hauing in minde times many a score,  
 That his Bryde shewed him such a fayre place.  
 The mynstrelles played at euery bord,  
 The people therewith reioysed right well :  
 Geuing the Bridegrome their good word,  
 And the bryde also, that in bewty did excell.

The time past forth, the dinner was done,  
 The tables were taken vp all :  
 The Brydegroome welcommed them euery ech one,  
 That were there in the hall. 370  
 They thanked him then and the Bryde also,  
 Of their greate cheare they had :  
 And sware great othes, so mote I go,  
 They were neuer at feast so glad.

Nowe we will remember you, or we depart,  
As vse and custome doth requyre ;

He thanked them with all his harte :

So did both dame and syre.

The Bryde to the Table agayne was set,

To keepe countenaunce than in deede. 380

The friendes that were together met

Be-gyfted them richely with right good speede.

The father and the mother fyrst began

To order them in this wise :

The Brydegrome was set by the Brydes syde than,

After the countrey guise.

Then the father the fyrst present brought,

And presented them there richly, in fay,

With deedes of his land in a boxe well wrought,

And made them his heyres for aye. 390

He gaue them also of malte and corne

An hundred quarters and more :

With sheepe and oxen, that bare large horne,

To keepe for household store.

And then came the mother as quick as a bee,

To the Brydegrome with wordes smart :

Saying : sonne, so mote I thee,

I must open to thee my harte.

She gaue them also both carte and plow,

And bid them alway to doe well, 400

And God should send them good ynow,

If they did marke what she did tell.

Before the people in this Hall,  
 I will say and to thee rehearse:  
 An hundred pound now geue thee I shall,  
 But harken fyrst vnto my rearse.

Thou haste here my daughter deare,  
 A pleasaunt thing it is;  
 In all the countrey I know not her peare,  
 So haue I parte of blisse. 410  
 For she is wyse, and fayre with all,  
 And will nothing cast away;  
 I trow there be now none in this hall,  
 That better can saue all thing, in fay.

Nor better doth know what doth behoue  
 Unto an house or huswiuery,  
 Then she doth, which causeth me to moue  
 This matter to thee so busily.  
 She can carde, she can spin,  
 She can thresh, and she can fan; 420  
 She can helpe thee good to win,  
 For to keepe thee like a man.

And here is an hundred pound in Golde  
 To set thee vp, thy crafte to vse:  
 Wherefore (I am playne) I would thou should  
 In no maner of wise thy selfe abuse.  
 To striue with my daughter, or her to intreate  
 For any thing that she shall doe  
 Here after, my child therefore to beate,  
 It should turne playnely to thy greate woe. 430

O my deare mother, take no displeasure,  
 Till you haue cause, what so befall ;  
 But vse your selfe alwaye by measure :  
 For other cause none haue you shall.  
 My wyfe and I full well shall gree,  
 I trust to God in throne :  
 She is my loue, and euer shall be,  
 And none but she alone.

O my deare sonne, thou makest me glad,  
 Which before was full of sorrowe : 440  
 For my deare daughter I was full sad,  
 But now I say, our Lord to borrow,  
 Thou geuest me good comfort. Now farewell care ;  
 Here is thy hundred pound ;  
 I pray God geue thee well to fare,  
 And kepe thee whole and sound.

I thanke you, dere mother, the yong man said,  
 Of your good gifte and daughter deare ;  
 Me thinkes she is the worthiest mayde  
 In all this Lande withouten peare. 450  
 I hoape to liue with her alway  
 So gentelly that [me] she shall fynde  
 And you her mother, I dare well say,  
 In euery season gentle and kynde.

The people, standing them to behold,  
 Regarded the wordes of the Brydegrome than,  
 And sayd he aunswered with wordes cold,  
 Which become full well the good yong man.

And then they prest forth, ech after other,  
 With golde and syluer and riche giftes eake ; 460  
 And many a scorne they gaue the mother,  
 But euer they prayed the yong man meeke.

To whome he gaue thankes with all his mighte,  
 As honesty requyreth him to doe ;  
 He ordred himselfe alway aright :  
 Yet they thought all he should haue woe.  
 For he was matched so ywys,  
 That he could not wante for sorrow, in fay,  
 But alway hampred withouten misse  
 Of mother and daughter for euer and aye. 470

When all was done, they gan depart,  
 And tooke their leaue full friendly thoe ;  
 Thanking ech other with all their harte,  
 And on their way home they gan to go.  
 The Father and mother thanked them all,  
 The Bryde and Brydegrome also without mis  
 Did thanke the company in generall,  
 Departing from them with ioy and blisse.

Then they went home, while it was day,  
 And left the Bryde and Brydegrome there ; 480  
 And they that did abide there, in good fay,  
 They made at euen agayne good cheare ;  
 And after supper they did make good sporte  
 With dauncing and springing<sup>1</sup> as was the vse ;

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<sup>1</sup> *A spring* was the name of one of the old English dances.

Yong people by other there did resorte  
To no mans hynder nor confuse.

After that all sportes were ended and done,  
And that the bryde should goe to bed,  
Aboute the hall they daunced soone,  
And suddaynly away the bryde was led, 490  
To take her rest with her dere spouse,  
As reason would it should so be.  
Euen as the cat was wonte with the mouse  
To play, forsoth euen so did he.

The next morning, if that ye will heare,  
The mother did come to their bedsyde,  
Demaunding them what was their cheare,  
And the Bryde began her head to hyde.  
Saying to her, as one ashamed :  
I wys, deare mother, I would ye were gone ; 500  
Or ye came heare, I was not blamed  
For being in his armes heare all alone.

Myne own deare daughter, be not displeased,  
Though I doe let you of your desport :  
I would be loath ye were diseased,  
But you shall haue a Cawdell for your comferte.  
A while I will goe and let you alone,  
Till ye be ready for to ryse ;  
And sodaynely the mother was from them gone  
To make the Cawdell after the best wise. 510

When that the mother departed was,  
 The dallyed together, and had good game ;  
 He hit her awry ; she cryed, alas,  
 What doe ye, man, hold vp for shame.  
 I will, sweete wife, then gan he say,  
 Fulfill your mynde both loud and still ;  
 But ye be able, I sweare in fay,  
 In all sportes to abide my will.

And they wrestled so long before,  
 That this they had for their greate meade ; 520  
 Both shyrt and smock was all to-torne,  
 That their vprysyng had no speede.  
 But yet the mother came agayne,  
 And sayd to her daughter, how doest thou nowe ?  
 Mary, mother, betweene vs twayne  
 Our shyrtes be torne, I make God auowe.

By Gods dere mother she sware than :  
 This order with vs may not continue ;  
 I will no more lye by this man,  
 For he doth me brast both vayne and sinew. 530  
 Nay, nay, deare mother, this world goeth on wheelles,  
 By sweete saynt George, ye may me trowe ;  
 He lyeth kicking with his heeles,  
 That he is like to beare me a blow.

My owne deare daughter, if thy smock be asonder,  
 Another shalt thou haue then by this light.  
 I pray thee hartely doe thou not wonder :  
 For so was I dealt with the fyrst night

That I by thy father lay, by the roode ;  
 And I doe [tell] thee with wordes playne, 540  
 Me thought neuer night to me so good  
 As that same was, when I tooke such payne.

Why, mother, were ye then glad  
 To be thus delt with, as I am now ?  
 Me thinke my husband worse then mad :  
 For he doth exceede, I make God auow.  
 I could not lye still, nor no rest take  
 Of all this night, beleue ye me :  
 Sometime on my syde and sometime on my backe  
 He rolde and layd me, so mote I thee. 550

And from the beds head vnto the beds feete  
 A cloth we had not vs for to decke,  
 Neyther our couerlet, nor yet our sheete,  
 That I pray God the deuell him checke.  
 For I am ashamed, my mother deare,  
 Of this nightes rest, by God in throne ;  
 Before our friendes I dare not appeare,  
 Would to Gods passion I had layne alone.

Nay, nay, deare daughter, be not ashamed,  
 For here is nothing done amis ; 560  
 They be more worthy to be blamed,  
 That hereof thinketh shame y wys.  
 For this is honesty for thee and vs all,  
 And a new smock I will thee fet ;



And eke for thee, my sonne, I shall  
For thy true laboure a new shyrte get.

And soone of these they were both sped,  
The daughter and eake the sonne also ;  
Full quickly they rose out of their bed,  
And with their mother they gan go 570  
Abroade among their friendes all,  
Which bid them good lucke and eake good grace.  
The cawdell was ready there in the Hall,  
With myrth and glee for their solace.

Thus ended the feast with sporte and play ;  
And all their friendes, each with other,  
Did take their leaue and went their way  
From bryde and Brydegrome, with father and mother,  
Which right hartely did thanke them tho,  
So dyd the Bryde and Brydegrome eke : 580  
Yet, when the friendes were all ago,  
This yong folke abode with the mother all the weeke.

The father was glad to see them agree,  
So was the mother, by heauen queene :  
And sayd eche to other : so mote I thee,  
I thought not so well it should haue beene  
Betweene them twayne, as it is now,  
And therefore alone here shall they bide.  
We will leaue them all, I make God auowe,  
And go to dwell in our house harde beside. 590

At shorte conclusyon,<sup>1</sup> they went their way,  
 Leuing their children all that was there ;  
 And come not agayne of many a day,  
 For their deare daughter to inquire.  
 Thus they bode together than ;  
 He set vp his shop with haberdash ware,  
 As one that would be a thriuing man,  
 To get great goods for his welfare.

And after that, he tooke greate payne  
 To order his plowes and cattell also ;  
 He kepte both boye and also swayne,  
 That to the carte and plow did goe.  
 And some kepte neate, and some kept sheepe,  
 Some did one thing, some did another,  
 But when they came home to haue their meate,  
 The wife played the deuell then, like her mother.

600

With countenance grim and wordes smart  
 She gaue them meate, and bad them brast.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> i. e. in short. Chaucer uses the expression, *at shorte wordes*, in the same sense, in the poem called "The Assemblè of Foules:"—

"At shorte wordes, tel that dethe me cease,  
 I will be hers, whether I wake or winke."

<sup>2</sup> "The goodman also feared that, if he should take a servant, that he would have but little lust to tarie there: for the Devill himselfe could not endure the chiding and bawling of that woman; by which meanes she kept her husband without a servant a long time."—*Historie of Frier Rush*, 1620.

The pore folke that come from plow and carte  
 Of her lewde wordes they were agast. 610  
 Saying eche to other: what dame is this?  
 The deuill I trow hath brought vs here;  
 Our mayster shall know it, by heauens blisse,  
 That we will not serue him another yeare.

The good man was fourth in the towne abroade  
 About other thinges, I you say,  
 When he came homewarde he met with a goade,  
 One of his carters, was going away;  
 To whome he sayde: Lob,<sup>1</sup> whether goest thou?  
 The carter spyde his master than, 620  
 And sayd to him: I make God auow,  
 No longer with thy wife abide I can.

Mayster, he sayd, by Gods blist,  
 Our dame is the deuell, thou mayst me beleue:

<sup>1</sup> A generic term for a country hind. In Decker and Webster's *Westward Hoe*, 1607, act ii. sc. 2, Mistress Birdlime says:—

“— So every lip has his lettuce to himself; the lob his lass, the collier his dowdy,” &c.

The word seems to be used by Decker in the *Guls Horn Book*, 1609, as equivalent to *loobie*. *Lobcock* is occasionally employed as a synonym for Lob. The latter occurs also in the third part of the *Image of Ypocrysy*:—

“He maketh no nobbes,  
 But with his diologges  
 To prove oure prelates goddes,  
 And lay men very lobbes,  
 Betinge they[m] with bobbes.”

If thou haue sought her, thou haste not miste  
 Of one that full often thee shall greeue.  
 By God, a man thou canst not haue  
 To go to carte, ne yet to plow :  
 Neyther boy, nor yet knaue,  
 By Gods deare mother, I make God auow, 630

That will bide with thee, day or night.  
 Our Dame is not for vs : for she doth curse,  
 When we shall eate or drinke with right ;  
 She bannes and frownes, that we be all the worse :  
 We be not vsed where euer we wende,  
 To be sorely looked on for eating of our meate :  
 The deuell I trow dyd her<sup>1</sup> to the send,  
 God helpe vs a better maystres to get.

Come on thy way, Lob, and turne agayue,  
 Go home with me, and all shall be well : 640  
 An Oxe for my meyny shall be slayne,  
 And the hyde at the market I will sell.  
 Upon this, together home they went ;  
 The good man was angry in his minde :  
 But yet to his wife with good intent  
 He sayde : sweete heart, you be vnkinde.

Entreate our meyny well alway,  
 And geue them meate and drinke ynough :  
 For they get our liuing euery day,  
 And theirs also, at carte and plough. 650

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *us*.

Therefore I would that they should haue  
 Meate and drinke to their behoue :  
 For, my sweete wife, so god me saue,  
 Ye will doe so, if ye me loue.

Gyue them what thou wilt, I doe not care,  
 By day nor night, man, belecue thou me ;  
 What euer they haue, or how they fare,  
 I pray God euell mote they thee,  
 And specially that horeson that doth complayne,  
 I will quite him once, if euer I live : 660  
 I will dash the knaue vpon the brayne,  
 That euer after it shall him greeue.

What, my deare wife, for shame, be still,  
 This is a payne such wordes to heare :  
 We can not alwayes haue our will,  
 Though that we were a Kinges pere.  
 For to shame, a Knaue ! what can they get ?  
 Thou art as lewde, for God, as they,  
 And therefore shalt thou serue them of meate,  
 And drinke also from hence alway. 670

What ! wife, ye be to blame,  
 To speake to me thus in this wise :  
 If we should striue, folke woud speake shame,  
 Therefore be still in mine aduise.  
 I am loth with you to striue  
 For ought that you shall doe or say ;  
 I sweare to Christ, wife, by my liue,  
 I had rather take Morell, and ryde my way,

To seeke mine aduventure till your moode be past ;  
 I say to you these manners be not good, 680  
 Therefore I pray you, that this be the last  
 Of your furious anger, that semeth so wood.  
 What can it auayle you me for to greeue,  
 That loueth you so well as I doe, mine harte ?  
 By my trowth, wife, you may me beleeeue,  
 Suche toyes as these be would make vs both smarte.

Smarte ! in the twenty fayning Deuelles name,  
 That liste me once well for to see !  
 I pray God geue the euell shame :  
 What shouldest thou be, werte not for me ? 690  
 A rag on thine — thou shouldest not haue,  
 Excepte my friendes had geuen it thee ;  
 Therefore I tell thee well, thou drunken knaue,  
 That arte not he that shall rule me.

O, good wife, cease and let this ouerpasse ;  
 For all your great anger and hye wordes eake,  
 I am mine owne selfe euen as I was,  
 And to you will be louing and also mecke.  
 But if ye should doe thus, as ye doe begin,  
 It may not continue no time, ywys : 700  
 I would not let, for kyth nor kin,  
 To make you mend all thinges that is amys.

Make me, mary ! out vpon the, dreuill !<sup>1</sup>  
 Sayest thou that, wylte thou beginne ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare puts this word, or rather the other form of it,

I pray God and our Lady, that a foule euill  
 Lyghten vpon thee and all thy kinne.  
 By Gods deare blest, vex me no more :  
 For if thou doe, thou shalte repente ;  
 I haue yet somewhat for thee in store,  
 And with that a staffe in her hand she hent. 710

At him full soone then she let flee,  
 And whorled about her, as it had bene a man.  
 Her husband then was fayne, perdy,  
 To voyde her stroake, and goe his way than.  
 By Gods deare mother, then gan she sweare,  
 From henceforth I will make thee bow :  
 For I will trim thee in thy geare,  
 Or else I would I were cald a Sow.

Eye on all wretches that be like thee,  
 In word or worke both lowde and still !<sup>1</sup> 720  
 I sweare by Him, that made man free,  
 Of me thou shalte not haue thy will,

---

*drivel*, for a fool or half-witted person. Thus the clown, in *Twelfth Night*, iv. 3, sings:—

“ Like a mad lad,  
 Pare thy nails, dad,  
 Adieu, goodman drivel !”

The *drivel* is, of course, Malvolio, who has been locked up on a false charge of lunacy. More generally, however, this word signifies, in early writers, a *low fellow* or a *vulgar wretch*, and such probably is its meaning here.

<sup>1</sup> Always, or ever. Here it means the latter:—

“ Nor neuer myght Y here the, lowde nor stylly,  
 Therefore wyst Y not of thi wyll.”

*Visions of Tundale*, ed. Turnbull, p. 8.

Now nor neuer, I tell thee playne :  
 For I will haue Golde and riches ynow,  
 When thou shalte goe iagged as a simple swain,  
 With whip in hande, at carte and plough.

Of that, my deare wife, I take no scorne,  
 For many a good man with minde and harte  
 Hath gone to plough and carte beforene  
 My time, y wys, with payne and smarte, 730  
 Which now be rich, and haue good at will,  
 Being at home, and make good cheare ;  
 And there they intend to leade their life still,  
 Till our Lord doe sende for them heare.

But now I must ryde a little way,  
 Deare wife, I will come right soone agayne.  
 Appoynt our dinner, I you pray :  
 For I doe take on me great payne.  
 I doe my best, I sweare by my life,  
 To order you like a woman y-wys ; 740  
 And yet it cannot be withouten strife,  
 Through your lewde tongue, by heauens blisse.

Ryde to the Deuell and to his dame :  
 I would I should thee neuer see ;  
 I pray God sende thee mickle shame  
 In any place, where euer thou be.  
 Thou wouldest fayne the mayster play,  
 But thou shalte not, by God, I make thee sure.  
 I sweare I will thy Peticote pay,  
 That long with me thou shalte not endure. 750



¶ How the good man rode his way till he thoughte her anger was past and then he returned home agayne.

**T**HE good man was sorry, and wente his way  
 About his busynes, as he was vsed,  
 And to himselfe thus gan he say:  
 Lord God, how was I thus abused!  
 When I tooke this wife, I was worse then mad,  
 And yet can I blame my selfe and none other;  
 Which maketh me sigh and often be sad,  
 Repenting full sore, by Gods deare Mother.

Eye vpon goods withouten pleasure.  
 Betweene man and wife that cannot agree, 760  
 It is a payne far passing measure  
 Such stryfe to see, where as loue should be.  
 For there was neuer man y wys,  
 So hampred with one wife as I am now;  
 Wherefore I thinke withouten misse  
 She shall repent it, I make God auow.

Except she turne and change her minde,  
 And eake her conditions euerichone,  
 She shall fynde me to her so vnkinde,  
 That I shall her coyle both backe and bone, 770  
 And make her blew and also blacke,  
 That she shall grone agayne for woe;  
 I will make her bones all to cracke,  
 Without that she her condicions forgoe.

I was neuer so vexte this time beforne,  
 As I am now of this wife alone ;  
 A vengeaunce on her that euer she was borne :  
 For she maketh me often full woe begon ;  
 And I cannot tell where me to tourne,  
 Nor me to wende, by God, in faye, 780  
 Which cause[th] me often for to mourne :  
 [N]or yet to know what for to say.

I am worse then mad or wood,  
 And yet I am loth with her to begin ;  
 I feare me I shall neuer make her good,  
 Except I do wrap her in black Morels skin,  
 That can no more drawe at plough ne carte.  
 It shall be to late to call for her kinne,  
 When she beginneth once for to smarte :  
 For little ease thereby she shall winne. 790

Morell is olde ; he can labour no more,  
 Nor doe no good but alway eate ;  
 I trowe I haue kept him thus long in store  
 To worke a charme that shall be feate.  
 The horeson is blynde and lame also,  
 Behynde and before he cannot stere ;  
 When he from the stable to the streete<sup>1</sup> should go,  
 He falleth downe ryght than in the myre.

Yet I am loth him for to kyll,  
 For he hath done me good seruice or nowe ; 800

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<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *steete*.

But if my wyfe fulfyll not my wyll,  
 I must him flea, by God, I trowe.  
 But at thys poynt nowe will I be,  
 I wyll be mayster, as it is reason,  
 And make her subiect vnto me,  
 For she must learne a newe lesson.

Her father did warne me of this beforne,  
 How I should it finde in euery degree,  
 But I did take it for halfe a scorne,  
 And would not beleeeue him then perdee. 810  
 But now I perceauē it very well,  
 He did it for good will, y wis ;  
 Wherefore I thinke that Morels fell  
 Must mend all thing that is amis.

Thus he that will not beleeeue his friend,  
 As her deare father was vnto me,  
 He is worthy for to fynde  
 Alway greate payne and misery.  
 But I may not choose him to beleeeue,  
 For the deede doth proue himsele in fay ; 820  
 Euer she is redy me for to greeue,  
 And thinkes to continue so alway.

But now I will home to proue her minde,  
 And see what welcome I shall haue ;  
 She may be to me so vnkinde,  
 That she shall repent it, so God me saue :  
 For if I should of her complayne,  
 Folke would me mock and giue me scorne,

And say, I were worthy of this payne,  
Because it was shewed me so well before. 830

¶ How the goodman was welcommed when he  
retourned home agayne.

THE good man came ryding to the gate,  
And knocked as he had bene wode ;  
His seruaunt right soone did meete him thereat,  
And bid him welcome with right milde moode.  
The mayster sayd : what doth my dame now ?  
Is she as frantick yet as she was ?  
Than will I tame her, I make God auow,  
And make her sing full loude alas.

Where arte thou, wife ? shall I haue any meate ?  
Or am I not so welcome vnto thee, 840  
That at my commaundement I shall ought get,  
I pray thee hartely soone tell thou me ?  
If thou doe not serue me, and that anon,  
I shall thee shew mine anger y wis :  
I sweare by God and by saynt John,  
Thy bones will I swaddle, so haue I blisse.

Forth she came, as brym [as] a bore,<sup>1</sup>  
And like a dog she rated him than,

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<sup>1</sup> i. e. as fierce as a boar. *Brym* or *brim* is another form of *breme*. *Brim* is not quite so common, but Langtoft has it. The origin of the term seems to be *brim*, an *edge*, hence sharp or

Saying thus: I set no store  
 By thee, thou wretch; thou arte no man. 850  
 Get thee hence out of my sight:  
 For meate nor drinke thou gettest none heare;  
 I sweare to thee by Mary bright,  
 Of me thou gettest here no good cheare.

Well, wyfe, he sayd, thou doste me compell  
 To doe that thing that I were loath;  
 If I bereaue Morell of his old fell,  
 Thou shalte repente it by the fayth now goath:  
 For I see well that it will no better be,  
 But in it thou must after the new guyse. 860  
 It had bene better, so mote I thee,  
 That thou haddest not begon this enterpryse.

¶ Now the good man caused Morell to be  
 slayn and the hide salted to lay his wife  
 therein to sleepe.

**N**OW will I begin my wife to tame,  
 That all the world shall it know;

---

fierce. In the following passage Minot (Poems, ed. 1825, p. 22),  
 intends by the word, *the tusks of a boar* :—

“Tourenay þow has tight  
 To timber, trey, and tene;  
 A bore with brems *l*right  
 Es broght up on þoure grene.”

I would be loth her for to shame,  
 Though she do not care, ye may me trow ;  
 Yet will I her honesty regard  
 And it preserue, where euer ye may,  
 But Morell, that is in yonder yarde,  
 His hyde therefore he must leese, in fay.

870

And so he commaunded anon  
 To slea old Morell, his greate Horse,  
 And flea him then the skin from the bone,  
 To wrap it about his wiues white coarse.  
 Also he commaunded of a byrchen tree  
 Roddes to be made a good great heape,  
 And sware, by deare God in Trinity,  
 His wife in his seller shold skip and leape.

The hyde must be salted, then he sayd eake,  
 Bycause I would not haue it stinke ;  
 I hope herewith she will be meeke,  
 For this I trow will make her shrinke  
 And bow at my pleasure, when I her bed,  
 And obay my commaundementes both lowde and still ;<sup>1</sup>

880

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<sup>1</sup> I am inclined to suspect that this term was borrowed from the stage, and that it originally applied to the way in which the music was played, first *loud*, then *still*, or subdued. Thus, in Heywood's *Love's Maistresse, or the Queenes Masque*, 1636, act ii. sc. 1, we have the following:—

“*Echo*. Silent.      2. Silent.      3. Silent.

*Psyche*. Or else I'll punish you ;  
 And let me hear some music, *loud and still*.

(*loud music and still music*).”

Heywood here made use, no doubt, of an expression well-known

Or else I will make her body bleede,  
And with sharp roddes beate her my fill.

Anon with that to her he gan to call ;  
She bid abide in the diuelles name :  
I will not come what so befall,  
Sit still with sorrow and mickle shame. 890  
Thou shalte not rule me as pleaseth thee,  
I will well thou know, by Gods deare Mother,  
But thou shalt be ruled alway by me,  
And I will be mayster, and none other.

Wilte thou be mayster, deare wife in fay ?  
Then must we wrestle for the best game ;  
If thou it win, then may I say,  
That I haue done my selfe greate shame.  
But fyrst I will make thee sweate, good Jone,  
Redde blood euen to the heeles adowne, 900  
And lappe thee in Morels skin alone,  
That the blood shall be seene euen from the crowne.

Sayest thou me that, thou wretched knaue !  
It were better thou haddest me neuer seene ;  
I sweare to thee, so God me saue,  
With my nayles I will scratch out both thine eyen,

---

in and before his time. Hence "loud and still" acquired the meaning of "at intervals," or "at regular intervals," and thence *continually, always*. At all events, this interpretation may be accepted, until a better one is proposed. See Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iv. 1.

And therefore thinke not to touch me once :  
 For by the masse, if thou begin that,  
 Thou shalte be handled for the nonce,  
 That all thy braynes on the ground shall squat. 910

Why then there is no remedy, I see,  
 But needes I must doe euen as I thought ;  
 Seeing it will none other wise be,  
 I will thee not spare, by God that me bought :  
 For now I am set thee for to charme,  
 And make thee meeke, by Gods might,  
 Or else with roddes, while thou arte warme,  
 I shall thee scourge with reason and right.

¶ Now good Morels skin  
 Receiue my curst wife in

¶ How the curst wife in Morels skin lay  
 Because she would not her husband obey.

**N**OW will I my sweete wife trim,  
 According as she deserueth to me. 920  
 I sweare, by God and by saynt Sim,  
 With Byrchen roddes well beate shall she be,  
 And after that in Morels salte skin  
 I will her lay, and full fast binde,  
 That all her friendes, and eake her kyn,  
 Shall her long seeke, or they her fynde.



Then he her met, and to her gan say :  
How sayest thou, wife, wilt thou be mayster yet ?  
She sware by Gods body and by that day,  
And sodaynly with her fyst she did him hit, 930  
And defyed him Dreuill at euery worde,  
Saying : precious horesone, what doest thou thinke ?  
I set not by thee a stinking t . . . :  
Thou shalt get of me neyther meate nor drinke.

Sayest thou me that, wyfe ? quoth he than,  
With that in his armes he gan her catche ;  
Streyght to the seller with her he ran,  
And fastened the dore with locke and latche,  
And threwe the key downe him besyde,  
Askyng her than, if she would obay ? 940  
Than she sayde : nay, for all thy pryde,  
But she was mayster, and would abyde alway.

Then, quoth he, we must make a fraye,  
And with that her cloths he gan to teare.  
Out ypon thee, horesone, than she did saye,  
Wylte thou robbe me of all my geare ?  
It cost thee naught, thou arrant theefe ;  
And quickly she gat hym by the heade,  
With that she sayde : God giue thee a mischiefe,  
And them that fed thee fyrst with breade. 950

They wrestled togyther thus they two  
So long, that the clothes asunder went,  
And to the grounde he threwe her tho,  
That cleane from the backe her smock he rent.

In euery hand a rod he gate,  
 And layd vpon her a right good pace ;  
 Asking of her what game was that ;  
 And she cryed out : horeson, alas, alas.

What wylte thou doe? wylte thou kill me?  
 I haue made thee a man of nought ;  
 Thou shalte repente it, by Gods pittie,  
 That euer this deede thou haste y-wrought.  
 I care not for that, dame, he did say,  
 Thou shalt giue ouer, or we departe,  
 The maystership all, or all this day  
 I will not cease to make thee smarte.

960

Euer he layde on, and euer she did crye :  
 Alas, alas, that euer I was borne.  
 Out vpon thee ! murderer, I thee defye,  
 Thou hast my white skin and my body all to-torne.  
 Leaue of betyme, I counsayle thee.  
 Nay, by God, dame, I saye not so yet,  
 I sweare to thee, by Mary so free,  
 We begyn but nowe : this is the first fyt.

971

Once agayne we must daunce about,  
 And then thou shalt reast in Morels skyn.  
 He gaue her than so many a great cloute,  
 That on the grounde the bloud was seene.  
 Within a whyle he cryed : newe rodde, newe !  
 With that she cryed full lowde alas.  
 Daunce yet about, dame, thou came not where it grewe ;  
 And sodainely with that in a sowne she was.

980

He spyed that, and vp he her hente,  
 And wrang her harde then by the nose.  
 With her to Morels skin straight he wente,  
 And therein full fast he did her close.  
 Within a while she did reuiue  
 Through the grose salte, that did her smarte ;  
 She thought she should neuer haue gone on<sup>1</sup> liue  
 Out of Morels skin, so sore is her harte. 990

When she did spy that therein she lay,  
 Out of her wit she was full nye,  
 And to her husband then did she say :  
 How canst thou doe this vilany ?  
 Nay, how sayest thou, thou cursed wife ?  
 In this foule skin I will thee keepe  
 During the time of all thy life,  
 Therein for euer to wayle and weepe.

With that her moode began to sinke,  
 And sayd : deare husband, for grace I call ; 1000  
 For I shall neuer sleepe nor winke,  
 Till I get your loue, whatso befall ;  
 And I will neuer to you offend  
 In no maner of wise of all my lyue ;  
 Nor to doe nothing that may pretend  
 To displeas you with my wittes fyue.

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<sup>1</sup> i. e. alive. "Then she knew wel that it was Sir Pelleas sword. 'Alas!' said she to Sir Gawaine, 'ye have betraied me and Sir Pelleas also, for yee told me that yee had slaine him, and now I know well it is not so, he is *on liue*.'"—*The History of K. Arthur*, 1485, ed. Wright, i. 156-7.

For Father, nor Mother, whatsoeuer they say,  
 I will not anger you, by God in throne ;  
 But glad will your commaundementes obay  
 In presence of people, and eake alone. 1010  
 Well, on that condicion, thou shalt haue  
 Grace, and fayre bed to rest thy body in ;  
 But if thou rage more, so God me saue,  
 I will wrap thee agayne in Morels skin.

Then he tooke her out in his armes twayne,  
 And beheld her so pitteously with blood arayed :  
 How thinkest thou, wife, shall we agayne  
 Haue such businesse more ? to her he sayd.  
 She aunswered : nay, my husband deare,  
 Whyle I you know, and you know me, 1020  
 Your commaundementes I will, both far and neare,  
 Fulfill alway in euey degree.

Well then, I promise thee, by God, euen now,  
 Betweene thee and mee shall neuer be strife ;  
 If thou to my commaundementes quickly bow,  
 I will the cherish all the dayes of my life.  
 In bed she was layde, and healed full soone,  
 As fayre and cleare as she was beforne.  
 What he her bid was quickly done,  
 To be dilligently y wys she tooke no scorne. 1030

Then was he glad, and thought in his minde :  
 Now haue I done myselfe great good,  
 And her also ; we shall it finde,  
 Though I haue shed parte of her blood ;

For as me thinke she will be meeke,  
 Therefore I will her Father and Mother  
 Byd to guest now the next weeke,  
 And of our neighbours many other.

¶ Howe the good man did byd her Father and  
 Mother to guest and many of his neighbours  
 that they might see his wiues pacynce.

**G**REAT payne he made his wife to take,  
 Agaynst the day that they should come; 1040  
 Of them was none that there did lack,  
 I dare wel say vnto my doome.  
 Ye, Father and mother, and neighbours all,  
 Dyd thether come to make good cheare;  
 Soone they were set in generall;  
 The wyfe was dilligent, as did appeare.

Father and mother was welcome then,  
 And so were they all, in good fay.  
 The husband sate there like a man,  
 The wife did serue them all that day. 1050  
 The good man commaunded what he would haue;  
 The wyfe was quick at hand.  
 What, now! thought the mother, this arrant knaue  
 Is mayster, as I vnderstand.

What may this meane, then she gan thinke,  
 That my daughter so dilligent is?

Now can I nother eate nor drinke,  
 Till I it know, by heauen blisse.  
 When her daughter came agayne  
 To serue at the borde, as her husband bad, 1060  
 The Mother stared with her eyen twayne,  
 Euen as one that had ben mad.

All the folke, that at the boord sate,  
 Did her behold then euerichone ;  
 The mother from the boord her gate,  
 Following her daughter, and that anone ;  
 And in the Kitching she her fand,  
 Saying vnto her in this wise :  
 Daughter, thou shalte well vnderstand,  
 I did not teach thee after this guyse. 1070

A, good mother, ye say full well,  
 All thinges with me is not, as ye weene,  
 If ye had bene in Morels fell,  
 As well as I, it should be seene.  
 In Morels fell ! what deuill is that ?  
 Mary, mother, I will it you show ;  
 But beware that you come not thereat,  
 Lest you your selfe then doe beshrew.

Come downe now in this seller so deepe,  
 And Morels skin there shall you see, 1080  
 With many a rod that hath made me to weepe,  
 When the blood ranne downe fast by my knee.  
 The Mother this beheld, and cryed out alas !  
 And ran out of the Seller as she had bene wood ;

She came to the table, where the company was,  
 And sayd : out, horeson, I will see thy harte blood !

Peace, good Mother, or so haue I blisse,  
 Ye must daunce else as did my wyfe,  
 And in Morels skin lye, that well salted is, 1089  
 Which you should repent all the dayes of your lyfe.  
 All they that were there held with the yong man,  
 And sayd he dyd well in euery maner degree.  
 Whan dynner was done, they departed all than ;  
 The mother no lenger durst there be.

The Father abode last, and was full glad,  
 And gaue his children his blessing ywys,  
 Saying the yong man full well done had,  
 And merely departed wythouten mys.  
 This yong man was glad, ye may be sure,  
 That he had brought hys wyfe to this. 1100  
 God gyue vs all grace in rest to indure,  
 And hereafter to come vnto his blisse.

Thus was Morell flayne out of his skin  
 To charme a shrew, so haue I blisse.  
 Forgeue the yongman, if he did sin ;  
 But I thinke he did nothing amisse.  
 He did all thing euen for the best,  
 As was well prooued then ;  
 God saue our wiues from Morels nest ;  
 I pray you say all, amen. 1110

Thus endeth the iest of Morels skin,  
 Where the curst wife was lapped<sup>1</sup> in;  
 Because she was of a shrewde leere,  
 Thus was she serued in this maner.

*Finis* quoth Mayster Charme<sup>2</sup> her.

Imprinted at London in Fleete streate, beneath  
 the Conduite, at the signe of S. Kohn  
 Euangelist, by Hugh Jackson.

He that can charme a shrewde wyfe  
 Better then thus,  
 Let him come to me, and fetch ten pound,  
 And a golden purse.

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<sup>1</sup> i. e. wrapped.

“Sym, Sym, syckerlye  
 Heafe I see Marye  
 And Jesus Christe faste by,  
 Lapped in haye.”

*Chester Plays*, ed. Wright, i. 137.

<sup>2</sup> *To charm* is here, and in the following line, put satirically for “to subdue into silence.” It is used in the same way in a passage in the *Marriage of Wit and Science* (Sh. Soc. ed. p. 37):

“Fall you to kyssyng, syr, now a dayes?  
 Your mother shall *charme* you, go your wayes.”

Compare Dyce's Skelton, ii. 114.





A Treatyse  
Shewing and Declaring the Pryde  
and Abuse of Women  
Now a Dayes.

A TREATYSE shewing and declaring the Pryde and Abuse of Women Now a Dayes. [circa 1550.] 4to, four leaves, [Colophon.] Finis quod Charles Bansley. Imprinted at London in Paules Church yearde, at the Sygne of the Starre, by Thomas Raynalde."

This and Gosson's *Pleasant Quippes for Upstart Gentlewomen* were the two tracts which the Percy Society printed for distribution, but never issued, on account of their objectionable contents. The reason which influenced the editor in admitting this piece into his collection, after so marked a condemnation by a literary committee, were, firstly, a desire to render this series of pamphlets published against the female sex during the sixteenth century as complete as possible; and, secondly, a confidence that the class of readers to whom the LIBRARY OF OLD AUTHORS chiefly addresses itself, will not treat a few expressions, which the changes of manners and ways of thinking have brought into disrepute, as an insult to their moral sensibility, or as a lure to depravity. The reader may be assured that, in the following production by Bansley,

he will find nothing coarser than occurs at every other page of Jonson's Plays or Durfey's Songs, or than in the greater part of the contents of the young ladies' music books in fashion a century or so ago.

Of Bansley no account seems to be preserved beyond what is to be collected from a hint or two found in his only known effort of a literary kind. A curious illustration of the state of morality twenty years after Bansley's publication occurs in Mr. Collier's new edition of the Bridgewater Catalogue, 1865, ii. 74, 5.

The only copy of the present piece known was formerly in the library of Lincoln Cathedral. It was procured of the Dean and Chapter in exchange (with many other things) by Dibdin, who gave them modern books instead. Dibdin sold it to Mr. Heber, and it is now probably at Britwell.



# A Treatyse

shewing and declaring

the Pryde and Abuse of Women

Now a Dayes.





**B**O pepe!<sup>1</sup> what have I spyed?  
A bug, I trow, devysing of proud knacks.  
For wanton lasses and galant women,  
And other lewde noughty packes.

---

<sup>1</sup> Originally and still used to signify a game played by the nurse with the child under her care. The nature of it is too well known to require explanation. (See Halliwell's *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, 1849, p. 109.) But here *bo-peep* is used rather in a ludicrous sense, for lo! or look and behold! In the *Image of Ypocrisy*, a poem attributed by some to Skelton, it seems to bear the meaning of *fast and loose*, which would be merely a sort of outgrowth from its primitive signification. Addressing the clergy of his time, the writer of the piece already mentioned says:—

“Ye drawe and cast lottes,  
In hattes and in pottes,  
For tottes and for quottes,  
And blere vs with your blottes,  
And with your mery poppes:  
Thus youe make vs sottes,  
And play with vs boopepe,  
With other gambaldes like,  
And pill oure Lordes sheepe,  
Your honour for to kepe.”

In Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608 (Shak. Soc. ed. p. 54), the term *to play at bo-peep* appears to stand for *to be on the look out*

O, cursed pride! the spring and rote of everi sin,  
 Full yll myghte thou fare.  
 For thou hast brought thys wealthy realme  
 Into moche payne and care.

And what maketh us to fall from God,  
 And thus wyckedly to lyve as we doo, 10  
 But pryde, pryde, thys curssed vyce  
 That hath banished welth, and brought us woo?

And yet wyl the wycked cloke thys pryde,  
 And prayse it, and lyke it well :  
 But theyr prayse and cloke wyll not serve,  
 But hoyst them to the devyll of hell.

They saye that all the pryde is in the harte,  
 And none in the garmentes gaye ;  
 But surely yf there were no proude hartes,  
 There woulde be no proude araye. 20

For Scripture saith, that your proud garments and  
 behaviour  
 Do shewe playnely what you are wythin,

for one. "The two drunkards waked both together. John calls nurse, nurse! which the butler (halfe-awake) hearing; thought the diuell had bin playing bo peep with him." Lyndsay in his *Satyre of the Three Estaitis*, has the expression to play bo-keik, which is the Scottish form of the phrase:—

"That I am nocht, my lord, full wa is me,  
 Bot, lyke ane beggar, am halden at the bar ;  
 They play bo-keik, evin as I war ane skar."

Works, ed. 1806, i. 455.

And therefore your fonde blynd skuses<sup>1</sup> wyl not serve ;  
They are not worth a pyn.

For, lyke as thee<sup>2</sup> jolye ale house  
Is alwayes knowen by the good ale stake<sup>3</sup>  
So are proude Jelots sone perceaved, to,  
By theyr proude foly, and wanton gate.

Take no example by shyre townes,  
Nor of the Cytie of London ; 30  
For therein dwell proude wycked ones,  
The poyson of all this region.

For a stewde strumpet can not so soone  
Gette up a lyght lewde fashyon,  
But everye wanton Jelot wyllye it well,  
And catch it up anon.

And yet Goddes worde is agaynste you playne,  
And calleth it abhominacion.

<sup>1</sup> Excuses.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *the*.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the stake or pole set up before an ale-house as a sign:—

“ He may be sold upon warantise,  
As for a trowant that nothyng wil don,  
Selle his hors provender is his chief marchaundise,  
And for a chevissaunce can pluk of his shon,  
And at the dyse pley the mony sone,  
And with his wynnynge he makith his offryng  
At the ale stakis, sittying ageyn the mone,  
Out of a cuppe to pluk out the lyneng.”

*Early Satirical Ballad ; printed in Reliquiæ  
Antiquæ.*

Now, fye for shame, that christen people  
 Shoulde lyke anye soche wycked fashyon ! 40

For they that walcke in proude raymente,  
 Walcke not truelye in spyryte and fayth,  
 But in a fleshely develysh waye,  
 For so the Scripture sayeth.

Sponge up youre vysage, olde bounsyng trotte,  
 And tricke it with the beste,  
 Tyll you tricke and trotte youre selfe  
 To the devyls trounsyng neste :

Oure trotte, our trotte, our lustye trotte,  
 Whyche shoulde be mooste sadde<sup>1</sup> and playne, 50  
 Is nowe become a trickyng one,  
 And a wanton trincklet agayne.

Thys<sup>2</sup> from the devyl and the stewes  
 Commeth your tricksynesse that you lyke so well  
 To tricke up your carkas to the sayle,  
 And to trappe youre soule to hell.

Wyth whippet<sup>3</sup> a whyle, lyttle pretyone  
 Prancke it, and hagge it well ;

<sup>1</sup> i. e. sober, serious. In early English, the word is found used in this sense quite as often as in its modern signification.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. *thus*.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. frisk about. We have here, perhaps, something like the exact title or burden of the ballad of "My Little Pretty



For yf you jette not nycelye,  
You shall not beare the bell.<sup>1</sup>

60

One," lost to us in its original shape, and only known through a modern reprint. See Chappell, p. 79, and Colliers' *Roxb. Ballads*, p. 116.

Whippit or *whippet* is used by Taylor, the Water Poet, in his *Dogge of Warre* (Works, 1630, ii. 232), in the sense of some little breed of dog. Mr. Halliwell (Archaic Dictionary, art. *whippet*) says:—"A kind of dog, in breed between a greyhound and a spaniel." In Udall's *Ralph Roister-Doister* some of the characters sing in concert the following song:—

"Pipe, mery Annot, &c.  
Trilla, trilla, trillarie.  
Now Tibbet, now Annot, now Margerie,  
Now whippet apace for the maystrie,  
But it will not be, our mouth is so drie."

<sup>1</sup> "To bear the bell" was a phrase which originally signified to be the victor at some contest, particularly at a horse-race, where a bell was commonly, in former times, the reward of the successful runner. It thence acquired the general meaning of *to win* or *conquer*. The editors of Brand (*Popular Antiquities*, i. 71, ed. 1849) have also pointed out, that at foot-ball, the great aim of the players, in some cases, was to secure the ball, when they were said to *bear the ball*, which, from the similarity of sound, might be supposed (though erroneously) to have some affinity with *bearing the bell*. Bamfield, in his *Cynthia, with Certaine Sonnets and the Legend of Cassandra*, 1595, says:—

"Yet one there is for vertue so inclin'd,  
That as for maiesty she beares the Bell."

But Lord North, in his *Forest of Varieties*, 1645, p. 175, employs the expression in what was, doubtless, its primitive acception:—

"Thus right, and to each other fitted well,  
They are to run, and cannot misse the bell."

The scole house of women<sup>1</sup> is nowe well practysed,  
 And to moche put in ure,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whych maketh manye a mans hayre to growe  
 Thorowe his hoode,<sup>3</sup> you maye be verye sure.

A few lines before, his Lordship, who is describing a horse-race, had written as follows:—

“Jockey and his Horse were by their Master sent,  
 To honour him in hunting, run, and race;  
 To put in for the Bell.”

In the *Guls Horn Book*, 1609, 4to. (ed. Nott, p. 33), the phrase is “to bear away the bell,” which may represent the expression in its original and unabridged form. In the poems of Dunbar and Lyndsay “to bear the pryce” is used in a similar way:—

“There was na play bot cartis and dyce,  
 And ay schir flatterie bure the pryce.”

Lyndsay's *Complaynt*, 1529.

<sup>1</sup> The *Schole house of Women* was a tract printed apparently some time before any edition of it now known. It is a severe satire on the female sex. It is alluded to by several writers of the period, and must have been in existence when Edward Gosynhyll published his *Mulierum Pæan* (circa 1544). The *Schole house of Women* forms one of the present series of early popular literature, and the reader will therefore be able to form his own judgment of its character and merit.

<sup>2</sup> Use.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. Go to ruin. So in *XII Mery Jestes of the Wydow Edyth*, 1525, speaking of a decadent shoemaker at St. Alban's, the writer says:—

“I may say to you he dwelled there so long,  
 Tyll his haire gan to grow throw his hoode.”

And Deloney, in his *History of Thomas of Reading*, written about 1597, has this passage:—“Get me gone! quoth he; thou shalt not bid me twice: out, you durty heeles, you will make your

For there are some prancked gosseps every where,  
 Able to spyll a whole countrie,  
 Whyche mayntayne pryde, ryot, and wantonnes,  
 Lyke mothers of all iniquitie.

Take hede to this, good husbandes all,  
 Take good hede, and beware, 70  
 Least youre wyves raymente and galante trickes  
 Doo make youre thryfte full bare.

And loke well, ye men, to your wives trycksynes,  
 Whyche is to shamefull wide,  
 Or some wyll not stycke, or<sup>1</sup> it be longe,  
 To horne you on everye side.

He that is a foole maye be a jacke dawe,  
 And so continue all hys lyfe,  
 That loketh not wyselye upon hys charge,  
 And the proude foly of hys wyfe. 80

What, shall the graye mayre be the better horse,  
 And be wanton styll at home ?  
 Naye, then, wylcome home, syr woodcocke,  
 Ye shall be tamed anone.

husbands haire growe thorow his hood, I doubt.”—(Ed. Thoms, p. 35.) Skelton, in the *Bowge of Couste*, describing Riot, says of him:—

“ His here was growen thorowe oute his hat.”

See also Dyce's Skelton, ii. 114. .

<sup>1</sup> Before.

Your blasynge wyfe maye be your sygne  
 And serve to call in gesse  
 A phasaunte stale for the devyll hym selfe,  
 And a member of all lewdnesse.

Youre charge is greate, youre honestye small,  
 And youre wytte full bare, 90  
 When you sette more by proude vanytie,  
 Then by youre soules wel fare

Wyll, wyll, lustye wyfull wyll  
 Wyll marre all, or it be longe,  
 And cause the tryckeste of you all  
 To synge a carefull songe.

Downe for shame wyth these bottell —rste b—mmes,  
 And theyr trappyng trinkets so vayne!  
 A bounsinge packsadel for the devyll to ryde on,  
 To spurre theym to sorowe and payne. 100

It is not proud rayment that maketh the honest,  
 But thy condycions playne;  
 For cursed be they that walcke wyckedly,  
 And heare Goddes worde in vayne.

Rubbe forthe, olde trottes, to the devyl worde:  
 Seme ye never so holye,  
 Your glosynge woordes wyll not serve,  
 When your worckes be wycked & full of foly.

And yet the devyls she wyll be proude styll,  
 For that is all theyr delyghte; 110

To please theyr lewde lemmans all the daye,  
And to strumpe it well at nyght.

Ducke, Jelot, ducke ; ducke, pretye miniou,  
Beware the cokingstoole ;  
Ducke, galant trickers, wyth shame ynoughe,  
Your wanton corage for to cole.

Huffa !<sup>1</sup> goldylocx,<sup>2</sup> joly lusty goldylocx ;  
A wanton tricker is come to towne,  
Wyth a double fardingale and a caped cassoc,  
Moche lyke a players gowne.

120

Away wyth lyght rayment, and learne to go sadly,  
For that is beste of all,  
That in no wyse for thy carkas sake  
Than caste away thy soule.

<sup>1</sup> The exclamation of a swaggerer or bully. *To huff* is explained by the editors of Nares to mean *to swagger*, and no doubt correctly. In the *Interlude of Youth* (circa 1554) *Rio* says:—

“ Huffa! huffa! who calleth after me?  
I am Riot, ful of jolyté!”

Which seems to be imitated in the interlude of the *Prodigal Child*, introduced into *Histriomastix*, 1610, 4to, where the “*Prodigal Child*” enters with—

“ Huffa, huffa, who calles for me?  
I play the Prodigal Child in jollity.”

<sup>2</sup> i.e. I presume, golden-locks. Jonson, in his *Volpone*, 1607, (Works, by Gifford, iii. 176), speaks of “goldyllocked Euphorbus.”

From Rome, from Rome, this carkerd pryde,  
 From Rome it came, doubtles ;  
 Away for shame wyth soch filthy baggage,  
 As smels of papery and develyshnes !

Lorde ! what Romishe monsters make ye your children,  
 To shamefull to be tolde : 130  
 Ye make them, sure, your god almyghtes,  
 And popyshe ydolatry ye do upholde.

Many straunge regions have I bene in,  
 And marked well the fashyon ;  
 But so moch proude folye and wantonnes  
 Saw I never in no nacyon.

And yet blynd dotardes perceyve not thys,  
 Tyll they be brought to thrall ;  
 But styll wynke, and walke in the devyls wayes,  
 Tyll he posses theyr soule. 140

Loke to thy householde wysely,  
 And bryng them up playnely in vertue and godlynes,  
 That hereafter they doo not come  
 To no myschaunce and lewdenesse. .

Dysfygure not youre faces, good honest women,  
 Wyth no lyghte horyshe fashyon.  
 Lest it brynge you into yll fame  
 And sclauderous estemacyon.

For honeste women shoulde stycke to honestye,  
 And upholde no harlottes guyse, 150  
 But amende and rebuke all wanton lewdnesse,  
 And learne to be sadde and wyse.

Our lyght is oute, oure example is wycked,  
 And stynckes before Goddes face,  
 Because thee<sup>1</sup> devell wythin us doethe dwell,  
 And resystithe bothe vertue and grace.

Nowe, fye upon proude strumpery,  
 And all vaine devyllyshe stuffe !  
 Away wyth it, good people all,  
 Or loke for greate vengeaunce & sorow ynoughe. 160

And beware also, prety one,  
 And see that you amende this gere,  
 Or have ye shall as many mookes,  
 As youre greate — can beare.

But come home agayne to sadnesse,  
 And I wyll saye no more ;  
 For yf you do not shortlye,  
 My pen must vexe you sore.

And now, ryght worthy and sadde women all,  
 With you no faulte I fynde, 170  
 For your good honestye and sadde demeanor  
 Doeth well shewe your godly mynde.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. *the*.

And I speake not agaynste no playne women,  
 As walke in godlye wyse;  
 But agaynst such wanton dyssemblers,  
 As doeth Goddes truthe despyse.

And therefore, I truste, no honest women  
 Herewyth wyl be offended,  
 But suche as lyve ungracyously,  
 And lyst not to be amended.

180

We wonder moche at these nyppyngge plages,  
 That daylie on us doo fall;  
 But nothyngge we wonder at oure synfull fashions,  
 That are chefe cause of all.

Wherefore reformacyon wyl come shortlye,  
 And put you to more shame,  
 And teache you to knowe gods lawes and your kinges,  
 And to walke in better frame.

For your b—— wyl be better bounst at,  
 Or it will be verye longge,  
 And make suche lustye bounsyng ones  
 To syng a playner songe.

190

For thoughe some take the matter hyllye,  
 And sore be offended here wythall,  
 Yet maye I not spare to speake the truthe,  
 Howe pryde wyl have a fall.



Rubbe a galde horse on thee<sup>1</sup> backe,  
 And he wyll kicke and wynse ;  
 And so wyll wanton wylions  
 When they have anye snaper or twynche. 200

But kycke & wynche, clatter and chatter,  
 At the truthe, as moche as you lyste,  
 Your pryde wyll come downe wyth shame ynoughe,  
 Beware of had I wyste.<sup>2</sup>

For preachyng and teachyng we ar never the better,  
 But rather worse and worse :  
 The heathen lyve farre better then we,  
 And therefore have we Goddes curse.

We trust and beleve, we can not tell howe,  
 Even as we lyste oure selves ; 210  
 But that trust and fayth muste we amende,  
 Or hell fyre shall we posses.

To presume on Goddes mercye is as greate a faute,  
 As too dyspayre therein :  
 For yf thy faythe bee not perfecte good,  
 Thy truste is not worthe a pyn.

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<sup>1</sup> i. e. the. Had Bansley in his recollection the title of Ramsey's tract, "A Plaister for a Galled Horse," when he wrote this line? If so, as Ramsey's book was not published till 1548, the present tract must have appeared after that year. We may be sure that it was not printed till the accession of Edward VI.

<sup>2</sup> See *Add. Notes*.

Remember that hell is a wofull place,  
 Full of all cruell paynes and tormentes,  
 And it is not thy wavering fayned fayth  
 That can delyver the from thens.

220

O foole, foole! more then starke madde,  
 Not sure to lyve one houre!  
 How darest thou so proudly offend thy Lorde God,  
 Of soche almyghty power?

Lyve godly, and do good worckes,  
 And spend thy shorte tyme well:  
 For a wanton lyfe and vycyous  
 Is the very ryghte waye to hell.

And thus God sende us grace everychone,  
 In vertue and sadnes to remayne,  
 And for oure sad & honest playnes,  
 A joyefull place in heaven.

230

God save kyng Edward, and his noble counsail al,  
 And sende us peace and reste,  
 And of thys pryde and devylyshe folye  
 Full soone to have redresse.

**Finis. Quod Charles Bansley.**



Quippes  
for Upstart Newfangled  
Gentlewomen.

**Q**UIPPES for Upstart Newfangled Gentlewomen. Or, a Glasse to view the Pride of vainglorious Women. Containing a Pleasant invective against the Fantastical Forreigne Toyes dayly vsed in Womens Apparell. Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones, at the Signe of the Rose and Crowne, near to S. Andrewes Church in Holbourne. 1595, 4to, 7 leaves.

Pleasant Quippes for Upstart Newfangled Gentlewomen. Woodcut on title. Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones. 1596, 4to.

Reprinted for the Percy Society, 1841, 8vo. Again, from the private press of Great Totham, Essex, 1847, 8vo.

Although the grossness of this misogynic invective deterred the Council of the Percy Society from sanctioning the circulation among the members, it seemed to the editor too curious a piece to be excluded from the present collection, especially as its omission would have left a gap in the series of poetical treatises of a similar kind now reproduced. No one can soberly pretend that a disservice is rendered to the cause of virtue and morality by these revivals of forgotten literature : for those, who view such matters in a proper light, will only value these early satirical attempts for the illustrations which they casually supply of ancient manners, while it is too well known that such as are so unhappily constituted as to esteem them solely on account of

their ribald passages, enjoy abundant opportunities of gratifying their tastes elsewhere, and have no occasion to seek recourse to Elizabethan lampoons.

A long extract from *Pleasant Quippes* is given by Brydges in his *Restituta*, iii. 256-7. Prefixed to the *Pleasant Historie of the West India*, translated by T. Nicholas, 1578, 4to, are six English stanzas and twelve hexameters and pentameters in Latin, by S. Gosson. Some commendatory verses signed S. G[osson?] are prefixed to Drayton's *Endimion and Phæbe* (1594), 4to.

Gosson has also verses before Florio's *Firste Frutes*, 1578, and Kerton's *Mirror of Man's Life*, 1580. The latter consist of a Poem, entitled "Speculum Humanum," in six eleven-line stanzas.

In the Registers of the Stationers' Company, it is entered to the publisher in the following terms:—

"[xviij<sup>o</sup> Januarij, 1594-5.] Richard Jones. Entred for his copie . . . . a booke entituled A glasse for vayne-glorious Women, conteynge an envectyve againste the fantastickall devices in Womens apparell . . . . . vj<sup>d</sup>

The annexed representation of the original title-page is taken from that issued in 1841, which itself was a facsimile of a presentation copy of the edition of 1596, with Gosson's autograph inscription upon it.

*Pleasant*

# Quippes for Upstart

Newfangled Gentlewomen.

*Structure*

*Stephen*

*Gosson*



Imprinted at London by *Richard Iohnes*.

1596.





A GLASSE TO VIEWE THE PRIDE OF  
VAINEGLORIOUS WOMEN.

A Pleasant Invective against the Fantastical Forreigne  
Toy esdayly used in Womens apparel.



THESE fashions fonde of countrey strange  
Which English heads so much delight,  
Through towne and cuntry which do range,  
And are imbrac'd of every wight,  
So much I woonder still to see,  
That nought so much amazeth me.

If they by painters cunning skill  
Were prickt on walles to make them gaye ;  
If glasse in windowes they did fill,  
Or trimd-up puppets, childrens play, 10  
I would repute them antickes olde ;  
They should for me go uncontrolde.

If they on stage in stately sort  
Might set to please the idle[r]s eie ;

If Maie-game mates<sup>1</sup> for summer sport  
 By them in daunce disguisde might be,  
 • They would not then deserve such blame,  
 Nor worke the wearers half the shame.

But when as men of<sup>2</sup> lore and wit  
 And guiders of the weaker kinde, 20  
 Doe judge them for their mate[s] so fit,  
 That nothing more can please their mind,  
 I know not what to say to this ;  
 But sure I know it is amisse.

And when sage parents breede in childe  
 The greedy lust of hellish toyes,  
 Whereby in manners they growe wilde,  
 And lose the blisse of lasting joyes,  
 I pittie much to see the case,  
 That we thus faile of better grace. 30

And when proud princoks,<sup>3</sup> rascals bratte,  
 In fashion will be princes mate ;  
 And everye Gill that keeps a catte  
 In rayment will be like a state:

<sup>1</sup> So, ed. 1595. Ed. of 1596 reads *matels*.

<sup>2</sup> Old eds. have *or*.

<sup>3</sup> Coxcombs, upstart simpletons. So in *Newe Custome*, 1573:—

“ *Perverse Doctrine*. Thinkest thou I have no logique,  
 indeede thinkest thou soe?

Yes, princockes, that I have.”

The word is not common. Mr. Halliwell (*Archaic Dictionary*, art. PRINCOCK) gives *princok* and *princy-cock* as other forms of the same expression.



If any cause be to complaine,  
In such excuse who can refraine ?

And when young wiskers, fit for worke,  
In no good sort will spend the day,  
But be prophane more then a Turke,  
Intending nought but to be gay, 40  
If we were bent to praise our time,  
Of force we must condemne this crime.

And when grave matrones, honest thought,  
With light heeles trash will credite cracke,  
And following after fashions nought,  
Of name and fame will make a wracke,  
Might love and lip a fault conceale,  
Yet act and fact would filth reveale.

And when old beldames, withered haggess,  
Whom hungrie dogges cannot require, 50  
Will whinnie still, like wanton waggess,  
And saddled be with such attire,  
A patient beast cannot but rage  
To see the shame of this our age.

These Holland smockes so white as snowe,  
And gorgets brave with drawn-work wrought,  
A tempting ware they are, you know  
Wherewith (as nets) vaine youths are caught ;  
But manie times they rew the match,  
When pox and pyles by whores they catch. 60

These flaming heads with staring haire,  
 These wyers turnde like hornes of ram :  
 These painted faces which they weare,  
 Can any tell from whence they cam ?  
 Dan Sathan, Lord of fayned lyes,  
 All these new fangeles did devise.

These glittering cawles of golden plate,  
 Wherewith their heads are richlie dect,  
 Make them to seeme an angels mate  
 In judgement of the simple sect :  
 To peacockes I compare them right,  
 That glorieth in their feathers bright.

70

These perriwigges, ruffes armed with pinnes,  
 These spangles, chains, and laces all ;  
 These naked paps, the Devils ginnes,  
 To worke vaine gazers painfull thrall :  
 He fowler is, they are his nets,  
 Wherewith of fooles great store he gets.

This starch,<sup>1</sup> and these rebating props,<sup>2</sup>  
 As though ruffes were some rotten house,

80

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<sup>1</sup> "4 July [1590] Wm Wrighte. Entred to him for his copie  
 a ballad intituled *Blewe starche* and *poting*  
 [poking] stickes . . . . . vid"  
 —Mr. Collier's *Extr. from Stat. Reg.*  
 (Notes and Queries, 2 S. xii. 449).

<sup>2</sup> Otherwise called *supportasses*. They were used during the  
 reign of Elizabeth, more particularly the latter part of it, to  
 support the *ruff*, which formed so important and conspicuous a  
 feature of female dress at that period. Stubbes, in his *Anatomic*

All this new pelfe now sold in shops,  
 In value true not worth a louse ;  
 They are his dogs, he hunter sharp :  
 By them a thousand he doth warpe.

*of Abuses*, 1583, speaks of the supportasse as "a certain device made of wires, crested for the purpose & whipped all over either with gold thread, silver, or silk." Nash, in his *Pierce Penilesse*, 1592, uses the term *rebater* figuratively, where, speaking of "drudges, who filche themselves into some noble-mans service," he says:—"Their lordes authoritie is a rebater to bear vp the peacockes tayle of their boasting."

The ruff was, of course, exposed to the satirical attacks of the ballad writers during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. In 1560-1 John Sampson paid fourpence for his right to print "a ballad called of Ruffe, Sleeves, and hose," and a little later (1563-4), the Stationers' Company received of John Charlwood eightpence for licence to print two ballads, one of which was "of Ruffes and of longe sleeves." Mr. Collier (*Extr. Reg. Stat. Co. i. 36*), notices that, on the 8th May, 1562, a Proclamation appeared against "great ruffs and great breeches," but the ordinance does not seem to have produced much effect. In 1615, was published "a merrie Dialogue betweene Band, Cuffe, & Ruffe," a species of costume shew; the piece became popular, and in the same year it was reprinted with a new title: "Exchange Ware at the Second Hand. Viz. Band, Ruffe, and Cuffe, lately out, and now newly dearned vp. Or A Dialogve, acted in a Shew in the famous Vniuersitie of Cambridge."

In 1566 appeared a ballad entitled "The True description of a Childe with Ruffes borne in the parish of Micheham, in the Countie of Surrey in the yeere of our Lord 1566," and in 1587 Henry Carre paid fourpence for permission to print "a newe ballad intituled Stowp Gallant, concerning a child borne with great Ruffes." The statement in the last-quoted item, that the ballad was *newe*, may or may not have been correct; but at all events, on the 9th July, 1579-80, Richard Jones had licence to print *Stowpe gallante in ij. ballads*. See Collier's Extracts, ii. 119, 226, and "an Elizabethan Garland," 1856, p. 16.

This cloth of price, all cut in ragges,  
 These monstrous bones that compasse armes ;  
 These buttons, pinches, fringes, jagges,  
 With them he weaveth wofull harmes.  
 He fisher is, they are his baytes,  
 Wherewith to hell he draweth huge<sup>1</sup> heaps. 90

Were<sup>2</sup> masks for vailes to hide and holde,  
 As Christians did, & Turkes do use,  
 To hide the face from wantons bolde  
 Small cause then were at them to muse ;  
 But barring onely wind and sun,  
 Of verie pride they were begun.

But on each wight now are they seene,  
 The tallow-pale, the browning-bay,  
 The swarthie-blacke, the grassie-greene,  
 The pudding red, the dapple graie ; 100  
 So might we judge them toyes aright  
 To keepe sweet beautie still in plight.

What els do maskes but maskers show ?  
 And maskers can both dance and play :  
 Our masking dames can sport, you knowe,  
 Sometime by night, sometime by day :  
 Can you hit it,<sup>3</sup> is oft their daunce,  
 Deuse-ace fals stil to be their chance.

<sup>1</sup> Not in ed. 1596.

<sup>2</sup> Old eds. have *Weare*.

<sup>3</sup> A dance so called. There is an apparent reference to it in *Love's Labour's Lost*. 1598, act iv. sc. 2 ; and it is also quoted

Were faunes, and flappes of feathers fond,  
 To flit away the flisking flies, 110  
 As taile of mare that hangs on ground,  
 When heat of summer doth arrise,  
 The wit of women we might praise  
 For finding out so great an ease.

But seeing they are stil in hand,  
 In house, in field, in church, in street,  
 In summer, winter, water, land,  
 In cold, in heate, in drie, in weet,  
 I judge they are for wives such tooles,  
 As bables<sup>1</sup> are in playes for fooles. 120

The baudie buske that keepes downe flat  
 The bed wherein the babe should breed,  
 What doth it els but point at that  
 Which faine would have somewhat to feede :  
 Where bellie want might shadow vae,  
 The buske sets bellie all to sale.

Were<sup>2</sup> buskes to them as stakes to gappes,  
 To barre the beastes from breaking in ;

---

in the drama of *Wily Beguil'd*, 1606 (but written before the death of Elizabeth). The following is the passage from *Love's Labour's Lost* :—

“*Ros.* Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,  
 Thou canst not hit it, my good man.  
*Boyet.* An I cannot, cannot, cannot,  
 An I cannot, another can.”

See *Additional Notes*.

<sup>1</sup> The *baubles* which formed inseparable adjuncts to the costume of fools in plays. See Brydges' *Restituta*, iii. 257, *note*.

<sup>2</sup> So the ed. of 1595, but ed. of 1596 has *where*.

Or were they shields to beare off flaps,  
 When friend or foe would fray begin, 130  
 Who would the buskers forte assaile?  
 Against their sconce who could prevaile?

But seeing such as whome they arme,  
 Of all the rest do soonest yeeld,  
 And that by shot they take most harme,  
 When lustie gamesters come in field,  
 I guess buskes are but signes to tell  
 Where launderers for the campe do dwell.

These privie coates, by art made strong  
 With bones, with past, with such like ware, 140  
 Whereby their backe and sides grow long,  
 And now they harnest<sup>1</sup> gallants are;  
 Were they for use against the foe,  
 Our dames for Amazones might goe.

But seeing they doe only stay  
 The course that nature doth intend,  
 And mothers often by them slay  
 Their daughters young, and worke their end,  
 What are they els but armours stout,  
 Wherein like gyants Jove they flout? 150

These hoopes, that hippes and haunch do hide,  
 And heave aloft the gay hoyst traine,

---

<sup>1</sup> Ed. of 1595 has *harvest*.

As they are now in use for pride,  
 So did they first beginne of paine :  
 When whores in stewes had gotten poxe,  
 This French device kept coats from smocks.

I not gainsay but bastards sprout  
 Might a—s greate at first begin ;  
 And that when paunch of whore grow out,  
 These hoopes did helpe to hide their sinne ; 160  
 And therefore tub-tailes all may rue,  
 That they came from so vile a crue.

If barreld b—s were full of ale,  
 They well might serve Tom Tapsters turne ;  
 But yeelding nought but filth and stale,  
 No losse it were, if they did burne :  
 Their liquors doth so smell and stinke,  
 That no man can it use for drinke.

These aprones white of finest thrid,  
 So choicelie tide,<sup>1</sup> so dearlie bought, 170  
 So finely fringed,<sup>2</sup> so nicelie spred,  
 So quaintlie cut, so richlie wrought ;  
 Were they in worke to save their cotes,  
 They need not cost so many grotes.

When shooters aime at buttes and prickes,  
 They set up whites, and shew the pinne :

<sup>1</sup> Ed. of 1595 has *etide*.

<sup>2</sup> Ed. of 1596 has *fring*.

It may be aprones are like tricks  
 To teach where rovers game may winne.  
 Brave archers soone will find the marke,  
 But bunglers hit it in the darke. 180

These worsted stockes of bravest die,  
 And silken garters fring'd with gold ;  
 These corked shooes to beare them hie  
 Makes them to trip it on the molde :  
 They mince it with a pace so strange,  
 Like untam'd heifers, when they range.

To carrie all this pelfe and trash,  
 Because their bodies are unfit,  
 Our wantons now in coaches dash,  
 From house to house, from street to street. 190  
 Were they of state, or were they lame,  
 To ride in coach they need not shame.

But being base,<sup>1</sup> & sound in health,  
 They teach for what are coaches make :  
 Some think, perhaps, to shew their wealth.  
 Nay, nay, in them they penance take.  
 As poorer truls must ride in cartes,  
 So coaches are for prouder hearts.

You sillie men of simple sence,  
 What joy have you old cookes to be ? 200

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. of low birth.



Your owne deare flesh thus to dispence,  
 To please the glance of lusting eie,  
 That you should couch your meat in dish,  
 And others feele it is no fish?

Of verie love you them array  
 In silver, gold, and jewels brave :  
 For silke and velvet still you pay ;  
 So they be trimmed, no cost you save.  
 But, think you, such as joy in these  
 Will covet none but you to please? 210

When they for goodes and toyes do wrangle,  
 Pretending state and neighbours guise,  
 Then are they bent to trap and tangle,  
 Unskilful braines and heads unwise.  
 I never yet saw bayted hooke,  
 But fisher then for game did looke.

They say they are of gentle race,  
 And therefore must be finely deckt :  
 It were for them a great disgrace  
 To be as are the simple sect. 220  
 Fine gentles must be finely clad ;  
 All them beseemes, that may be had.

They gentle are both borne and bred ;  
 They gentle are in sport and game ;  
 They gentle are at boord and bed,  
 They gentle are in wealth and name.  
 Such gentles nice must needs be trimme  
 From head to foot, in everie limme.

But husbands, you marke well my sawes :  
 When they pretend their gentle blood,  
 Then they intend to make you dawes,  
 In vaine to spend your wealth aud good.  
 You better were the clowne to cloath,  
 Then gentles which doe vertue loath.

230

True gentles should be lightes and guides  
 In modest path to simple ranke ;  
 But these that straye so farre aside  
 Themselves that thus unseemlie pranke,  
 They are but puppets richly dight :  
 True gentrie they have put to flight.

240

You daintie minions, tell me sooth,  
 Dissemble not, but utter plaine,  
 Is not this thus of verie troth ?  
 Thinke you I slaunder, lie, or faine ?  
 When you have all your trinkets fit,  
 Can you alone in chamber sit ?

You are not then to carde & spinne,  
 To brue or bake, I dare well say :  
 No thriftie worke you can beginne,  
 You have nought els to doe but play.  
 To play alone were for a sot,<sup>1</sup>  
 Its knowne you minions use it not.

250

You thinke (perhaps) to win great fame  
 By uncouth sutes and fashions wilde :

---

<sup>1</sup> A fool.

All such as know you thinke the same,  
 But in ech kind you are beguilde ;  
 For when you looke for praises sound,  
 Then are you for light figgigs crownde.

The better sort, that modest are,  
 Whom garish pompe doth not infect, 260  
 Of them Dame Honour hath a care,  
 With glorious fame that they be deckt :  
 Their praises will for aie remaine,  
 When bodies rot, shall vertue gaine.

Thou poet rude, if thou be scorn'd,  
 Disdaine it not ; for preachers grave  
 Are still dispis'd by faces hornde,  
 When they for better manners crave :  
 That hap which fals on men divine,  
 If thou it feele, doe not repine. 270

I know some think my tearmes are grosse ;  
 Too plaine thou art, some others deeme :  
 Be not agast, thy foes are drosse ;  
 Full well doth rudnesse them beseeme.  
 Who thee mislike, are but a messe,  
 And here their kinds I will expresse.

First, a simple swaine that nothing knowes ;  
 Next, curtaile flurt, as ranke as beast ;  
 Then peacocke proud that statelie goes ;  
 Last, roisting knaves of vertue least. 280  
 None els but these will thee disdaine :  
 Contemne them all as causes vaine.





## A Piece of Friar Bacons Brazen-heads Prophesie.

**A** PIECE of Friar Bacons Brazen-heads Prophesie. By William Terilo. London. Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, dwelling in Powles Church-yard, at the Signe of the white Horse. 1604. 4to. 18 leaves.

This well-written and entertaining tract has been already printed for the Percy Society; but it deserves on more than one account reproduction here. In presenting it to the reader once more, a careful collation of the original text has been obtained from the only known copy, which is among Burton's books at Oxford. It is bound up with several other rare articles.

The press-mark of the volume is J. 27, and the following is a list of the contents:—

1. Heywood, (Tho.,) First and Second Parts of King Edward IV, a play. 1613.
2. Hero and Leander. Begun by Christopher Marlowe, and finished by George Chapman. 1606.
3. King James his Entertainment at Theobalds. By John Savile. 1603.
4. Skelton's Elinour Rummung. 1624.
5. Newton's Atropeion Delion. 1603.
6. A Piece of Friar Bacons Brazen-heads Prophesie. 1604.
7. The Legend of Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. By Chr. Middleton. 1600.

8. The Countess of Pembroke's Ivychurch. By A. Fraunce. Parts I. and II. only. 1591.

9. Lamentations of Amyntas for the Death of Phillis. By Tasso. Transl. by A. Fraunce. [1587.]

10. The Æthiopian History of Heliodorus, translated by Underdowne. 1587.

11. Countess of Pembroke's Emanuel. By A. Fraunce. 1591.

It is not possible, as far as our information goes at present, to identify *William Terilo* with any known writer of James the First's reign. The name itself is pretty evidently fictitious.

The author has resorted to the "Famous History of Friar Bacon" for little more than the fatal words *Time is Past*, which gave the deathblow to the Friar's ever memorable scheme for surrounding his country with a wall of brass, superseding all other defences, and making the modern system of Ironclads look like child's play by comparison!

A  
PIECE OF FRIAR BACONS  
Brazen-heads Pro-  
phesie.

By *William Terilo.*



LONDON


Printed for T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, dwelling in Powles  
Church-yard, at the signe of the  
White Horse.

1604.





## TO THE READER.

ENTLE Reader, is such a stale title to put upon you, that not knowing your disposition to this same universal gentleness, and perhaps at this time, so full of melancholy, as makes you unfit for any such kindness: I had rather say, you that read, if you have so much idle time to pass away, as may be somewhat better than lost, in perusing this change, or rather dream of the change of times, I pray you for this time to have patience, and if an other time in this you take pleasure, I will as I can take a time to run a better course to your contentment. Friar Bacon's Brazen-head, was said, (in Jest), to have spoken of three times:—*The Time was, the Time is, and Time shall be*: now for myselfe, I cannot goe so farre: what was, at least of late, I have a little read, heard, and understood: of the time present I only dreamed; but of what is to come, I can say nothing; and, therefore, making no Chronicle of the first, and onely shewing my dream of the second, I will make no Prophecie of the third, but leave all to God's pleasure; and so, leaving you to judge of all times as you have reason, I take my leave of you at this time; but rest at all times,

Your friend, as I find cause and time,

WILLIAM TERILO.



## A Piece of Friar Bacons Brazen Heads Prophesie.

TIME WAS, TIME IS.



WHEN I was but a Boye,  
And plaide with little Girles,  
And more esteem'd a toye  
Then pretious stones, or Pearles,  
Then Natures love, that knew no pride,  
With litle would be satisfide.

Then friends would not fall out,  
But soone fall in againe :  
When none would goe about  
To laie a wicked traine ;  
But kindnesse was in such request,  
That malice knew not where to rest.

10

Content was then a king,  
Although he ware no Crowne ;

And twas a wondrous thing  
 Would make a Mayden frowne ;  
 When twas no litle grace to Nature  
 For to be call'd a gentle Creature.

The Milke-maydes paile was sweete,  
 The Shepherds Cloake was cleane : 20  
 And when their Loves did meete,  
 They did no falshood meane.  
 While Truth did in their passions try,  
 There could not passe a thought awry.

Then observation found  
 The passage of those partes,  
 Where Reason laide the ground  
 Of all Experience Artes.  
 While Love was rulde by Grace,  
 To seeke his spirits resting place. 30

Then praise grew of desert,  
 Desert of true conceit :  
 Whose tongue was in the hart,  
 That could not hide deceit ;  
 But he or she was held a fiend,  
 That would be false unto a friend.

Then Shepherds knew the times  
 And seasons of the yeare,  
 And made their honest Rimes,  
 In mirth and merry cheare ; 40  
 And *Sim* and *Su*, would kindly kisse,  
 When nothing could be ment amisse.

Then Sheepes eyes were not watcht,  
 That Lambes did waking keepe ;  
 And when the Hen had hatcht,  
 The Chickens might goe peepe :  
 When snares were set, both day and night,  
 To hang the Buzzard and the Kite.

The Henne, the Goose, the Ducke,  
 Might cackle, creake, and quacke : 50  
 When not an Owle would plucke  
 A feather from her backe ;  
 Except she crowed, or would not laie,  
 Then roast her on a holy day.

The Butchers then would keepe  
 Their flesh from blowing Flies,  
 And Maidens would not sleepe,  
 But in the morning rise,  
 And hunt a Flea so in the bed,  
 He knew not where to hide his head. 60

Then neither Wolfe nor Foxe,  
 But that did feare the Hound ;  
 Nor greatest headed Oxe,  
 But to the yoake was bound :  
 Nor drawing Tit but knew who there,  
 Nor Asse, but did his burden beare.

Then Oates were knowne from rie,  
 And Barley from the Wheate ;  
 A Cheese-Cake and a Pie  
 Were held good country meate. 70

When Ale, and Spice, and Curdes, and Creame,  
Would make a Scholler make a Theame.

And then when wooers met,  
It was a sport to see  
How soone the match was set,  
How well they did agree :  
When that the Father gave the childe,  
And then the mother sat and smilde.

Delaies were then like death  
To any kinde desire ; 80  
When no man spent his breath,  
To be no whit the nigher :  
But Truth and Trust so deerly loved,  
That what th' one did, th' other proved.

Then Cocke a doodle doo  
The houres divided right,  
And olde to whit to whoo  
Did watch the winter night ;  
And in the Springs, the Nightingale  
Did tell the woods a merry Tale. 90

Then Beetels could not live  
Upon the hony Bees,  
But they the drones would drive  
Unto the doted Trees ;  
When he that wrought not till he sweate,  
Was held unworthy of his meate.

Then were no pitfalls made  
 But in the frost and snowe,  
 Nor Woodcocks in the glade  
 Could by the Springes goe ;  
 And not a Bird that bare a winge,  
 But that would stoope unto his winge.

100

Then Russet cloth and Frize  
 Did walke the world about,  
 And no man would despise  
 The inside for the out :  
 But he that paide for what he spent,  
 Was welcome where so ere he went.

Then were there no devises  
 To draw on fond desires,  
 But Chapmen knew the prices,  
 The sellers and the buyers :  
 And simple Truthe no cunning usde,  
 How simple Trust might be abusde.

110

The markets then were serv'd  
 With good sufficient ware,  
 And cattell were not starv'de,  
 When *Mowcher* and his Mare  
 Would bring in such a sacke of Rie,  
 As tried the Millers honestie.

120

Then *John*, and *Joane*, and *Madge*,  
 Were call'd the merry Crew,  
 That with no drinke coulde fadge,  
 But where the fat they knew :

And though they knew who brew'd the Ale,  
Yet must it stand till it were stale.

Then was good fellowship  
Almost in every house ;  
She would not hang the lip,  
He would not knit the browes ; 130  
But he would smirke, and she would smile,  
That all the house would laugh the while.

Then Handkerchers were wrought  
With names and true loves knots,  
And not a wench was taught  
A false stitch in her spots :  
When Roses in the Gardaines grew,  
And not in Ribons on a shoe.

Then painting only serv'de  
For Paper, Wood, and Cloth : 140  
When health was most preserv'de  
By labour, not by sloth.  
When fewe that did of Phisike heare,  
But they were striken with a feare.

Then he that heard of warre,  
Was in a wofull case ;  
Except it were so farre,  
He could not feare the place :  
When Peace and Plentie were so sweete,  
As trode all Fortunes under feete. 150

The Taber and the Pipe,  
The Bagpipe and the Crowde ;

When Oates and Rye were ripe,  
 Began to be alowde.  
 But till the Harvest all was in,  
 The Moris Daunce did not begin.

A Citie from a Towne  
 Then by his wall was seene ;  
 And none did weare a Crowne,  
 But either King or Queene :  
 And ever upon Easter day,  
 All *Jack* a *Lents* were cast away.

160

Then Cloakes were for the raine,  
 And Feathers but for beddes :  
 Sheepes Russet would not staine,  
 There were no greenes nor reddes :  
 Carnation, Crimson, yealow, blue,  
 Plaine people no such colours knew.

The Horse, the Cowe, the Hogge,  
 Were kept for worke and wealth :  
 The Pus-Cat and the Dogge,  
 For safegard from the stealth  
 Of Rats, and Mise, and Wolfe, and Foxe ;  
 When fewe had keyes unto their lockes.

170.

Then Owles nor Night Ravens were  
 No tellers of ill happes ;  
 When Faith had never feare  
 Of any Thunder-clappes ;  
 But looke, what weather ever came,  
 Was welcome in God's holy name.

180



Then Monkies, Baboones, Apes,  
 And such il-favour'd Creatures,  
 Of such straunge fashion'd shapes,  
 Were hatefull to our natures :  
 When who heard tell but of a Beare, \,  
 But he could scarcely sleepe for feare.

No Parat, Pie, nor Dawe,  
 Was idely taught to prate ;  
 Nor scarce a man of Lawe  
 Was knowne in all the state ; 190  
 While neighbors so like friends agreede,  
 That one supplide anothers neede.

The shepheard kept his sheepe,  
 The Goat-heard kept his heard,  
 And in the Sunne would sleepe,  
 When were no Vermin fear'd ;  
 For every Curre would barke or bite,  
 To put the wicked Foxe to flight.

And then a good grey Frocke,  
 A Kercheffe, and a Raile, 200  
 A faire white flaxen Smocke,  
 A Hose with a good waile,  
 A good strong leatherd winter shoe,  
 Was well, I wis, and better too.

Then, I wis, well, goe too,  
 Were words of no small worth ;  
 When folkes knew what to doo  
 To bring their meanings forth ;

And winke, and nod, and hem, and humme,  
 Could bring my finger to my thumb. 210

No cutting of a Carde,  
 Nor cogging of a Dye,  
 But it was wholly barde  
 All honest company ;  
 And faire square plaie with yea and naie,  
 Who lost the game would quickly paie.

No matches then were set  
 For yonger brothers landes,  
 Nor Usurers could get  
 Mens goods into their handes : 220  
 But such as had their wittes awake,  
 Could smell a Knave before he spake.

And hardly in a yeere  
 A man should meete a Thiefe ;  
 When Corne was nere so deere,  
 But poore folkes had reliefe :  
 And wickednes was loath'd so much,  
 That no man lov'd the tickle tuch.

Then love went not by lookes,  
 Wherein laie venim hid : 230  
 Nor words were Angle-hookes,  
 When men knew what they did.  
 But honest hearts, and modest eies,  
 Did make the Lovers paradise.

But now that world is changde,  
 And time doth alter Creatures,

Whose spirits are estrang'de  
 From their owne proper natures :  
 While wofull eyes may weepe, to see,  
 How all things are, and what they bee. 240

Now every idle Boye,  
 That sells his land for Pearles,  
 Esteemes his wealth a toye  
 To give to idle girles :  
 While gracelesse love, in Natures pride,  
 With sinne is never satisfide.

Now friends do oft fall out,  
 But seelde fall in againe ;  
 While many goe aboute  
 To laie a wicked traine : 250  
 Where malice is so in request,  
 That kindnes knowes not where to rest.

Content is now unknowne  
 In either King or Clowne :  
 A sight too common showne,  
 To see a Mayden frowne :  
 When she is held a foolish Creature,  
 That shewes to be of gentle Nature.

The Milke-maydes Paile is sowre,  
 The Shepherds Cloake uncleane ; 260  
 Where Love hath not the power  
 To finde what fancies meane :  
 While Faith doth so much falshood prove,  
 That many lye, which say they love.

Now observation findes  
 By all Experience Artes,  
 How Machavilian mindes  
 Do plaie the divels partes ;  
 While love, (alas !) hath little grace  
 In worshipping a wicked face.

270

Now praise must follow pride,  
 And Flattery wayt on wealth ;  
 And tongues to silence tide,  
 Except it be by stealth.  
 While he or she that cannot faine,  
 Must die a friend-ships foole in graine.

The seasons of the yeere  
 The Shepherds do not know ;  
 While mirth and merry cheere  
 To grieve and sorrow grow ;  
 While if a couple kindly kisse,  
 The third thinkes somewhat is amisse.

280

Now sheepes-eies are so watcht,  
 That Lambes can hardly sleepe ;  
 For when the Henne hath hatcht,  
 Ere well the Chicken peepe,  
 The Buzzard and the Kite so pray,  
 That halfe the Brood is stolne away.

No Butcher now can keepe  
 His flesh from blowing flies ;  
 And Maydes will lie and sleepe,  
 That doe not love to rise :

290

While every bedde so swarmes with fleas,  
I wonder how they lie at ease.

Now neither Wolfe nor Foxe,  
But can beguile the Hound ;  
Nor gallant headed Oxe  
Will to a yoake be bound ;  
Nor drawing Tit, but skorn'd who there,  
Nor Asse, that will his burthen beare. 300

Wheate, Barly, Oates, and Rie,  
So like are in the blade,  
That many a simple eye  
May Soone a foole be made :  
While Curdes, and Creame, and Ale and Spice,  
Will bring out but a poore device.

Now Cockes dare scarcely Crow,  
For feare the Foxe doe heare ;  
Nor shriche-Owle, but will show  
That Winter time is neare : 310  
And Philomens, amid the spring,  
So feares the worme, shee cannot sing.

And now when Lovers meete,  
It is a griefe to see  
How heavily they greeete,  
And how they disagree :  
While that the father's eies are blinde,  
And that the mother is unkinde.

Delaies to neere disdaine,  
Doe feede upon desire ; 320

And breath is spent in vaine,  
 Where hopes are nere the nigher :  
 While Truth and Trust have too much proved,  
 They hardly find wher to be loved.

Now humble Bees can live  
 Upon the hony Bees,  
 That not a Drone dare drive,  
 Unto the doted trees :  
 While he that workes not for his meate,  
 Will live upon another's sweate. 330

Now pitfalls are so made,  
 That small birdes cannot know them ;  
 No Woodcockes in a Glade,  
 But Netts can overthrow them ;  
 And not a paltry carrion Kite,  
 But braves a Faulcon in his flight.

Now velvet, cloth of gold,  
 And silkes of highest price,  
 Doth make the good free-holde  
 Chaung title with a trice ; 340  
 While he that spends and will not pay,  
 Is welcome, when he is away.

Now wordes of strange devises  
 Doe cheate upon desires,  
 While cunning sellers prices  
 Doe cosen simple buiers :  
 While truth is all so sildome used,  
 That honest trust is much abused.

The markets now are sarv'de  
 With much unsavery ware, 350  
 And cattell often starv'de,  
 When that the Miller's Mare  
 Can scarcely bring a sacke of Rie,  
 That one may be a saver by.

Now *John*, and *Joane*, and *Madge*,  
 Can make no merry Crue,  
 The baily, with his badge,  
 So braves it in his blue !  
 None dare discharge a Carier,  
 For feare of maister officier. 360

And now from every house  
 Good fellowship is gone,  
 And scarce a silly mouse  
 Findes crummes to feede upon ;  
 While lowre, and poute, and chafe, and champe,  
 Brings all the household in a dampe.

Now clockes are for the sunne,  
 And feathers for the winde,  
 Sheepes Russet to home spunne,  
 While a fantasticke minde 370  
 Must have a colour strange and rare,  
 To make a mad man stand and stare.

The Horse, the Cowe, the Hogge,  
 Are chiefly kept for breed ;  
 The Puscat, and the Dogge,  
 To keepe the plough-man's feede ;

While not a locke but hath a kay,  
For feare the Cupboord runne away.

Now Owles and night-Ravens are

Ill fortune's prophecies ;

380

When faithlesse spirits stare,

If any storme arise :

And if the weather be not faire,

Why fooles are almost in dispaire.

Now Monkies, Baboones, Apes,

Are taught to pranke and prance,

While many a Wizard gape

To see a monster dance ;

And not a woman that will feare

To see the baiting of a Beare.

390

Now Parats, Pies, and Dawes,

Are finely taught to prate,

And worldes of men of lawe

Are needful in the state :

Where Neighbours live so unlike friends,

That men would judge them to be fiends.

And now a Satten gowne,

A petticoate of silke,

A fine wrought bugle Crowne,

A Smocke as white as milke ;

400

A colour'de hose, a pincked shooe,

Will scarcely make a Tit come too.

Now as God Iudge my soule,

Besides my faith, and troth,



On every wassell bowle,  
 Is thought a simple Oth :  
 While stampe, and stare, and clapping handes,  
 Will scarce make up a begger's bandes.

Now Sempsters few are taught  
 The true sticht in their spots, 410  
 And names are sildome wrought  
 Within the true loves knots ;  
 And Ribon Roses take such place,  
 That Garden Roses want their grace.

Now painting serves for faces,  
 To make the fowle seeme faire,  
 And health in many places  
 Must not abide the Aire :  
 And few that have been bit with fleas,  
 But runne to phisicke for their ease. 420

Now warre makes many rich,  
 That else had bene but poore ;  
 And makes a souldiour itch,  
 Till he have scratcht a Boore ;  
 For peace and plenty breed such pride,  
 As poore men's fortunes cannot bide.

The Taber and the Pipe  
 Are now out of request ;  
 And ere the Rie be ripe,  
 The bird will leave the nest : 430  
 And Moris dances doe begin  
 Before the harvest halfe be in.

Now many a Townes mud wall  
 Doth put a Citty downe,  
 And Mistresse Finicall  
 Doth weare a Bugle Crowne ;  
 And many a Rascall Mall-content  
 Will make his Easter day in Lent.

Now cogge and foist that list,  
 Who will that wit gaine say? 440  
 That learnes fooles had-I-wist,  
 That will and cannot play :  
 While faire, and square, and pitch, and pay,  
 The gamestr calls fooles holy-day.

Now worldes of Matches set  
 For elder brothers landes,  
 And usury doth get  
 Great wealth into her hands ;  
 While he that will not watch a knave,  
 May bring a begger to his grave. 450

Now hardly in a day,  
 But one shall meete a thiefe ;  
 Where wealth is hid away,  
 And poore have no reliefe ;  
 And wickednes is usde so much,  
 As who but loves the tickle tuch.

Now love goes so by lookes,  
 Men know not what they doo ;  
 And wordes are poisoned hookes,  
 That catch, and kill men too ; 460

While wicked hartes and wanton eies  
Make hell, in steed of paradise.

Now surely thus it is,

It is a wonderfull change;  
Where all goes so amisse,  
Or else my dreame is strange,  
That shew'de me such a world of wo;  
But God forbid it should be so.

For dreames are idle things,

And surely so is this; 470  
For true apparance brings  
No prooffe of such amisse:  
But every thing in such good course,  
As God forbid it should be worse.

For Lovers must be kinde,

And Neighbours must be friends;  
And when the folkes have dinde,  
Set up the puddings ends:  
For tis an ancient rule in truth,  
That thriftines is good in youth. 480

Olde men must have their saying,

And rich men must have place;  
Sutors must bide delaying,  
And children must say grace;  
And thieffes must hang, and knaves must shift,  
And silly fooles must have the lift.

And lawe must speake, wit judge,

Men live untill th[e]y die:

And Snot must be a snudge,  
 And love have leave to lie ;  
 And wretches worke, and wantons play,  
 And who can holde that will away ?

490

And wagges must sing, and dance,  
 And gamsters plot for gaine :  
 Who likes not of his chance,  
 Take by to helpe the maine :  
 For he that walkes without a head,  
 May quickly bring a foole to bed.

Women must have their wills,  
 Though men would say them nay :  
 Some are such needfull illls,  
 They cannot be away :  
 And he that gives the humme a hemme,  
 Will sometimes fall aboard with them.

500

The Horse must have his hay,  
 The Dogge must have a bone ;  
 The Ducke must have a Bay,  
 The Hawke must have a stone,  
 And *Jhon* must not be kept from *Joane*,  
 For Love can never live alone.

510

And therefore thus in briefe,  
 Let peace endure no strife ;  
 Let no man offer grieffe  
 Unto his neighbour's wife :  
 Let faire play passe through every hand,  
 And let him fall that cannot stand.

Let God be serv'd, obai'd,  
 The King both serv'd and lov'de ;  
 Church honoured, duties paide,  
 Mallice from mindes remov'de : 520  
 And it may hap to come to passe,  
 To be as well as ere it was.

And blessed were the daies,  
 If so the world did goe,  
 That wit a thousand waies,  
 Might reasons comfort knowe :  
 Whil birds might sing, and men might speak,  
 And malice might no musicke breake.

That eyes might looke their fill,  
 Words might be uncontrold ; 530  
 And art might have the skill  
 To find the stone for gold :  
 And Iealous eyes might all be blinde,  
 That overlooke a honest minde.

That wealth should have her grace  
 In liberalitie,  
 And honour give a place  
 To every qualitie :  
 While panders, jesters, fooles, and knaves,  
 Might walke about like silly slaves. 540

A word might be a band,  
 Where needles were an Oth ;  
 While yea and nay might stand  
 In steed of faith and troth ;

And tuch and take, and pitch, and pay,  
Might drive all cunning tricks away.

A winke, a nod, a smile,

Might shew the judgement just ;

Where Truth could not beguile,

Her honest meaning Trust :

550

But one in two, and two in one,

Might make the merry world alone.

That quarrels might not grow

Of swaggering, nor quaffing,

But who begins heigh ho !

Might set the house a laughing ;

When not a thought of villany

Might come in honest company.

And Gossips might be merry,

And tattle when they meete,

560

And cheekes as red as cherry

Might shew the wine is sweete ;

When Lovers are in talke so sad,

As if they were alreadie had.

Power should be fearde for Grace,

And Lawe obey'd for love;

And Vertue take her place,

In highest hopes behove ;

And Wisedome only honour God,

And so should sinne be overtrod.

570

Nought should be scorn'de but Folly,

Nor in regard but Reason,

And nothing lov'de but holy,  
And nought in hate but Treason ;  
And nought but slaunder banded,  
And nought but Murther hanged.

And then the world were well,  
But when will it be so ?  
(Alas !) I cannot tell,

And therefore let it goe ;  
And as God will, so let it bee,  
It shall be as it list for mee.

580

Let every man mend one,  
And I will not be out ;  
And *John* be good to *Joane*,  
Or else he is a lout,  
And *Peter* weave what *Parnell* spunne ;  
Good night, *John Line*, and I have donne.

*Finis.*



## The King and a poore Northerne Man.

THE King and a poore Northerne Man. Shewing how a poore Northumberland man, a tenant to the King, being wronged by a Lawyer (his neighbour), went to the King himself to make knowne his grievances. Full of simple mirth and merry plaine jests. Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, and are to be sold by Francis Grove, dwelling upon Snow hill, 1640. 8vo.

The King and a poore Northerne Man. Printed by A. Clark, and are to be sold by T. Passinger at the Three Bibles on London Bridge, 1673. 8vo. black letter, with cuts.

This poem has been reprinted for the Percy Society from the unique edition of 1640. Of the ed. of 1673, there is a copy in the British Museum, and a second was in *Bibl. Heber.* iv. 1743.

Stories and anecdotes of the men of the north are common enough in our jest-books. There are two or three in *A C. Mery Talys*. A drama called *Too Good to be True, or, the Northern Man*, is mentioned in Henslowe's Diary as among those in which Chettle was concerned, in conjunction with Richard Hathaway and Wentworth Smith, under date of 1601. The editor of the tract for the Percy Society notices a ballad called, the *King and Northern Man*, Printed by W. O[nley], and to be sold by the Booksellers in Pye Corner and London Bridge.

The strict claim of Martin Parker to the original authorship of this production may be open to question; perhaps he merely modernized what he found already in print, but too antique to please the delicate palates of the customers for such articles in his day, and upon the strength of this attached his initials which, as will be seen, occur at the conclusion of the tract.



THE KING AND

A POORE NORTHERNE MAN.

SHEWING HOW A POORE NORTHUMBERLAND MAN,  
A TENANT TO THE KING, BEING WRONGED BY  
A LAWYER (HIS NEIGHBOUR), WENT TO  
THE KING HIMSELF TO MAKE KNOWNE  
HIS GRIEVANCES. FULL OF SIMPLE  
MIRTH AND MERRY  
PLAINE JESTS.

Printed at London by *Tho. Cotes*, and are to be sold  
by *Francis Grove*, dwelling upon Snow hill.

1640.





COME hearken to me all around,  
and I will tell you a merry tale  
Of a Northumberland man that held some  
ground,  
which was the Kings land in a dale.

He was borne and bred thereupon,  
and his father had dwelt there long before,  
Who kept a good house in that country,  
and stav'd the wolfe from off his doore.

Now, for this farme the good old man  
just twenty shillings a yeare did pay :  
At length came cruell death with his dart,  
and this old farmer he soone did slay :

10

Who left behinde him an aude wife then,  
that troubled was with mickle paine,  
And with her cruches she walkt about,  
for she was likewise blinde and lame.

When that his corpes were laid in the grave  
his eldest sonne possesse did the farme,  
At the same rent as the father before :  
he took great paines and thought no harme.

20

By him there dwelt a Lawyer false,  
that with his farme was not content,  
But over the poore man still hang'd his nose,  
because he did gather the King's rent.

This farme layd by the Lawyer's land,  
 which this vild kerne had a mind unto :  
 The deele a good conscience had he in his bulke,  
 that sought this poore man for to undoe.

He told him he his lease had forfite,  
 and that he must there no longer abide : 30  
 The King by such lownes hath mickle wrong done,  
 and for you the world is broad and wide.

The poore man pray'd him for to cease,  
 and content himselfe, if he would be willing ;  
 And picke no vantage in my lease,  
 and I will give thee forty shilling.

Its neither forty shillings, no forty pound,  
 Ise warrant thee, so can agree thee and me,  
 Unlesse thou yeeld me thy farme so round,  
 and stand unto my curtesie. 40

The poore man said he might not do sa :  
 his wife and his bearnes will make him ill warke.  
 If thou wilt with my farme let me ga,  
 thou seemes a good fellow, Ise give thee five marke.

The Lawyer would not be so content,  
 but further in the matter he means to smell.  
 The neighbours bad the poor man provide his rent,  
 and make a submission to the King him sell.

This poore man now was in a great stond,  
 his senses they were almost wood : 50

I thinke, if he had not tooke grace in 's mind  
that he would never againe beene good.

His head was troubled in such a bad plight,  
as though his eyes were apple gray ;  
And if good learning he had not tooke  
he wod a cast himselfe away.

A doughty heart he then did take,  
and of his mother did blessing crave,  
Taking farewell of his wife and bearnes ;  
it earned his heart them thus to leave.

60

Thus parting with the teares in his eyne,  
his bob-taild dog he out did call :  
Thou salt gang with me to the King ;  
and so he tooke his leave of them all.

He had a humble staffe on his backe,  
a jerkin, I wat, that was of gray,  
With a good blue bonnet, he thought it no lacke ;  
to the king he is ganging as fast as he may.

He had not gone a mile out o th' toone,  
but one of his neighbours he did espy :  
How far ist to th' King ? for thither am I boone,  
as fast as ever I can hye.

70

I am sorry for you, neighbour, he sayd,  
for your simplicity I make mone :  
Ise warrant you, you may ask for the King,  
when nine or ten dayes journey you have gone.

Had I wist the King wond so farre

Ise neere a sought him a mile out o' th' toone :  
Hes either a sought me, or wee'd neere a come nare ;  
at home I had rather spent a crowne. 80

Thus past he alang many a weary mile,  
in raine, and wet, and in foule mire,  
That ere he came to lig in his bed  
his dog and he full ill did tire.

Hard they did fare their charges to save,  
but alas hungry stomackes outcrie for meate,  
And many a sup of cold water they dranke,  
when in the lang way they had nought to eate.

Full lile we know his hard griefe of mind,  
and how he did long London to ken ; 90  
And yet he thought he should finde it at last,  
because he met so many men.

At length the top of kirkes he spide,  
and houses so thicke that he was agast :  
I thinke, quoth he, their land is full deere,  
for ther's nought that here lies wast.

But when he came into the city of London,  
of every man for the King he did call.  
They told him that him he neede not feare,  
for the King he lies now at Whitehall. 100

For Whitehall he then made inquire,  
but as he passed strange geere he saw :

The bulkes with such gue gawes were dressed,  
that his mind at one side it did draw.

Gud God, unto himselfe he did say,  
what a deelee a place I am come unto !  
Had a man, I thinke, a thousie pounds in's purse,  
himselife he might quickly here undoe.

At night then a lodging him a got,  
and for his supper he then did pay : 110  
He told the host then heed goe lig in his bed,  
who straight took a candle and shewd him the way.

Then with spying of farlies in the citie,  
because he had never been there beforne,  
He lee so long a bed the next day,  
the Court was remov'd to Windsor that morne.

You ha laine too long then, then said his host,  
you ha laine too long by a great while :  
The king is now to Windsor gone ;  
he's further to seeke by twenty mile. 120

I thinke I was corst, then said the poore man ;  
if I had been wise I might ha consider.  
Belike the King of me has gotten some weet :  
he had neere gone away had not I come hither.

He fled not for you, said the hoste ;  
but hie you to Windsor as fast as you may :  
Be sure it will requite your cost,  
for looke, what's past the king will pay.

But when he came at Windsor Castle,  
 with his bumble staff upon his backe, 130  
 Although the gates wide open stood  
 he layd on them till he made um cracke.

Why, stay ! pray friend, art mad ? quoth the Porter ;  
 what makes thee keepe this stirre to day ?  
 Why, I am a tenant of the Kings,  
 and have a message to him to say. •

The King has men enough, said the Porter,  
 your message well that they can say.  
 Why, there's neere a knave the King doth keepe  
 shall ken my secret mind to day. 140

I were told, ere I came from home,  
 ere I got hither it would be dear bought :  
 Let me in, Ise give thee a good single penny.  
 I see thou wilt ha small, ere thou't doe for nought.

Gramercy, said the Porter then ;  
 thy reward's so great I cannot say nay.  
 Yonder's a Nobleman within the court,  
 Ile first heare what he will say.

When the Porter came to the Nobleman,  
 he sayd he would shew him a pretty sport : 150  
 There's sike a clowne come to the gate,  
 as came not this seven yeares to the Court.

He cals all knaves the King doth keepe ;  
 he raps at the gates and makes great din ;



He's passing liberall of reward ;  
 heed give a good single penny to be let in.

Let him in, sayd the Nobleman.

Come in, fellow, the Porter gan say :  
 If thou come within thy selfe, he sayde,  
 thy staffe behind the gate must stay. 160

And this cuckolds curre must lig behind :  
 what a deele, what a cut hast got with thee !  
 The King will take him up for his owne sel,  
 Ise warrant, when as he him doth see.

Beshrew thy limbes, then said the poore man ;  
 then mayst thou count me foole, or worse.  
 I wat not what banckrout lies by the King ;  
 for want of money he may picke my purse.

That's to be fear'd, the Porter said ;  
 Ise wish you goe in well arm'd ; 170  
 For the King he hath got mickle company,  
 and among them all, you may soone be harm'd.

Let him in with his staffe and his dog, said the Lord,  
 and with that he gave a nod with's head, and beck  
 with's knee.

If you be Sir King, then said the poore man,  
 as I can very well thinke you be ;

For I was told ere I came from home,  
 you're the goodliest man ere I saw before ;

With so many jingle jangles about ones necke,  
as is about yours, I never saw none.

180

I am not the King, said the Nobleman,  
fellow, although I have a proud coat.

If you be not the King, helpe me to the speech of him,  
you seeme a good fellow, Ise gi you a groat.

Gramercy, said the Nobleman ;  
the rewards so great, I cannot say nay.  
Ile go know the Kings pleasure, if I can ;  
till I come againe be sure thou stay.

Heres sike a staying, then said the poore man ;  
belike the Kings better than any in our countrey.  
I might be gone to th' farthest nuke i'th' house, 191  
neither lad nor lowne to trouble me.

When the Nobleman came to the King,  
he said he would shew his Grace good sport :  
Heres such a clowne come to the gate,  
as came not this seven yeares to the Court.

He cals all knaves your Highnesse keepes,  
and more than that, he termes them worse.  
Heele not come in without his staffe and his dogge,  
for feare some bankrout will picke his purse. 200

Let him in with his staffe and his dog, said our King,  
that of his sport we may see some.  
Weele see how heele handle everything,  
as soone as the match of bowles is done.

The Nobleman led him through many a roome,  
and through many a gallery gay.

What a deele doth the king with so many toome houses,  
that he gets um not fild with corne and hay?

What gares these bables and babies all?  
some ill have they done that they hang by the  
walls? 210

And staring aloft at the golden roofe toppe,  
at a step he did stumble, and downe he falles.

Stand up, good fellow, the Nobleman sayd ;  
what, art thou drunke or blind, I trow ?  
Ise neither am blinde nor drunke, he sed,  
although, in my sowle, you oft are so.

It is a disease, said the Lord againe,  
that many a good man is troubled withall.  
Quoth the Countryman then, yet I made your proud  
stones  
to kisse my backside, though they gave me a fall.

At last they spide the King in an ally, 221  
yet from his game he did not start.  
The day was so hot, he cast off his doublet ;  
he had nothing from the wast up but his shirt.

Loe, yonder's the King, said the Noble man :  
behold, fellow ; loe, where he goes.  
Beelevet hee's some unthrift, sayes the poore man,  
that has lost his money and pawnd his cloathes.

How hapt he hath gat neere a coate to his backe?  
this bowling I like not; it hath him undone. 230  
Ise warrant that fellow in those gay cloathes,  
he hath his coyne and his doublet won.

But when he came before the King,  
the Nobleman did his curtesie:  
The poore man followed after him,  
and gave a nod with his head and a becke with his  
knee.

If you be Sir King, then said the poore man,  
as I can hardly thinke you be;  
Here is a gude fellow that brought me hither,  
is liker to be the King than ye. 240

I am the King, his Grace now sayd;  
Fellow, let me thy cause understand.  
If you be Sir King, Ime a tennant of yours,  
that was borne and up brought within your owne  
lande.

There dwels a Lawyer hard by me,  
and a fault in my lease he sayes he hath found;  
And all was for felling five poor ashes,  
to build a house upon my owne ground.

Hast thou a lease here? said the King,  
or canst thou shew to me the deed? 250  
He put it into the Kings owne hand,  
and said, Sir, tis here, if that you can read.

Why, what if I cannot? said our King;  
that which I cannot, another may.

I have a boy of mine owne, not seven yeares old,  
a will read you as swift as yould run i'th' highway.

Lets see thy lease, then said our King;  
then from his blacke boxe he puld it out.

He gave it into the Kings owne hand,  
with foure or five knots ty'd fast in a clout. 260

Wast neere unloose these knots? said the King;  
he gave it to one that behind him did stay.

It is a proud horse, then said the poore man,  
will not carries owne provinder along the highway.

Pay me forty shillings, as Ise pay you,  
I will not thinke much to unloose a knot:

I would I were so occupied every day.  
Ide unloose a score on um for a groat.

When the King had gotten these letters to read,  
and found the truth was very so: 270

I warrant thee, thou hast not forfeit thy lease,  
if that thou hadst feld five ashes moe.

I, every one can warrant me,  
but all your warrants are not worth a flea;  
For he that troubles me and will not let me goe,  
neither cares for warrant of you nor me.

The Lawyer he is sike a crafty elfe:  
a will make a foole of twenty such as me;

And if that I sald gang hang my sel,  
 Ise trow, he and I sud neere agree.

280

For he's too wise for all our towne,  
 and yet we ha got crafty knaves beside.  
 Heele undoe me and my wife and bearnes :  
 alas, that ever I saw this tide !

Thoust have an injunccion, said our King ;  
 from troubling of thee he will cease :  
 Heele either shew thee a good cause why,  
 or else heele let thee live in peace.

What's that injunccion ? said the poore man,  
 good Sir, to me I pray you say.

290

Why, it is a letter Ile cause to be written :  
 but art thou as simple as thou shewest for to day ?

Why, ift be a letter, Ime neere the better :  
 keep't to yourselfe and trouble not me.  
 I could a had a letter cheaper written at home,  
 and neere a come out of mine owne countrey.

Thoust have an attachment, said our King :  
 charge all thou seest to take thy part.  
 Till he pay thee an hundred pound,  
 be sure thou never let him start.

300

A, wais me ! the poore man saide then ;  
 you ken no whit what you now do say.  
 A won undoe me a thousand times,  
 ere he such a mickle of money will pay.

And more than this, there's no man at all  
 that dares amongst him for to lift a hand ;  
 For he has got so much guile in his budget,  
 that he will make all forfeit their land.

If any seeme against thee to stand,  
 be sure thou come hither straight way. 310

A, marry, is that all Ise get for my labour?  
 then I may come trotting every day.

Thou art hard a beleefe, then said our King :  
 to please him with letters he was right willing.  
 I see you have taken great paines in writing,  
 with all my heart Ile give you a shilling.

Ile have none of thy shilling, said our King ;  
 man, with thy money God give thee win.  
 He threw it into the Kings bosome ;  
 the money lay cold next to his skin. 320

Beshrew thy heart, then said our King ;  
 thou art a carle something too bold :  
 Dost thou not see I am hot with bowling?  
 the money next to my skin lies cold.

I neere wist that before, said the poore man,  
 before sike time as I came hither.  
 If the Lawyers in our country thought twas cold,  
 they would not heape up so much together.

The King call'd up his Treasurer,  
 and bad him fetch him twenty pound. 330

If ever thy errant lye here away,  
 Ile beare thy charges up and downe.

When the poore man saw the gold tendred,  
 for to receive it he was willing.  
 If I had thought the King had so mickle gold,  
 beshrew my heart, Ide a kept my shilling.

Now, farewell, good fellow, quoth the King :  
 see that my command you well doe keepe ;  
 And when that the Lawyer you have in your hands,  
 looke that he doe pay you before he doe sleepe. 340

Gods benison light on your soule, then he sayd,  
 and send you and yours where ever you gang :  
 If that I doe ever meete with your fewd foes,  
 Ise swear by this staffe that their hide I won bang.

And farewell, brave lads now, unto you all :  
 I wod all may win and neane of you leese.  
 Haude ; take this same tester among you awe :  
 I ken that you Courtiers doe all looke for fees.

Thus with a low courtsie of them he tooke leave,  
 thinking from the Court to take his way ; 350  
 But some of the gentlemen then of the Kings  
 would needs invite him at dinner to stay.

A little entreaty did soone serve his turne :  
 a thought himsel as good a man as them all.  
 But where (quoth he) sall I have this same feast ?  
 then straightway they ushered him into the hall.



Such store of cheare on the board there was plast,  
that made the countryman much for to muse.

Quoth he, I doe think you are all craftie knaves,  
that such a service you will not refuse.

360

I nere saw such a flipper de flapper before ;  
here's keele I doe think is made of a whetstone.  
Heer's dousets and flappjacks, and I ken not what ;  
I thinke, in the worlde such feasts there is none.

When he had well din'd and had filled his panch,  
then to the winecellar they had him straight way,  
Where they with brave claret and brave old Canary,  
they with a foxe tale him soundly did pay.

So hard they did ply him with these strong wines,  
that he did wrong the long seames of his hose, 370  
That two men were faine to leade him up stayres ;  
so, making indentures, away then he goes.

The poore man got home next Sunday :  
the Lawyer soone did him espy.  
Oh, Sir, you have been a stranger long,  
I thinke from me you have kept you by.

It was for you indeed, said the poore man,  
the matter to the King as I have tell.  
I did as neighbours put it in my head,  
and made a submission to the King my sel. 380

What a deel didst thou with the King ? said the Lawyer  
could not neighbours and friends agree thee and me ?

The deel a neighbour or friend that I had,  
that would a bin sike a daies man as he.

He has gin me a letter, but I know not what they cal't ;  
but if the King's words be frue to me,  
When you have read and perused it over,  
I hope you will leave, and let me be.

He has gin me another, but I know not what 'tis ;  
but I charge you all to hold him fast.

390

Pray you that are learned this letter reade ;  
which presently made them all agast.

Then did they reade this letter plaine,  
the Lawyer must pay him a hundred pound.  
You see the King's letter, the poore man did say,  
and unto a post he sal straight be bound.

Then unto a post they tide him fast,  
and all men did rate him in cruell sort ;  
The lads, and the lasses, and all the towne  
at him had great glee, pastime and sport.

400

Ile pay it, Ile pay it, the Lawyer said :  
the attachment, I say, it is good and faire ;  
You must needes something credit me,  
till I goe home and fetch some meare.

Credit ! nay, thats it the King forbad :  
he bad, if I got thee, I should thee stay.  
The Lawyer payd him an hundred pound  
in ready money, ere he went away.

Would every Lawyer were served thus!  
from troubling poore men they would cease: 410  
They'd either show them a good cause why,  
or else they'd let them live in peace.

And thus I end my merry tale,  
which shewes the plain mans simplenesse,  
And the Kings great mercy in righting his wrongs,  
And the Lawyers fraud and wickednesse.

**FIDIS.**

M. P.







The Birth, Life, Death, Wil,  
and Epitaph of Jack  
Puffe Gentleman.

**T**HE Birth, Life, Death, Wil, and Epitaph of Jack Puffe Gentleman. London, Printed for T. P. 1642, 4to, four leaves, with a woodcut of Jack Puffe on the title-page.

This satirical tract, which has been transcribed by the editor from a copy among the King's pamphlets in the British Museum, deserves attention on account of its peculiar character. Like *The Treatyse of a Galaunt*, it is an attempt to throw ridicule on the fops of the time. *Jack Puffe* is a type of what was by no means a small class during the reign of Charles I.



THE  
BIRTH, LIFE, DEATH, WIL,  
AND  
EPITAPH,  
OF  
IACK PVFFE  
GENTLEMAN.



LONDON, Printed for T.P. 1642.







## The Birth, Life, Death, Will, and Epitaph of Jacke Puffe Gentleman.

**T**HE people shun the wall, loe here he comes,  
With fierce aspect, the vulgar before runs,  
To see his stradling gate, his hat advanc't,  
His downcast eye[s] upon his boots are  
glanct ;

Who huggs himselfe he's view'd so strangely fine ;  
But one cryes : there's a changeling of the time,  
A mooncalfe, that doth change so of his shape,  
In cloaths, as doth the Moone her bulke abate.  
Stay, cries a second, you have fed enough  
All this same creature that you see 's a puffe, 10  
A blast, a vapour, that only a yeare  
Can make Invisible for to appeare :  
His birth did make his mothers mountaine shake,  
While all the women did stand by and quake,  
As did the people, in old *Æsops* time,  
At the shockt mount, whereforth a Mouse did clime.  
So did this creature, this same peece of stuffe,  
Appeare, but forth at last came out a puffe,

But now grown up, as innocently good ;  
 As he is ignorant, so long he stood 20  
 From ill : but now he is to London come,  
 For to see fashions, for fashion he 's undone,  
 And must be ill ; for if he be not, then  
 He is not so as other Gentlemen.  
 And to become a gradiate of the time,  
 He learns the fashions for to make him fine :  
 Then next to scoffe and flout a Citizen,  
 Terming them Roundheads, for that they begin  
 To aske their debts : but, stay, let me not erre  
 In blaming him who loves his Crediter : 30  
 One that doth meane to pay, but, alas, he  
 Thinkes it belongs not to Gentility :  
 For 'tis his Glory, if he thus can speake,  
 I in one yeare ten Taylors did breake.  
 And now grown impudent, his<sup>1</sup> next degree  
 Is to despise all manners that here be ;  
 For 'tis the Frenchman doth him<sup>2</sup> only please,  
 Who buyes their formes, they give him their disease ;  
 So that the vapour is all frenchified,  
 With out-stucke bonim, streight breech, and spit at side :  
 More foole then feather, lesse wit then haire,  
 Though there is one thing that in him is rare ; 41  
 A true decorum each in him doth find,  
 A simple carriage to a foolish mind.  
 No puritane, I vow I thinke he's none :  
 For what he is he glories to make knowne.  
 He will not minde his oathes, or sticke to swere,

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *him*.<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *his*.

God dame him ! doth he man or Divell feare.  
 Nor cares he for his credit unto men,  
 If that the person be a Citizen ; 50  
 But here he playes the Pope, that doth not<sup>1</sup> sticke  
 To breake<sup>2</sup> all faith with an Hereticke :  
 He with a Citizen. What ! shall I pay  
 My money to a Roundhead ? let him stay ;  
 Ile see the rogue first damd. My w—— shall have  
 A gown ; my mony is not for a slave.  
 Now sweld with debt, our Puffe to *France* is blowne :  
*England* unworthy is of such a one.  
 A land that borrowes all their wit from *France*,  
 Who can't, like them on anticke forme advance. 60  
 They only, by the vertue of the shire,  
 Can make a Country puffe so wise appeare,  
 That when he 's caist in a new sute of cloathes,  
 No Councillor carries so high his nose ;  
 But nere before his mothers curds and creame  
 Could adde to make him thus so wisely seeme.  
 Ariv'd in *France*, he doth not long remaine :  
 Another puffe soone puffes him backe again ;  
 but all be-frenchifide, he vowes the nation  
 From all the world to excell in fashion. 70  
 His Countries vile, they clownes that in it dwell,  
 But *France* in cloaths and complement excell.  
 Shrowded in a strange garbe he walkes the streete,  
 At last his Creditor doth chance to meet,  
 Who hardly now can know him by his feature,  
 And is amaz'd who should be this creature ;

<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *no*.<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *brearke*.

Vnto himselfe then<sup>1</sup> speakes : is this not him,  
 Whom that a yeare ago I ware did bring ?  
 Sure, 'tis the same, or whosoere he be,  
 Ile venture to arest his bravery. 80  
 Puffe, then arested, takes his next degree  
 Within the Counters Vniversity.  
 A staid man now he is : for he is none  
 Of those that doth not keep themselves at home,  
 But here he doth not rest himselfe so long,  
 But all his cloaths and meanes is spent and gone ;  
 That like some ancient escuchion he doth seeme  
 All tattered, in shew of no esteeme,  
 Save that he 's honoured of som, and for  
 He beares the coate of his brave ancestor : 90  
 Who was a man perhaps of worth and Spirit,  
 Whose son doth but his meanes, not mind inherit.  
 But Puffe not long within the Counter lies  
 But that with melancholy streight he dyes.  
 And<sup>2</sup> being ript, within was quickly found  
 Bills, bonds, and notes of debt, that all lay round  
 His heart, that all men present did suppose  
 The weight of these thus soone his eyes did close.  
 His will he left, but 'las, twas his last will :  
 Had 't been his first, his wealth he had kept still ; 100  
 That all, as he did now, should hate a w——,  
 For they and wine did make him dye thus poore :  
 Next, that no gallant should not ought suppose,  
 That Prayers and glory doth consist in cloathes,

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<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *them*.

<sup>2</sup> Old ed. has *For*.

Or for to court a wench with words compil'd ;  
 Such ever fame hath from her court exil'd.  
 But that they rather should enrich their mind  
 With armes and arts ; 'tis those that fame doth find.  
 Next in his will he Legacies did give ;  
 First, all his vices with our blades to live, 110  
 And for his *French* disease he did bequeath  
 To all those blades that cannot women leave ;  
 Next that the Prentices should have his cloaths,  
 To make shooclouts for the shooes of those,  
 Their masters, which before he had abus'd  
 With name of Roundheads, & their debts refus'd.  
 As for his soule, I thinke it was forgot  
 In 's life ; for here in 's will we find it not.  
 He never thought of it, sure, to bequeath ;  
 He ever that did to Gods mercy leave. 120

### *His Epitaph.*

Here lyes *Iack Puffe*, wrapt up in his skin,  
 For want of a shirt he lyeth thus thin,  
 Who, like cut grasse, did live but a day :  
 The sunshine of beauty soone burnt him to hay.  
 His bladder of life by death being prick't,  
 The bladder shrinkes up ; Puffe out soone then skipt :  
 The great misse of winde might soone cause his death,  
 For how can a puffe be ought without breath ?

But where he is gone, I hardly can tell,  
Vnlesse he doth with *Boreas* dwell,  
That, as in his life, so after his death,  
He might keepe a storming still here upon earth.

130

FINIS.





## The Welch Traveller ;

or,

## The Unfortunate Welchman.

THE Welch Traveller ; or, the Unfortunate Welchman.

“If any Gentleman do want a Man,  
As I doubt not but some do now and than,  
I have a Welchman, though but meanly clad,  
Will make him merry, be he nere so sad :  
If that you read, read it quite ore I pray,  
And you'l not think your penny cast away.”

[Beneath these lines there is a rude woodcut.]

By Humphrey Crouch. London, Printed for William Whit-wood at the sign of the Bell in Duck-lane near Smithfield, 1671,<sup>1</sup> 12mo, black letter. 12 leaves.

It has been frequently reprinted as a chap-book.

In 1860, Mr. Halliwell caused thirty copies to be reprinted from the ed. of 1671. But the present text is formed from an exact collation of the original tract.

*John Crouch* is a well-known name in connection with the period of the ephemeral poetry of the period of the Protectorate

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<sup>1</sup> In a bookseller's catalogue for 1860 a copy of the *Welch Traveller*, 1670, 12mo, was marked at 10s. 6d. But on examination it turned out to be the ed. of 1671, and the very copy which sold at Utterson's sale for £3 18s.

and Restoration; but *Humphrey Crouch* is, we believe, a new candidate for the honours of Parnassus; he is overlooked by Lowndes; nor is his name attached to the present poem in some of the subsequent impressions. It is not a very rash inference, that John and Humphrey Crouch were related to each other; perhaps they were brothers.

The *Welch Traveller* is one of a series of satirical pamphlets, in verse and prose, which were directed against the Welch during the seventeenth century. Several of these forgotten lucubrations are preserved among the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum; but they are known to few bibliographers, from the fact that they are not to be found, for the most part, in Lowndes and other works of a similar character.

The following narrative, which, as we know from the title-page, was originally published as a penny history, may possibly represent, to some extent, the personal adventures of the author in the Principality. Crouch, who evidently imagined that he was providing for his readers a feast of humour at the low price of a penny, is nothing but a dull and coarse scribbler; but like many other poetasters, he has painted with tolerable fidelity the manners of the Welsh as they were in the time of Charles II; and as illustrations of this kind are not, as regards the Cambro-Britons, particularly plentiful, the reader may be disposed to tolerate, for the sake of its allusions and descriptions, the strange mixture of balderdash and ribaldry, of which the tract consists. It is, after all, to be prized as an unique relic.

It may be observed that Crouch has entirely missed the point of the Cambrian *hur*, perhaps from an ignorance of the true orthography of that grammatical formula.

There is one circumstance which discountenances the notion that the writer here recounts mischances which occurred to himself, and it is that, about the same date, a second publication appeared, entitled, "The distressed Welshman born in Trinity Lane, with a Relation of his unfortunate Travels." It is as likely as not that the latter and the "*Welch Traveller*" of Crouch may have been one and the same person—some ill-starred native of the Principality, doubtless, who had come up to London to seek his fortune, and who circumstantially supplied one or two needy pamphleteers with an opportunity of earning a few shillings at his expense.



The original tract partakes of the typographical imperfections which characterize almost all the printed English literature of the 17th century, and which may of course be found more than usually abundant in a penny chap-book.

There are many satirical effusions against the Welsh to be found in the numerous *Drolleries* printed during the 17th century. The following tracts may be enumerated in addition:—

1. The Welchman's Protestation, concerning the Corruptions of these Times, with her last Will and Testament and her Song. 1641, 4to.

2. The Welchmen's Ivbilee to the Honovr of St. David. In verse. By J. Morgan. London. 1641, 4to.

3. Treason made and enacted by the late half-quarter usurping Convention, with a petition from the Shentleman of Wales to their cood Worships. Are to be sold at the sign of the roasted Rump, n. d. 4to.

4. The Welshman's Warning-piece, as delivered in a sermon in Shropshire, by Shon ap Morgan. 1642, 4to.

5. The Welshman's Prave Resolution in defence of her King. 1642, 4to.

6. The Welchman's Recantation, or his hearty sorrow for taking up of Armes against her Parliament. 1642, 4to.

7. A Perfect Diurnal, or Welch Post, with her creat packet of Letters, for her to carry into her countrey of Whales, touching her pretren proceeding and War in England. With a woodcut on the title-page. 1643, 4to.

8. The Welsh Man's Postures, or True Manner how her doe Exercise her company of Souldiers in her own Country. 1643, 4to. Woodcut on title.

9. The Welchman's Petition. Cut on title. 1642, 4to.

10. The Welchman's Last Petition and Protestation; whereunto is added the Protestation of Thomas ap Shinkin ap Morgan, &c. 1642, 4to. Reprinted, with many new additions, 1643, 4to.

11. The Welchman's Declaration: declaring her resolution to be revenged on her enemies, for te creat many of her Cousins and Countreyemen in Teane Forrest in Glocestershire, where her was most cruelly peaten. Woodcut on title. n. d. [1643]. 4to.

12. The Welch Plunderer, or her sore lamentation hearing of P. Roberts pillaging in Gloucestershire. 1643, 4to. Woodcut on title.

13. The Welch Ambassador, or the Happy Newes his worship hath brought to London with her thirteen Articles of acree-ments. Frontispiece. 1643, 4to. Reprinted, 1649, 4to.

14. The Welch-man's Complements, or Manner how Shinkin woed his Sweet-heart Maudlin after Kenton Battaile. 1643, 4to. With a woodcut.

15. Shou ap<sup>s</sup> Owen's Sermon before Prince Maurice. With a Poem. 1643, 4to.

16. The Welchman to the Archbishop of York. 1646. 4to.

17. The honest Welch-Cobler, for her do scorne to call herselfe the simple Welch-Cobler : Although her thinkes in all her consciences, if her had as many as would stand betweene Paules and Sharing-Crosse, that her have not so much Wit as her Prother Cobler of America, yet her thinke her may have as much knavery. By Shinkin ap Shoue, &c. London, 1647, 4to. 4 leaves.

18. Crete Wonders foretold by the Crete Prophet of Wales. Woodcut. 1647, 4to.

19. The Welch Physician. 1647, 4to.

20. The Humple Remonstrance of Rice ap Meredith ap Morgan, Shentilman of Wales, to te Parliaments of Enghelandes and her cood lord Shenerals. Together with a fery prave new Ballacks or Songs. London, Printed by Robert Wood. 1650, 4to.

21. The Welch Traveller. 1671. 12mo. 12 leaves.

22. Wonderful Newes from Wales, in a true narrative of an old Woman [Jane Morgan] living near Llanselin in Denbighshire, whose Memory serves her to relate what she hath seen and done 130 years ago. London, 1677, 4to. 14 leaves.

23. Muscipula: sive Cambro muri-maxia. 1709, 4to.

24. The Mouse-Trap, or the Welchman's Scuffle with the Mice. 1709, 4to.

25. The Welchman's Catechism: or Taffy's Instructions. 1705, 4to.

26. The Welchman's Last Will and Testament. A Poem. The Second Edition. London, Printed for Tho. Bickerton, 1719, 8vo.

27. Jenkin of Wales, his Loue Course and Perambulation, an Early Droll, performed at the Red Bull Theatre about the year 1647.

28. The Pleasant History of Taffy's Progress to London, with the Welshman's Catechism—

“Behold in Wheelbarrow I come to town,  
With wife and child to pull the Taffies down :  
For sweet St. David shall not be abus'd,  
And by the rabble yearley thus misus'd.”

London, Printed for F. Thorn, near Fleet-street, 1707, sm. 8vo.

29. The Life and Death of Sheffery Morgan, the Son of Shou ap Morgan. Newcastle, circa 1760, 12mo.

The following is a collection of our author's performances, so far as they are known, or capable of being identified :—

1. Love's Court of Conscience. Written upon two severall Occasions; with new Lessons for Lovers. Whereunto is cunexed a kinde Husband's advice to his Wife. London, Printed for Richard Harper. 1637, 8vo. 16 leaves.

2. An Excellent Sonnet of the Unfortunate Loves of Hero and Leander. [A dialogue in verse.] To the tune of Gerards Mistris. By H. Crouch. Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and J. Wright. With four cuts.

3. A godly exhortation to the distressed Nation, shewing the true cause of this unnatural Civill War amongst us. In verse. London, Nov. 9, 1642. A sheet. *Br. Museum.*

4. The Industrious Smith, wherein is shown,  
How plain-dealing is overthrown.  
A ballad [circa 1635]. *Br. Museum.*

5. The Lady Pecunia's journey into Hell with her speech to Pluto, maintaining that she sends more Soules to Hell than all his friends. With Pluto's answer and applause. In verse. London, Jan. 30, 1653-4. A sheet, with 2 cuts. *Br. Museum.*

6. The Parliament of Graces, briefly shewing the banishment of peace. London, Dec. 12, 1642, 4to. *Br. Museum.*

7. The Madman's Morrice,  
Wherein you shall finde  
The trouble and grief and discontent of his minde,  
A warning to yong men to have a care  
How they in love intangled are.

London [circa 1640]. A broadside in verse. *Br. Museum.*

8. An Elegie Sacred to the memory of Sir Edmondbury God-

fray. By H. C[rouch ?] London, 1678, folio. A sheet. *Br. Museum.*

9. The Greeks and Trojans warres:  
Caus'd by that wanton Trojan Knight Sir Paris,  
Who ravishes Hellen and her to Troy carries.

With a fit allusion  
Before the conclusion:  
Ireland is our Hellen fair,  
Ravish'd from us from want of care.

By H. C. London [1640?], folio, a sheet. *Br. Museum.*

10. England's jests refin'd and improv'd; being a choice collection of the merriest jests. By H. C[rouch?] 3rd. Ed. London, 1693, 8vo.

11. The Heroick History of Guy Earle of Warwick. Written by Humphrey Crouch. A sheet. London, printed for Jane Bell. 1655.<sup>1</sup>

12. The Distressed Welshman born in Trinity Lane, with a Relation of his unfortunate Travels. Printed by and for T. Norris, at the Looking Glass on London-bridge, n.d. 12mo. In verse. With two woodcuts. In the Pepysian Library.

In Hartshorne's *Book Rarities* this tract is ascribed to *Hugh Crompton*; but it was, from the similarity of topic and style, far more probably Crouch's work. Besides, no one ever heard of any writer of the name of Hugh Crompton, except the author of *Pierides*, 1657, who must have been dead many years when this Distressed Welshman was first introduced to public notice.

13. The Mad Pranks of Tom Tram, Son-in-law to Mother Winter; whereunto is added his Merry Jests, Odd Conceits, and pleasant Tales, very delightful to read. In three parts. Of this there were several impressions; an early one is in the Pepysian.

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<sup>1</sup> It is surprising how popular this subject was. Samuel Rowlands wrote a poem on it, which passed through many editions; and R. Oulton entered at Stationer's Hall, on the 24th of November, 1640, "a book called The true Story of Guy earle of Warwicke. By Martyn Parker." In prose. See Ritson's *Robin Hood*, 1795, i. 127. But none of these later essays has the slightest literary or critical value, they being nothing more than penny histories.

Probably one of the earliest illustrative notices we have in print of Wales and the Welsh is contained in the second chapter of Borde's *Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge*, of which W. Copland printed two (or more) editions about 1550.

A play called *The Welsh Traveller* is mentioned in Sir Henry Herbert's Diary, under date of May 10, 1622, as a new play licensed for performance by the Children of the Revels. It is not known to exist in print or MS. Three other dramas, in which Welshmen are made to figure, are described by Mr. Halliwell in his *Dictionary of Old Plays*, 1860—viz. *The Welsh Ambassador*, (circa 1625), *The Welshman*, 1595, and *The Welshman's Prize*, 1598. They all appear to have perished.

The editor is inclined to regard Crouch as the person to whom the modernized and lengthened version of the famous history of *Tom Thumb* should be ascribed. It will be found printed, with the older one, in the second volume.





# THE Welch Traveller :

OR

## The Unfortunate *WELCHMAN*:

*If any Gentleman do want a Man,  
As I doubt not but some do now and than,  
I have a Welchman: though but meanly clad,  
Will make him merry, be he nere so sad:  
If that you read, read it quite ore I pray,  
And you'l not think your penny cast away.*

BY HUMPHRY CROUCH.



London. Printed for *William Whitwood* at the sign of the  
Bell in *Duck-Lane* near *Smithfield*. 1671.







## The Welch Traveller.

**I**N this Dull age to recreate  
the minds of friends and strangers,  
Hur<sup>1</sup> tell hur of hur evil Fate,  
and hur unlookt for dangers.

Was travel over mountains high  
and in the vallies low,  
Was see great wonders in the skie  
that others little know.

Hur was a welch Astrologer,  
was tell of matters strange,  
So deep was learn'd was tell to hur,  
how oft the Moon doth change ;  
Was tell hur of a Shepherds star,  
Of wonders old and new,  
If hur have peace, hur have no war,  
all this hur prove is true.

Was tell hur too in loving words  
things shall be as before,

10

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<sup>1</sup> Orig. has *he*; but as the author evidently intended, here and throughout the poem, to satirize the Cambro-British peculiarity of *hur*, the latter form has been adopted in preference to one in which there is no meaning.

When English men lay down their swords,  
and mean to fight no more: 20  
But all these things hur will pass by,  
as matters light and small ;  
Hur knows not hur own destiny,  
and that's the worst of all.  
For, as hur gazed on the skie  
for want of better wit,  
Poor Taffie fell immediately  
into a great deep pit.  
Had not a shepherd stood his friend,  
and helpt hur quickly out, 30  
Hur surely there had made an end,  
Hur makes no other doubt.  
Hur gave hur thanks the Shepherd then  
spake to hur when 'twas meet,  
Bid hur and other such like men  
look better to hur feet.  
No more Astrologer, I pray,  
was glad her life was sav'd,  
Hur soberly walkt on her way  
and food was all hur crav'd. 40  
O ! hur was hungry and cold,  
hur strength began to fail,  
Hur had no silver nor no gold,  
he tells hur what hur ail.  
Hur sold hur lowsie sherkin then,  
but one poor groat was given,  
Oh ! hur was then a shentleman,  
hur thought hur was in heaven :

For hur had money for to buy  
victual for one meal, 50  
That hur might not for hunger die,  
not yet be forced to steal  
Into an Ale-house went he streight ;  
here an old wife did live,  
Who sold then at too dear a rate,  
and had nothing to give.  
Hur sate hur down, and call'd for meat ;  
hur Hostis brought her eggs  
Had shickens in them. O base shade !<sup>1</sup>  
these shickens they had leggs. 60  
Her shickens and her eggs did stink,  
hur could no longer stay,  
Had they been living, sure hur think  
they would have run away.  
Her best eggs that were in her dish,  
that had no shicks, were rotten,  
And then she brought her stinking fish,  
which hur [has] not forgotten.  
Hur cast her eggs, her fish and all,  
into hur hostis face, 70  
And then to spewing hur did fall,  
was in a piteous case.  
Hur hostis cried out piteously,  
and called her son in Law,  
Who beat poor Taffie piteously,  
the like hur never saw,  
Those heavy blows hur still doth feel  
was laid on hur alas !

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<sup>1</sup> Jade.

As if hur body had been steel,  
 and bones were made of brass. 80  
 The cruel blows did hur receive  
 from that hard-hearted elfe,  
 Was tell hur, if hur give hur leave,  
 made hur bewray herself.  
 Was tell hur how herself was freed,  
 was fain to use hur wit,  
 With all dexterity and speed  
 was well hur was be . . .  
 Was put hur hands into hur breeks,  
 and pul'd from off hur thighs 90  
 A thing was made of cheese and leeks,  
 and cast it in her eyes :  
 Her son was blind, her mother blind,  
 no boot for hur to stay,  
 Hur left a filthy stink behind,  
 and so hur run away.  
 Was glad was gone from them two tevils,  
 from son and the old hag ;  
 In midst of all those woful evils  
 there's none had cause to brag. 100  
 My bones did ake, their eyes did smart,  
 and such a stink was there,  
 Which men could not with all their art  
 make sweet in half a year.  
 But now hur knows not what to do,  
 hur hunger to suffice ;  
 At length, with walking to and fro,  
 an apple-tree espies.

The apples did so lovly look,  
did move hur unto laughter, 110  
No delaies could hur brook  
hur shops so much did water.  
Up in the tree hur gets ;  
the owner came anon ;  
Made hur almost besides hur wits,  
a cruel fight began :  
The man at hur did throw great stones,  
and hur did apples cast ;  
The stones did so bethumb hur bones,  
that down hur fell at last. 120  
When hur was down, mark what befell :  
her hostis and her son  
Came running, when their eyes were well,  
beholding what was done.  
He took hur up was almost dead ;  
they laughed out amain ;  
They cuffed hur, and thus they said :  
was hope hur had been slain.  
They counsel took, and did agree,  
more mischief did befall, 130  
They said they'd hang hur on a tree,  
and I must pay for all.  
To escape from this ungodly train,  
it was hur chief desire,  
Hur cried out with might and main :  
your houses are on fire !  
A gallant trick it was of mine  
for to escape hur foes :

A man a singeing of a Swine,  
     from whence the smoak arose. 140  
 They run with speed to quench the fire,  
     that never was begun,  
 And glad was hur they did retire,  
     that hur away might run  
 Over hill and over dale,  
     till hur was almost spent ;  
 At last hur legs began to fail,  
     which wrought hur discontent.  
 And then into a hedge hur crept,  
     thinking to take a nap, 150  
 And then hur sate hur downe and wept,  
     lamenting hur mishap.  
 At last a handsome man came by,  
     with him a pretty Lass.  
 These Lovers did not hur espy,  
     but set them on the grass ;  
 He to this Maid a Ring did give,  
     which she did well accept :<sup>1</sup>  
 And with a kiss did her relieve,  
     and close unto her crept. 160  
 This ring, it seems, did prove too wide,  
     which gallantly did shine ;  
 From off her finger it did slide,  
     and so at last was mine.  
 This Ring hur much did think upon ;  
     they minded more their play ;  
 So when these Lovers they were gone,  
     hur found it w[h]ere it lay.

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<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *except*.

Hur put it up into hur poke,  
     away hur went amain : 170  
 For why, hur was afraid those folks  
     would quick return again.  
 Now hur had got a gay gold Ring,  
     hur know not where to bide,  
 It was fine brave and gallant thing  
     was puff hur up with pride.  
 But Fortune often playes the Jade ;  
     she's seldome constant known,  
 For why, at last hur was betray'd ; 180  
     hur could not keep hur own :  
 For, going through a town, got wot,  
     amongst some ill-bred curs,  
 Hur shewd it to a cheating trot,  
     who said the Ring was hers.  
 Cuts plutteranails ! was tell a lie,  
     hur found it as hur went ;  
 But she used such extremity,  
     which wrought hur discontent.  
 Before a Justice brought hur then,  
     and there hur kept such stirs, 190  
 The Justice said before all men,  
     that sure the Ring was hers.  
 Hur called the Justice great Boobee ;  
     then hur receiv'd some knocks.  
 The Justice made no more ado,  
     but sent hur to the stocks.  
 The boyes did jear hur to hur face,  
     and call'd hur thief and knave ;

O! was it not a great disgrace  
 that boyes should hur out-brave? 200

Now hur hath mark'd what hath been past,  
 now mark but this one thing,  
 The man and maid came by at last,  
 that lost this gay gold ring.

How glad was hur then in the end,  
 though hur was but a thief?

Hur hop'd, that hur would stand hur friend,  
 to ease hur of hur grief.

Hoe! shentlemen, hur pray hur stay,  
 and likewise hur fair maid, 210

Did not hur lose hur ring today?  
 regard her what hur said.

They wondred, how he came to know,  
 how she should lose the ring:

Nor did they know what they should do,  
 for to regain this thing.

Have you any Ring kind man? quoth they,  
 tell us if that you took it?

Hur had the Ring as hur may say,  
 but now hur may go look it. 220

A woman cheated hur of it,  
 her kept such grievous stirs,

For want of honesty or wit,  
 her justice said 'twas hers.

And can you tell, where [s]he doth dwell,  
 that wrought us this despight?

For oght<sup>1</sup> hur knows hur lives in hell,  
 she's such a wicked wight.

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<sup>1</sup> Old ed. has *oft*.



A little boy, now standing by,  
told them where [s]he did live, 230  
The author of their villany ;  
a groat to him they give.  
Unto this womans house they go,  
before a justice bring her,  
Where she was cast with much ado,  
and in the stocks they fling her.  
Now Taffie had his hearts desire ;  
he had her company ;  
But when he did begin to jeer,  
she in his face did flie. 240  
She claw'd him so with her nails,  
she made him almost mad ;  
He was not used so in Wales,  
his luck was then so bad.  
Moreover, as I understand,  
to add to his disgrace  
The quean she —— in her hand  
and cast it in hur face :  
Cuts plutteranails ! beshrew her heart !  
was scurvey quean and w——. 250  
His scratched face did now so smart,  
which made him cry and roar :  
Too soon I wish her here, quoth he ;  
but now I wisht her further ;  
Or that from her I might be free,  
for fear she should me murther.  
The company that stood about  
did laugh at him a-good,

And very friendly helpt him out,  
 because he pleased the mood. 260  
 Now glad was he that out did get,  
 and left this foe behind,  
 After they two so long had fight,  
 and found the people kind.  
 His scratched face did vex him now,  
 he thought upon this thing ;  
 But not so much, I tell you true,  
 as loss of this gold Ring.  
 He did not know then what to do,  
 or where to lye that night, 270  
 He wandreth now to and fro,  
 and kept from peoples sight.  
 At last, unto a house he came ;  
 the people absent were,  
 No man, no master, maid or dame ;  
 and so he entred there.  
 Unto the smoak-loft climb'd he then,  
 and to the Bacon crept,  
 Now Taffie is a jovial man ;  
 his heart within him leapt, 280  
 He cut the bacon, which was raw ;  
 no bread at all did eat ;  
 Resolv'd to fill his hungry maw,  
 he lustily did feed.  
 He fill'd his pockets too, besides,  
 might serve him for tomorrow ;  
 He knew he must not there abide,  
 'twas but the fruits of sorrow.

But at the length the maid came in,  
then he could not get out; 290  
To study now he doth begin  
to bring this thing about.  
At length, he was resolv'd to stay  
all night until the morrow,  
For fear they two should have a fray,  
which might increase his sorrow.  
Well, now the lusty Plowmen came  
to feed and to carouse;  
As for the Master and the Dame,  
they supt at the next house. 300  
When the Plowmen well had fed,  
to bed they took their way,  
For I have often heard it said,  
they rise by break of day.  
But time brings all things to an end;  
now home the woman came:  
With her her husband, her best friend,  
who was a Cock o'th game.  
They wisht the Maid to go to bed;  
she need not be intreated, 310  
Whilst Taffie on the bacon fed  
and bravely he was seated.  
For he upon the saddle sate,  
unknown, unseen of all,  
All bedawb'd with bacon fat,  
not dreaming he should fall.  
They warm'd their leggs, and eke their feet;  
the man now wanton grows;

For why, he thought it not unmeet  
to play with his wives toes.

320

Thou hast a pretty foot, quoth he,  
a handsome leg besides,  
A soft plump thigh, a fair white knee,  
which I have nigh espied.

Now Taffie had a great desire  
to play the sawey Jack.

He peepeth down, and fell i'th fire,  
the saddle on his back :

I've brought your saddle home, he cry'd,  
I borrow'd of your maid.

The man and woman stept aside :  
for they were sore afraid ;

330

They cried out most piteously  
their case was then so evil,

Hoe ! Cob, hoe ! Rob, rise speedily,  
and help to kill the Devil !

So when the Plowmen did awake,  
the best was but a Clown,

They each of them a Cudgel take,  
and knock poor Taffie down :

They threw him in the fire again,  
who was but new crept out ;

340

They said they had the Devil slain,  
even by their valour stout.

His bacon fried in his poke,  
which moved them to laughter,

Whilst he lay broiling in the smoak,  
and curst them ever after.

He tumbled out, and thus did say :

I take these things in snuff,  
Pray give me leave to go my way ; 350  
has punishment enough.

The good man quickly did agree,  
and jeared him with his whimsey :

Pray if you come again, quoth he,  
friend, come not down my chimney.

The night was cold and dark, got wot ;  
no star was in the skie ;

But as for Taffie he was hot,  
you know the reason why.

He was afraid of every Dogg, 360  
when he was out of town ;

Almost as naked as a frog,  
with grief he sate him down

Upon a bed of nettles there,  
which stung him grievously ;

What with pain, with grief and care,  
he wished he might die.

He all in darkness travelled ;  
his nettled flesh did smart,

His blistered feet were gravelled, 370  
which grieved him to the heart :

Yet he was musing in his mind,  
what house to go to next,

Where he might some provision find :  
for nothing more perplext.

Though he had Bacon in his poke  
might yield him some relief :



And up and down the Country lurk,  
as cause of all hur strife.

Kind friend, quoth they, you shall be one  
of our fraternity ;

Our secrets to you shall be known, 410  
and we'll live happily.

We live, as you do, easily,  
but have our wits about us ;

We never suffer'd injury,  
nor give them cause to flout us.

I am your servant and your friend,  
poor Taffie then replied,

I hope my grief is at an end,  
if I with you abide.

The first design we'll set upon, 420  
if you'l our secrets keep,

Shall be, for ought we know, anon,  
when people are asleep.

And what is that? quoth Taffie then,  
I do desire to know,

You look like good plain dealing men,  
what is it I must do ?

Nothing but rob a house, quoth they,  
of bacon, we tell you.

Quoth he : I was in such a fray ; 430  
hur's some ; I pray fall too.

He pull'd a piece out of his poke ;  
the bacon it was warm :

Quoth he : this was in fire and smoke, !  
but I had all the harm.

He shewd his burned back and side,  
his hands, and eke his face ;

They laughed at his burned side,  
which he took in disgrace.

They eat the bacon greedily,  
but they found bread and drink ;

440

The[y] praised it exceedingly,  
although the same did stink.

Well, now themselves to sleep they lay ;  
no dangers them affright ;

Most commonly they sleep all day,  
and do their work by night.

They all concluded at the last  
a rope should him befriend,

That, when their dangers it was past,  
it might be Taffie's end.

450

This practise wise men will observe  
a subtill villany,

Some care not though their country starve,  
so they may gain thereby.

Taffie, quoth they, your office mind ;  
we'll let you down the chimney

With this same rope, and you shall find  
'twill be a gallant whimsey.

When thou art down, the bacon bind  
with this same rope we give you,

460

And we to you will then be kind,  
and with the same relieve you.

When this is done, observe us then ;  
we straight then up will hale you,



And you do think us honest men,  
 think not that we will fail you.  
 They let him down, to work he falls,  
 the bacon straight doth bind ;  
 The Gypsies up the bacon hale, 470  
 and leave the fool behind.

Taffie, we thank thee for our swine,  
 we can no longer stay ;  
 The bacon's ours, the halter's thine ;  
 make haste, and get away.  
 They cast their halters on his head,  
 and call'd him foolish elf,  
 And with the bacon streight they fled,  
 and bid him hang himself.

Same take you all, was serve them so, 480  
 hur best daies now are gone ;  
 Now out, alas ! what shall hur do ?  
 hur now was quite undone.

Was find hur heart to hang hursel',  
 was take hur for a tief ;

More misery hur must endure,  
 and so add grief to grief ;

Or else was broil hur on the coles,  
 as hur once did before :

The world is full of knaves and fools, 490  
 O ! there was never more !

Hur will stand here, let what will come,  
 out-face the worst of evil.

Hur will not speak, hur being dumb ;  
 was take hur for the Tevill.

Was all bedawb'd hursel with crock,  
 was warrant hur will scare hur,  
 And stand as still as any stock,  
 no matter though hur jear hur.

Taffie now doth domineer

500

with face as black as hell ;

Hur means to put them all in fear,  
 who in the house did dwell.

Now down into the house hur comes,  
 unto the Cubbard goes,

The bread and butter so bethumbs ;  
 at last the maid arose.

Beholding there his ugly face,  
 she cried out amain :

She runs up stairs in little space,  
 for fear she should be slain.

510

Master, quoth she, O save my life !  
 in such a fear he put her,

The Devil's below with his long knife,  
 cutting of bread and butter !

What, art thou mad, quod he, my wench ?  
 or art thou in a dream ?

He took a sword lay on a Bench,  
 and down at length he came.

The good wife cried out amain :  
 heaven keep us from all evil !

520

Good husband come to bed again ;  
 will you fight with the Devil ?

I prethee, wife, let me alone,  
 the man did thus reply,

If that this Devil be not gone,  
my manhood I will try.  
But when he came the Devil to eye,  
he looked wondrous pale,  
His manhood then he durst not try, 530  
his courage now doth fail.  
The man afraid, the Devil afraid,  
stood gazing on each other ;  
At last the good wife and the maid  
call'd down the good man's brother.  
Brother, lend me your sword, quoth he, '<sup>1</sup>  
and i'le lend you my aid ;  
But when he came this Devil to see,  
he was as much afraid.  
When Taffie see them all amaz'd, 540  
he stoutly marched away ;  
Upon each other they gaz'd,  
and knew not what to say.  
They dined ; well, mark what ensued !  
when as they came to sup,  
They mist the bacon, and conclude  
the Devil had eat it up.  
Now Taffie is a lusty blade,  
possessed with strange fits,  
Made all the children sore afraid, 550  
almost beside hur wits.  
The children hiding places sought,  
he put them in such fear,  
Lest Taffie, who the Devil was thought,  
would them in pieces tear.

They durst not go to school by day,  
 nor rest in beds at nights,  
 For fear he should fetch them away,  
 he put them in such frights.

The women at this matter frown, 560  
 and they conclude with speed

To beat the Devil out of town  
 that did this mischief breed ;

With shovels, spades, staves and stones,  
 they beat poor Taffie so,

That they had almost broke his bones ;  
 such cruelty they show.

Upon his hands and feet he creeps,  
 to show that he was almost lam'd,

And then he sets him down, and weeps, 570  
 his courage now is tam'd.

Unto a Church at last goes he,  
 to hide him out of sight,

So then he thought he should be free  
 from all their hate and spight.

Within a Pew he clos[e]ly lay  
 all night untill the morrow,

Untill the Sexton came, they say,  
 which did increase his sorrow.

Taffie peept out with his black snout, 580  
 which made him sore afraid ;

He like a mad man run about,  
 and call'd aloud for aid.

Two hundred armed men he brought,  
 the Church encompass round,

And for this Devil there they sought,  
and him at length they found.

Art thou the Devil, quoth they, that dost  
scare all our children so ?

Or art thou some disturbed Ghost, 590  
that wandreth to and fro ?

No, hur was Taffie, was a man  
of flesh and blood, and bone ;  
Was not believe hur, feel hur then,  
or else let hur alone.

Thou art a counterfeit, quoth they,  
a false dissembling knave ;

Come, Gentlemen, bring him away,  
he his reward may have.

Two hundred men to guard him then 600  
with Musquets, Pikes and Swords,  
And they were not the meanest men  
the country then affords.

Taffie long time with them did trudge ;  
his heart was wondrous sad ;

They brought him then before the judge,  
where he [h]is judgment had.

He was to stand i'th Pillory  
for four long hours or more,

That all the children might him spy, 610  
that he had scar'd before.

A many then against him came,  
running with all speed,

And their Indictments thus they frame,  
if you please them to read.

Will you hear more, in time you may,  
 my pen's at your commanding ;  
 I have no more as yet to say :  
 for there I left him standing.

*Finis.*

### Taffies Indictment.

*Emprimis*, for troubling the Shepherd to help him out of the pit.

*Item*, for selling the lowsie Jerken for a groat, which was borrowed of his Country man Pinken.

*Item*, for casting stinking fish and rotten eggs into his hostis face.

*Item*, for casting dung in his Hostis sons face.

*Item*, for casting apples at the Country man from the tree, when he had the worst himself.

*Item*, for going away with the gold Ring.

*Item*, for calling the justice Boobee.

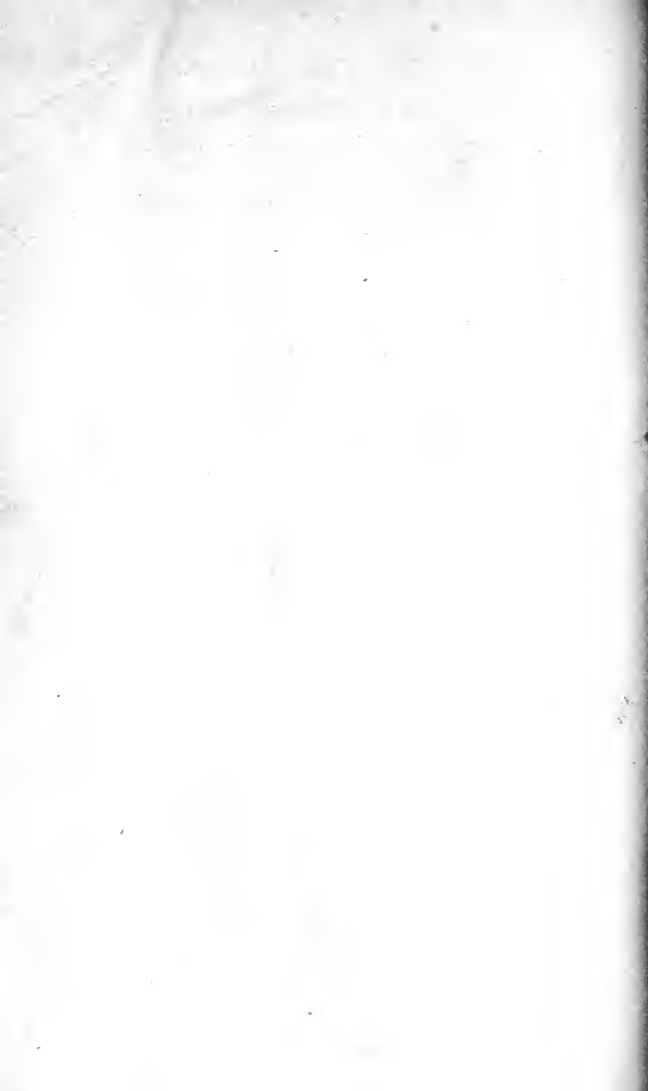
*Item*, for sitting in the stocks with an old woman.

*Item*, for creeping up into the smoak-loft, and then falling down into the fire with a packsaddle at his back.

*Item*, for acting the Devils part, when he put all the house into a bodily fear.

**Item**, for scaring all the children in the town.

**Item**, for scaring the Sexton in the Church, for which loose behaviour he was adjudged to stand in the Pillory, where I leave him till the next mad prank he shall play.







## Additional Notes.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

### *The King and the Barker.*



**INTRODUCTION.** I suspect that this poem, as it has come down to us, exhibits corruptions as regards the arrangement of the lines, and that the rhythm has seriously suffered in consequence. Take the following examples:—

Line 5. “As he rode, he houertoke yn the wey  
A tanner of Dautre yn a queynte araye;  
Blake kow heydys sat he apon,  
The hornys heyng besyde,  
The kyng low, and had god game,  
To se the tannar reyde.  
Howr kyng bad hes men abeyde.”

? Rearrange thus:—

“As he rode, he houertoke yn the wey  
A tanner of Dautre yn a queynte araye;  
Blake kow heydys sat he apon, the hornys heyng besyde;  
The kyng low, and had god game to se the tannar reyde.  
Howr kyng bad hes men abeyde.”

Again:—

“And he welde sper of hem the wey  
Yffe y may her eney now tythyng  
Y schall het to yow saye.  
Howr kyng prekyd, and seyde: ‘ser, god the saffe,  
The tannar seyde: ‘well mot yow ffar’—”

Should not the text stand as follows:—

“And he welde sper of hem the wey  
Yffe y may her eney now tythyng, y schall het to yow  
saye.

Howr kyng prekyd, and seyde: ‘god the saffe, ser.’  
The tannar seyde: ‘well mot yow ffar.’”

Again, at line 82, ought we not to read the poem thus:—

“God felow, with me thow must abeyde,  
Seyd our kyng, for thow and y most an hontyng reyde.”

A little further on, at line 86, query—

“God felow lend thow me theyne,  
And hafe her meyne.”

At line 89, perhaps the arrangement should be—

“Alas, theyn the thanner thowt, he well reyde away  
With mey hors; Y well after to get hem, and y mey.”

At line 92 *et seqq.*, I am inclined to suggest a redistribution, viz:—

“He cast them yn the kyngs schadyll, that was a neys seyte;  
Tho he sattu aboffe them, as y [y]ouw seye;  
He prekyd fast after hem, and fond the redey wey;  
The hors lokyd about hem, and sey  
On euery syde the kow hornes blake and wheyte.”

At the same time, there are places where the measure seems incapable of restoration, and it is impossible to be certain whether even the changes suggested above would be authorized by the real original of the poem, if such were ever to come to light.

There are many separate editions of this piece, subsequently to Dauter's, in 1596. Three may be mentioned.

A pleasant new Ballad of King Edward the Fourth and a Tanner of Tamworth, as he rode a hunting with his Nobles to Drayton Bassett. To an excellent new Tune. Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke. With a cut.

A pleasant new Ballad of King Edward the Fourth and a Tanner of Tamworth. Printed for F. Coles, T. Vere, and W. Gilbertson. With two cuts.

In the 4th Part of *Bibl. Heber.*, No. 1743, was another impression, entitled, “A Merry, Pleasant, and Delectable History between King Edward the Fourth and a Tanner of Tamworth, as he rode upon a time with his Nobles on Hunting toward

Drayton-Basset, very Pleasant and merry to Read. With cuts. Printed for F. Coles, n. d. 8vo.

Of the ed. of 1596, the only copy known to the editor is that in Selden, Arch. 39, 4to; but Percy had the use of a perfect copy.

Besides the license of this ballad to William Griffith, in 1564-5, mentioned at p. 2, *note*, there was an entry of it, with several other articles, to Edward White, in 1585-6. But the earliest printed edition of it now known is that of 1596; for a notice of which, see vol. ii. p. 59, of present work.

*The King and the Hermit.*

This tale seems to acquire an additional interest and value from the circumstance, or probability rather, that it belongs to the Robin Hood epoch—the reign of Edward II, during which the great Nottinghamshire outlaw is conjectured to have died. In the *Lytel Geste*, fyttē the sixth, *ad finem*, where Robin has just liberated Sir Richard at the Lee, we read:—

“Leve thi hors the behynde,  
And lerne for to renne;  
Thou shalt with me to grene wode  
Through myre, mosse and fenne.

Thou shalt with me to grene wode,  
Without any leasyngē,  
Tyll that I have gete us grace  
*Of Edwarde our comly Kyngē.*”

Then the 7th Fit begins thus:—

“The kyngē came to Notynghame,  
With knyghtes in grete araye;  
For to take that gentyll knyght,  
And Robyn Hode, yf he may.”

(Ritson's *Robin Hood*, 1795, i. 62, 3.) It seems far from unlikely that we ought to place the incident which is narrated in the *King and the Hermyt*, therefore, during this Nottinghamshire progress of Edward II. Our hermit also made his house in the then extensive forest of Sherwood, and had something better than bread and water at need to offer a visitor. We are reminded strongly, when we peruse this poem, of the noted character of a similar class, whom Scott has introduced into his *Ivanhoe*.

The whole of the 7th Fit of the *Lytell Geste* should be read in connection with the *Kyng and the Hermyt*.

In Mr. Black's Catalogue of the Ashmol. MSS. fol. 110, this poem is described as “The gest of King Edward and [in?] the Forest of Shirwood.”

The closing lines are printed by Mr. Black in his Catalogue of the Ashmol. MSS., and as that gentleman gives them, they vary in a very few literal *minutiæ* from the text given here in accordance with a collation forwarded to the editor by Mr. Waring from Oxford.

Line 77, *wylle*. Strike out the note upon this word; but the explanation is correct. *Be wrozt* was a misprint, however, for *he wrozt*.

Line 346. *Fusty bandyas*. The same expression is used by Skelton without any obvious meaning in his *Garlande of Laurell*, 1523, and in one of his *Poems against Garnesche*. In the former it is written *foisty bawdias*, and in the latter *fusty bawdias*. It would appear to belong to the interjectional vocabulary.

### *The Thrush and the Nightingale.*

Line 1. *Somer is comen, &c.* The reader may perhaps be reminded of the beautiful and most ancient song in praise of the cuckoo (Ritson's *Anc. Songs*, i. 10), commencing "Sumer is icumen in." The present is not quite so old, probably, but it is prior to a second piece in the same collection, and the opening lines of the two are almost *verbatim* identical.

### *The Fox and the Wolf.*

Page 58. A short prose version of a tale similar to this is printed in Mr. Wright's *Latin Stories*, p. 54, under the title of "Fabula de vulpe et lupo."

### *Ragman Roll.*

This is mentioned by John Heywood in an interlude printed in 1533. It was perhaps printed about that date; but W. de Worde ceased from business in the beginning of 1535.—See Skelton's *Garlande of Laurell*, 1523, line 1490 (Works, i. 420).

Line 5. *In brede*. So Skelton, in the *Garlande of Laurell*, 523:—

"Yet now and then  
Sum Latin men  
May happely loke  
Vpon your boke,  
And so procede  
In you to rede,  
That so indede  
Your fame may sprede  
In length and brede."

*The Debate of the Carpenters Tools.*

Line 14. *Twybylle*. Skelton, in one of his *Poems against Gannesche*, has the word.

Line 303. "I saye thou madde Marche hare,  
I wondre howe ye dare  
Open your ianglyng iawes."  
Skelton's Works, i. 210.

And in *Magnyfycence*, the same writer says, —

"As mery as a Marche hare."

*Colin Blowbols Testament.*

Line 391. *Atropos*. Skelton, in his *Elegy on the 4th Earl of Northumberland* (Works, i. 11), thus addresses this personage:—

"O Atropos, of the fatall systers iii  
Goddess most cruell vnto the lyfe of man,  
All merciles, in thé is no pite!  
O homicide, which sleest all that thou can."

It seems not unlikely that the author of this whimsical piece of extravagance may have seen some such production as the drinking song by Walter Mapes, introduced into *Ritson's Ancient Songs*, ed. 1829, i. 3, commencing:—

"Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori."

Skelton, in his *Diuers Balettys and Dyties Solacyons* (Works, i. 23), has the expression "blynerd blowboll."

*Syr Peny.*

*Syr Peny*. Here is the song referred to in the Introduction, under the title of "A Song in praise of Sir Penny:—

"Go bet, Peny, go bet [go],  
For thu makyn bothe frynd and fo.  
Peny is an hardy knyght,  
Peny is mekyl of myght,  
Peny of wrong, he makyt ryght,  
In every cuntré qwer he goo.  
[Go bet, &c.]

Thow I have a man islawe,  
 And forfetyd the kyngés lawe,  
 I xal fyndyn a man of lawe,  
     Wyl takyn myn peny, and let me goo.  
 [Go bet, &c.]

And if I have to don fer or ner,  
 And Peny be myn massanger,  
 Than am I nothyng in dwer,  
     My cause xal be wol doo.  
 [Go bet, &c.]

And if I have pens bothe good and fyn,  
 Men wyll byddyn me to the wyn,  
 That I have xal be ther[in]:  
     Sekyrly thei wil seyn so.  
 [Go bet, &c.]

And quan I have non in myn purs,  
 Peny bet, ne peny wers,  
 Of me thei holdyn but lytil fors,  
     He was a man, let hym goo.  
 [Go bet, Peny, go bet, go,  
 For thu makyn both frynd and fo.]”

To the publications on the subject of money may be added, Hake's *Newes out of Powles Churchyarde*, 1567; *The Massacre of Money*, by T. A., 1602; *The World's Sweet-heart*, a ballad, printed by Mr. Collier in his "Book of Roxburghe Ballads," 1847, p. 7; *A New Dittie in Prayse of Money*. To a new Tune called *the Kings Jigge*, in Deloney's *Strange Histories*, 1607 (Percy Society's ed., p. 66); *The Lady Pecunia's Journey unto Hell*, by Humphrey Crouch, 1653; and *The Death and Buriall of Mistresse Money, with her Will and Funerall Verses*, 1664, 8vo.

### *How the Wise Man taught his Son.*

Line 160. *Chery fayre*. See Skelton's Works, ii. 85.

### *How the Goode Wif thought her Doughter.*

Line 48. *Borelle*.

“This is to say, if I be gay, sir schrewe,  
 I wol renne aboute, my borel for to schewe.”  
*Wyf of Bathes Prologe.*

*Howe a Myrchand dyd hys Wyfe Betray.*

The following entries relative to the early printed edition of this production (all now lost) occur in the Stationers' Registers:—

“ [1560-1] Rd of John Sampson for his lycense for the pryntyng of the proude wyves pater noster, a penyworth of wytt, and the plowmans pater noster, the xiiii<sup>th</sup> of auguste . . . xii<sup>d</sup>

[15 Januarii, 1581-2] John Charlwood. Rd of him, for his lycense to printe theis Copies hereafter mentioned . . . . Copies which were Sampson Aweleys, and now lycenced to the said John Charlwood . . . . .

Thargumente of Apparell.

A PENNYWORTH OF WITTE.

A hundred merry tales.

ADAM BELL.

The banishment of Cupid.

Crowleys Epigrams.

A Foxe Tale.

Kinge Pontus.

ROBIN CONSCIENCE.

A PROUDE WYVES PR. NR.

A Sackefull of newes.

S<sup>r</sup> Eglamore.

Gowre de Confess. Amantis.

The good Sheppard and the Badde.

See also vol. ii. p. 55, of present work, and Introduction to *Booke in meeter of Robin Conscience*.

Ult<sup>o</sup> Maij [1594] James Robertes. Entred for his copies, by order of the Court, certen Copies which were John Charlwood's, *Salvo jure cujuscunque*.

The book of husbandry.

Marcus Aurelius.

A PENNYWORTH OF WIT.

C. merry tales.

ADAM BELL.

The banishment of Cupid.

ROBIN CONSCIENCE.

A PROUD WYVES PR. NR. &c.”

*Roberte the Deuyll.*

On a more particular examination of the Garrick copy of this romance, I find that it contains twenty-eight leaves, and not twenty-nine, as stated by Mr. Thoms.

*King Robert of Cysille.*

Erratum, page 269, line 15 from top. For *in a half a penni-worth of Paper* read *in half a peni-worth of Paper*.

## VOLUME THE SECOND.

*The Squyr of Lowe Degre.*

"A SQUIRE was a state or condition inferiour, and, generally speaking, preparatory to that of a knight, upon whom the squire attended in the nature of a servant; having the care of his horse and armour; dressing and undressing him; and carveing his meat, and serveing him with bread and wine, at table. See *Mémoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie*, tome I, part ii, &c. A most curious and interesting account of the education, employments, and progress, of a page, varlet, or squire, will be found in the *Histoire et Plaisante Cronique du petit Jehan de Saintre*, an excellent romance of the fifteenth century (Paris, 1523, 1724)." — *Ritson*.

The entry of this piece to John King was as follows:—

"Recevyd of John Kyng, for his lycense for pryntinge of these Copyes, Lucas vrialis [Lucres and Euryalus?]; nyce wanton; impatiens poverte; the proud wyues pater noster; The Squyre of Low deggre; Syr deggre; graunted the x. of June, 1560 . . . . ii<sup>s</sup>"

Chaucer, in *Sir Thopas*, has ridiculed, not the *Squyr of Lowe Degre*, but such romances of the same class as existed in his day, on account of the false sentiment and imagery with which they abounded.

Line 1. *It was*, &c. The older edition, of which only the title and signatures A ii, A iij, and A iv, altogether four leaves, are at present known, begin on A ii thus:—

"It was a squyre of lowe degree."

It may be presumed that the variations between the two impressions were merely literal, as here, but a collation of the fragment, so far as it goes, would have been very desirable, if access



could have been got to it. No bibliographer has been hitherto aware that the poem was printed more than once.

Line 824. *Hey how and rumby low.* See Dyce's Skelton, ii. 110, and Ritson's *Robin Hood*, 1795; also Gutch, ii. 416, 443.

*The Knyght of Curtesy.*

*Introduction*, page 66. "1857, 42" is a printer's error for "1857, 4to." In the same piece, the head-line should read "The Knight of Curtesy and the Lady of Faguel." This is also a printer's error.

In a Collection of Tales in MS, written about 1670, (formerly in the possession of the Archer family), occurs "A Memorable Story of Captain Coucy and his Mistress." See Mr. Halliwell's *Catalogue of Shakespeare Reliques*, 1852, 4to. p. 43.

*The Batayle of Egyngecourte.*

This portion of the present romance-poem was turned by the ballad-makers to their own uses, for we have in the Alderman-bury Church-yard series, "King Henry V. his Conquest of France in Revenge for the Affront offered by the French King in sending him instead of the Tribute a Ton of Tennis Balls."

Line 65 *et seqq.* In the Douce Collection at Oxford is a fragment of two leaves of a printed edition, differing entirely from that here used. The editor subjoins an illustration.

SKOT'S EDITION.

"Gramercy syrs the kyng gan say  
Our ryght I trust than shalbe wonne  
And I wyll quyte you yf I may  
Therefore I warne you bothe olde & yonge  
To make you redy without delay  
To Southampton to take your waye  
At saynt Peters tyde at Lammas  
For by the grace of god and yf I maye  
Ouer the salte see I thynke to passe."

DOUCE FRAGMENT.

"Gramercy syrs the Kyng can say  
Our ryght I trust than shall be wonne  
And I wyll quyte you if I may  
Therefore I warne you bothe olde and yonge  
To make you redy without delay  
To Southampton to take your way.

At saynte Peters tyde at Lammasse  
 For by the grace of God and if I may  
 Ouer the salte see I thynke to passe."

We may presume Skot's edition to have appeared about 1530, and the Douce fragment establishes the fact, otherwise unknown, that there was another early printed edition, now lost, in a complete state, or, at least, not hitherto ascertained to be anywhere extant.

### *Justes of the moneths of Maye and June.*

*Introduction* (page 111). The Princess Mary appears to have been the *second* wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

### *Adam Bell.*

This poem was licensed to James Roberts in 1594, and there can be no doubt that between that and 1605, the date of the only known edition from his press, he republished it several times. Such a piece would be in too great demand to lie idle during eleven years.

Line 16. *Inglewood Forest*. This once extensive tract of land is also the scene of two tales in the Arthurian series, the *Avowynge of King Arthur*, and the *Auturs of Arthur*, both edited by Mr. Robson for the Camden Society, 1842, 4to.

In MS. Ashmole, 115, art. 102, occurs: "De comunâ pasturæ in fo[restâ] de Inglewode in com. Cumb[r]i[æ] concessa Mariæ ux[ori] Guil. de Stapulton, 5 Feb. 13 Rich. II.

### *Tom Thumb, 1630.*

*Introduction*, p. 107. In *The Pleasant History of Jack Horner* there is the following intimation as to the stature of Jack. The editor quotes from Mr. Halliwell's *Notices of Popular English Histories*, 1848, p. 33:—

"Thus few was like him far and nigh,  
 When he to age was come;  
 As being thirteen inches high,  
 A giant to Tom Thumb."

Page 167. In the title-page of *Robin Good-fellow, his Mad Prankes, &c.*, 1628, Part I, a woodcut occurs, in which Tom Thumb is represented performing on a pipe at the right-hand corner.

*Garraguntua* is, of course, a printer's error for *Garragantua*.

Page 172. The editor has to notice another impression of this very popular production. It is also preserved in the Bodleian, and was brought to his notice by his friend Mr. Waring. It differs very unimportantly from that of 1630, and a few of the cuts are varied for the worse. The imprint is: "Printed for F. Coles, J. Wright, T. Vere, and William Gilbertson." In 12mo, without date [circa 1650]. The copy was formerly A. à Wood's.

For some further notices of this myth, and references to authorities, see Thoms' *Early Prose Romances*, 1828, Preface, xi. The British Museum possesses a version of this legend in Arabic.

### *The Notbrowne Mayde.*

The strong affinities between the legendary lore of our own country and that of Germany and Northern Europe are too familiar to be insisted upon. The editor regards the *Notbrowne Mayde* as a composition of English growth, and it is not unlikely that Arnold himself was the writer or modernizer. It is hard to know what weight exactly to attach to Douce's theory. The poem presents to us an episode for which the perturbed condition of the kingdom in the fifteenth century was apt to supply plenty of foundation and material; the author may have had in his eye the antecedent legend of Robin Hood, the (alleged) Earl of Huntingdon and the fair Matilda, the Lord Fitzwater's daughter—the Maid Marian of the ballads, if, at least, at the period when the *Notbrowne Mayde* was originally written, the noble birth of the Sherwood outlaw obtained credence, which can scarcely be regarded as very probable.

Mr. Wright's edition is printed with commendable fidelity; not more than some half-dozen trifling deviations from his original were discovered by the present editor, upon a diligent collation.

It is proper to remark, that in the first edition the contractions are more numerous than in the second, which was evidently corrected before going to press. The text, however, as a whole, is inferior to that of the first edition. The latter usually employs *y<sup>t</sup>* and *y<sup>e</sup>* for *that* and *the*; such ordinary forms as *wrōg* for *wrong*, and *amōg* for *among*, &c.

Hearne, in a letter to James West (*Restituta*, i. 70), announced a conjecture that the *Notbrowne Mayde* was by Thomas Ehuham, author of the *Vita Henrici Quinti*. In *Censura Literaria*, vol. vi, several pages are devoted to a theory upon the authorship of the poem, based on mistaken premises.

## VOLUME THE THIRD.

*The New Notborune Mayd.*

MR. WRIGHT has indicated an additional example of the moralization of an ancient secular performance in the ballad of "Come over the Burne, Bessy, to me." The reader will find a version of this in Dr. Rimbault's charming "Little Book of Songs and Ballads," 1851, 8vo, where is also printed a second ditty of the same complexion, under a nearly similar title. But Mr. Collier, in his *Extracts from the Stationers' Registers*, has referred to several instances where a ballad of real merit in its original shape has been made to do duty in this way, and has been so shorn of all its attractiveness and interest.

Among these moralizations may be mentioned *The Dyalogues of Creatures Moralissid*; *Tye thy mare tom boy, ty thy mare*, by W. Kethe (or Keith); and *O, sweet Oliver, amended by the Scriptures*, by an anonymous hand. But the list of these religious parodies, so to say, might be readily swollen to a large compass.

*Stans Puer ad Mensam.*

This is a different production from the piece of the same name attached to the editions of Rhodes's *Boke of Nurture*; but the latter was under obligations to the elder tract. It was Mr. Douce's opinion that Rhodes founded his *Stans Puer ad Mensam* on Lydgate, and also, in part, on a performance with a similar title, supposed to be the work of John Russell, extant in Harl. MS. 4011.

It is to be observed that this piece is printed very carelessly in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, unless we suppose the Jesus College MS. to be a very bad one, which the present editor, not having had an opportunity of examining it, cannot pretend to determine. Other copies of it are in MS. Ashmole 59, art. 59; *Ibid.* 61, art. 7; and in Cotton MS. Calig. A. II. f. 13. But the two last are of a different translation.

*Introduction*, p. 23. *Contenance de la Table*. For "1816, 4to," read "1816, 12mo."

Line 67. For *gynne warre* read *warre gynne*. The words were wrongly transposed.

Line 93, *et seq.* In Caxton's edition [known to me only from Mr. Blade's *Life and Typog. of W. Caxton*, ii. 49], the last stanza varies; it runs as follows:—

"Goo litill bylle bareyn of eloquence  
Pray yong children that the shal see or rede

Though thou be not compendious of sentence  
 Of thi clawses for to take hede  
 Whiche to alle vertue shal thy yougth lede  
 Of the wrytyng though ther be no date  
 If ought de amys put the faute in lidgate  
 Explicit."

*Debate and Stryfe betwene Somer and Wynter.*

The editor desires it to be understood that his text is not taken from the reprint of 1860, but from the original black-letter tract in the British Museum, which he has collated in proof, and reproduced here line for line and word for word.

Line 58. *In a grene herber.* A curious illustration of this passage occurs in *A. C. Mery Talys*, Nos. 2 and 62. See *Old English Jest-Books*, i. 13, 89.

*Tale of the Basyn.*

Line 18. *As I have been tolde.* Mr. Wright left this unsupplied; but it is necessary to the completion of the stanza.

*Frere and the Boye.*

*Introduction.* Next to the history of Tom Thumb, the *Frere and the Boye* is, perhaps, the most popular piece in the present collection. With changes of form only, it has found its way into almost every literature and language of the old world, and no story could be a greater favourite than the *Frere and the Boye*, in its various shapes, has been with the writers of our own and other countries. The proof lies in the abundant allusions to it; and in the sixteenth century its popularity was, no doubt, exceeding. Indeed, it is to be regarded as one of those anti-monastic performances which enjoyed a wide circulation during and after the Reformation; and it was probably one of the later productions of the press of Wynkyn de Worde, who continued to print till 1534, or rather till the beginning of 1535.

Herr Carl Engel informs the editor that he has traced the *Frere and the Boye* in the literatures of Wallachia and Albania.

Line 300. *Hey go bet.*

"And than came haltyng Jone,  
 And brought a gamboue  
 Of bakon that was resty:  
 But, Lorde, as she was testy,  
 Angry as a waspy!  
 She began to yaue and gaspy,

And bad Elynour go bet,  
 And fyll in good met;  
 It was dere that was farre fet—”

Skelton's *Elynour Rumming*.

### *Turnament of Tottenham.*

The edition of 1631, 4to, being a scarce book, and the Preface being curious, the latter is here subjoined:—

#### TO THE COURTEOUS READER.

That which here I offer to thy view, gentle Reader, is an ancient poem, intituled as thou seest by the Author, *The Turnament of Tottenham*: Which as hee, after the manner of Poets, relateth it; seemeth to haue bene but a merriment or sport: But was as I haue declared in the title, a thing really performed, and done in sober sadnes. Ancient I call it, although I cannot say how ancient, for many reasons: First because the Manuscript out of which I transcribed it was such: Secondly for that the language argueth no lesse. For many, not onely words, but phrases, are so obsolete and outworne, that few, except such as are well versed in the writings of the Auncients, may easily vnderstand them. Thirdly the proper names of men and women, are so deformed by nicknaming, that it is hard to say how they are truly to be called. Lastly when it is here sayd, That the brid was won by Turnament or iusting, after a warlike maner, by fight vpon horse backe. And that Master *Cambden* relateth, this manner of disport or warlike exercise, brought in by King *Steeuen*, about the yeare of our Lord, 1135, was afterward, for the much effusion of blood, oft committed by meanes thereof, by many edicts of the Church forbidden, and at last vtterly put downe by *Edward* the third, I do verily beleeeue, that this Turnament was acted before this proclamation of King *Edward*. For how durst any to attempt to do that, although in sport, which was so straightly forbidden, both by the ciuill & Ecclesiasticall power? For although they fought not with lances, yet as our author sayth, *It was no childrens game*. And what would haue become of him, thinke you, which should haue slayne another in this manner of ieasting? Would hee not, trow you, haue bene hang'd for it in earnest? yea and haue bene buried like a dogge? Amongst sundry other treatises in this copy, there is a story of Robin Hood, & little Iohn<sup>1</sup> which seemeth to be done by the same

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<sup>1</sup> The MS. is now in the public library at Cambridge, and the story of *Robin Hood & Little John* here mentioned has been printed by Hartshorne and Gutch. It bears the title of *A Tale of Robin Hood*.

2

Author. Yet I will not say that this poem was written then, or nere vnto those times. For these outlawes, as *M. Stow* writeth, liued in the beginning of the raigne of King *Richard* the first, surnamed *Ceur de lyon*. That is about the yeare of our Lord God 1189. It is now seauen or eight yeares since I came first to the sight of the copy, and that by the meanes of the worthy and my much honoured good friend, *M. Ge. Withers*: Of whom also, now at length I haue obtained the vse of the same. And because the verse was then by him, a man of so exquisite iudgment, in this kinde of learning, much commended: All also for that the thing it selfe doth concerne none more then my selfe, and others the inhabitants of *Tottenham*, I thought it worth the while, especially at idle times, to transcribe it, and for the honour of the place, to make it publicke.

“The Author hath not any where through the whole booke, as farre as I remember, subscribed his name, to any treatise, more then to one, where I finde it thus, *Explicit Passio Domini nostri, Iesu Christi, quod Dominus Gilbertus Pylyngton*: Now because the character or phrase is in all the same, I haue no reason but to thinke they be all workes of the same Author.”

Line 7. *Tyrry*. It may be worth observing, that *Syr Terry* is one of the heroes in the *Jeaste of Sir Gawayne*, and the author of the present production may have had him in his mind, wheu he christened his burlesque hero.

“*Syr Terry* sayd, therto I graunte;  
Fare well now, god be thy warraunte ——”  
*Jeast of Syr Gawayne.*

### *Treatyse of a Galaunt.*

The representation of a Galaunt found here was pressed into service a good deal about the same time for various purposes. It is a portrait of Godfrey de Bouillon in the *History of the Knight of the Swanne*; at cap. 16 of *Borde's Boke of Knowledge*, it stands for an inhabitant of Bohemia; on the title of the Interlude of *Jack Jugler*, we are requested to believe in it as an accurate portrait of Bonngrace; and on the reverse of the old play of *Hychescorner*, this identical cut stands for Hicke Scorner himself.

### *A Pore Helpe.*

*Introduction.* For three leaves read eight leaves; the tract fills, in fact, an octavo sheet. A third copy of *A Pore Helpe* is in the Bodleian, among Bp. Tanner's books.

## VOLUME THE FOURTH.

*John Bon and Mast Person.*

*Introduction.* The subjoined extract seems to fix with some degree of precision the date of the appearance of this piece, while it supplies a curious illustration of its literary history:—

“There was one Luke, a physician in London, who wrote divers books against the Papists, in the end of King Henry’s reign: for which he had been imprisoned in the Fleet. In the first year of King Edward, he published one book for which he was heavily cried out upon by the Papists to Sir John Gresham the Lord Mayor. It was a dialogue between John Bon and Master Parson. Which two persons were brought in, reasoning together of the natural presence in the Sacrament; but the author had concealed himself. It was writ very facetiously, and sprinkled with wit, severely biting now and then at the Priests. The book took much at the Court, and the courtiers wore it in their pockets. But the Mayor had the book so illy represented unto him, that he was very angry, and sent for Day the printer of it, intending to make him discover the author, and to lay him in prison for printing the same. Underhil chanced to come in at this time, to desire the aid of the Mayor to take Allen before spoken of, who reported the King’s death. The Mayor made Underhil dine with him, and speaking to him at dinner concerning this book, the maker whereof, he told him, he intended to search for, that so, as it seems, Underhil might declare at Court the diligence of the Mayor in his office, he presently replied to him, that that book was a good book, adding, that he had himself one of them about him, and that there were many of them in the Court. With that the Mayor desired to see it, and took it and read a little, and laughed thereat, as it was both pithy and merry. And by this seasonable interposition of Underhil, John Day the printer, sitting at a side-board, after dinner, was bidden to go home, who had else gone to prison.”—*Strype’s Eccl. Mem.* ii. pt. i. p. 181.

John Bon and Mast Person, therefore, in all probability, came from Day’s press between January 1547, and January 1548.

*The Hye Way to the Spyttel Hous.*

*Introduction.* I must retract what I observed respecting R. Copland’s press, as there is no doubt, that, from the time of W. de Worde’s death at the end of the year 1534, to his own, which can only be assigned by conjecture to 1548, this intelli-



gent and industrious man had a press of his own, and employed independent devices.

Misled by Ritson, I have spoken of Walter's *Spectacle of Lovers*, and of his *Lytell contrauers dyalogue*, &c. as two works, whereas they are, of course, one and the same.

To the list of works with which he connected his name, the following have to be added:—1. The Introductory to write, by Alex. Barclay, printed by R. C. 1521, folio. On the last leaf occurs: "Here foloweth the maner of dauncynge of base dauces after the vse of fraunce and other places translated out of frenche into Englysshe by Robert coplande." 2. The Secret of Secrets of Aristotyle, translated out of French, and emprented by R. C. 1528. 4to, with the translator [R. Copland's] *Envoy*, in verse. 3. The Maner to liue well, &c, Printed by R. C. 1540, 4to, and translated, probably by himself, out of French. See Dibden, iii. 120-4. The Art of Memorye, translated out of French into English by Rob. Coplande. Lond. by W. Mydylton. 12mo.

In MS. Ashmole, 37, art. 300, are some extracts from the present poem in Ashmole's handwriting.

### *Proude Wyues Pater noster.*

The variations between the two editions are very material, but it may be difficult to determine, quite satisfactorily, which was the prior one. Probably it was the impression by King with a date; the anonymous author may have discovered how corrupt the text was, as it was there presented, and have introduced the improvements, both literal and literary, which we find in the undated edition, before the tract was put into the hands of King again for reprinting. In Selden's copy of the undated issue, not only the language is superior, but the orthography is less antiquated. The changes introduced certainly read like an author's own corrections. The *Proude Wyues Pater noster* was licenced to King, June 10, 1560; therefore, it is probable, that both the extant impressions made their appearance between that time and the end of the year, i.e. March, 1560-1.

The right-hand figure on the old title-page is copied apparently from one which occurs at the head of cap. 16 of Borde's *Boke of Knowledge*.

### *Gosson's Pleasant Quippes.*

Line 107. *Can you hit it?*

It is alluded to as a dance tune in Arthur of Bradley:—

"Then Miles in his motley breeches,  
And he the piper beseeches,

To play him *Haw̄thorn buds*,  
 That he and his wench might trudge ·  
 But Lawrence liked not that,  
 No more did lusty Kate :  
 For she cry'd, *Canst thou not hit it ?*  
 To see how fine Thomas can trip it."

Ritson's *Robin Hood*, ii. 213.

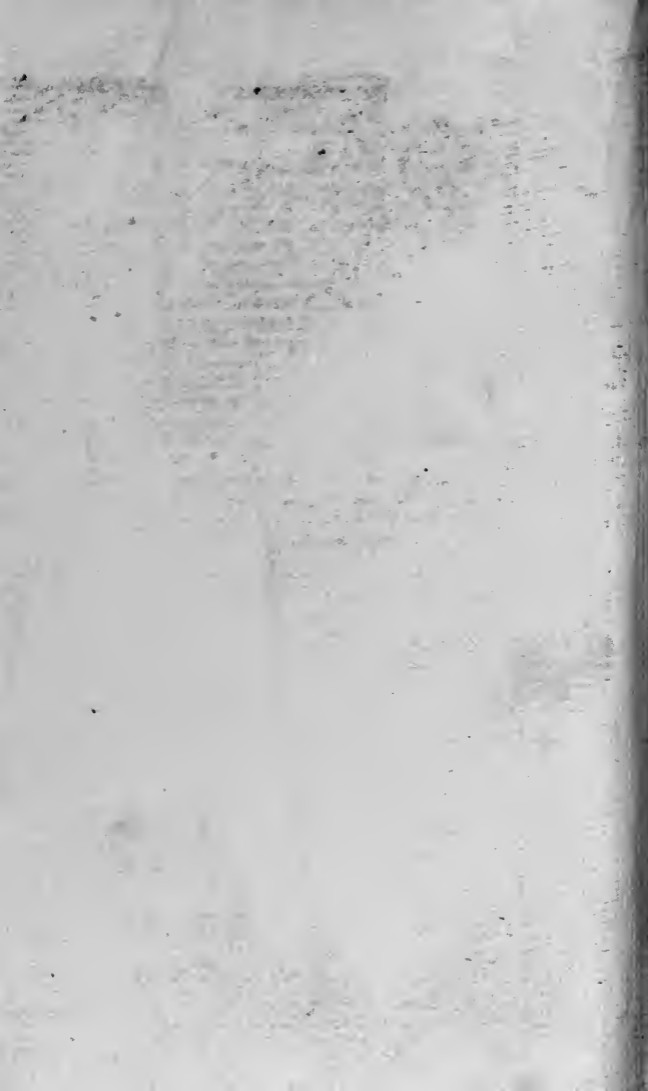
Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 239, notices a tune under the title of "Can you not hit it, my good man?"

### *The Pride and Abuse of Women.*

Line 216. *Beware of bad I wist.* Meaning, of course, beware of after-regrets. This is the precise title of one of the anonymous poems in the *Paradyse of daynty deuises*, and is the fifth Poem in the edition of 1578. It is also the head-line of *A Warnyng for England*, 1555, 12mo, and no doubt, when Bansley wrote, was a well-understood and constantly-cited proverbial expression.

THE END.





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